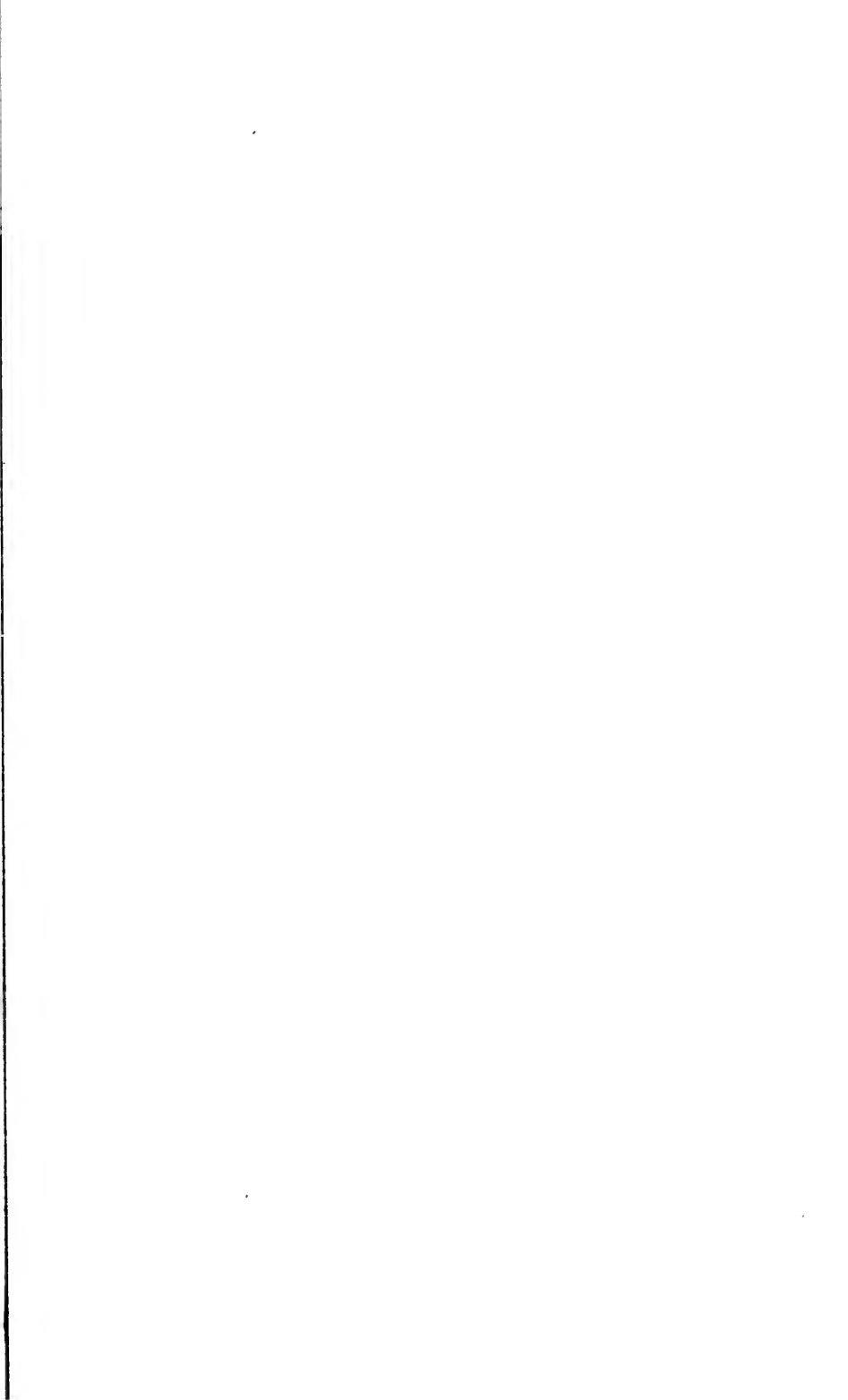


Robert Lancaster



BAILY'S MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

VOLUME THE FOURTEENTH.

LONDON

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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XIV.

- SIR HENRY DES VŒUX, Bart.: a Biography, 1.
By Electric Telegraph (Amphion), 2.
Japanese Work, 4.
The Old Oak Table, 16, 124, 229, 294.
From August to October, 22.
The Chronicles of Heatherthorp, 30, 88, 187.
Desperate Remedies, 35, 85.
Yachting and Rowing, 38.
Paris Sport and Paris Life, 41, 94, 143, 204, 256, 299, 351.
'Our Van,' 46, 98, 151, 208, 261, 303, 355.
The Earl of Bradford: a Biography, 55.
University Boat Racing, 56.
Land and Strand, 61.
An Autumn Walk, 72.
The First of November, 76.
Lord Vivian: a Biography, 109.
From Dawn to Sunset (Amphion), 111.
On the Sea Coast, 118.
Moorwood Hall; or, the First in at the Death, 131.
Cricket, Public School Averages, 1867, 136.
The Duke of Manchester: a Biography, 163.
An Untrodden Path of Science, 165.
On the Hearthrug, 169.
Broadbury Moor—The Chase, 178.
Athletics and Sport, 195.
Mr. Reginald Corbet: a Biography, 217.
The Lord of the Valley (G. J. Whyte Melville), 220.
To Dover's and Back, 221.
The Science of Fox-hunting, 227.
When is Fox-hunting not Fox-hunting? 238.
Brighton by Easy Stages, 247.
A Chasse in the Mauritius, 250.
The Veteran's Lament, 254.
Prince Soltykoff: a Biography, 263.
The Galloping Squire (G. J. Whyte Melville), 264.
The North Road, 266.

The Dirge of the Defaulter (<i>Amphion</i>),	275.
The Row, the Field, and the Circus,	277.
On Peter Collison's late Fall,	281.
When Fox-hunting is Fox-hunting,	281.
A Day on the Downs,	288.
A Query as the Science of Fox-hunting,	298.
Mr. John Henry Campbell Wyndham: a Biography,	319.
The University Boat Race (<i>Amphion</i>),	321.
'Baldhead's' Reply to 'Juvenis,'	325.
The Salmon Fisheries of England,	326.
A Lecture on Fox-hunting,	332.
A Voice from High Leicestershire,	337.
Football,	337.
Johnny Daley,	348.

LIST OF PLATES.

Title-page—John Daley.

Sir Henry des Vœux, Bart.	1	Mr. Reginald Corbet	217
The Earl of Bradford	55	Prince Soltykoff	263
Lord Vivian	109	Mr. J. H. C. Wyndham	319
The Duke of Manchester	163		





H. Dubois

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

SIR HENRY DES VŒUX, BART.

To all the frequenters of the English race-course the charming Portrait that faces this brief Memoir scarcely needs a name appended to it, for it speaks for itself. Sir Henry Des Vœux, the subject of it, is a gentleman who for many years has raced in a manner becoming his position, and likewise to earn for himself the respect of all who are interested in British field-sports.

Sir Henry Des Vœux, of Indiville, in the Queen's County of Ireland, is descended from an ancient French family, at the head of which was President de Bacquenfour, President of the Parliament of Rouen. This gentleman had two sons, the second of whom assumed the surname of Des Vœux, and took up his abode in Ireland, having incurred the displeasure of his family by abandoning their religious faith, viz., that of the Church of Rome. He was a great scholar, and much distinguished for his polemical writings, for which the University of Dublin conferred on him the honorary degree of Master of Arts. Sir Henry Des Vœux, of whom we are now treating, is the son of Sir Charles Des Vœux, the second baronet, a distinguished military officer, and who, when serving with the Duke of York during the campaign in Holland, was so severely wounded at the battle of Alckmaer by a cannon-shot that his right leg had to be immediately amputated. Adopting his father's profession, Sir Henry entered the army, and remained in it until he attained the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, when he retired upon half-pay. His connection with the Turf was brought about in a great measure by his being an intimate friend and neighbour of the late Lord Chesterfield, who made him a present of Dilbar in 1845, and from her he bred Drakelow, Diligence, and Heartbreaker, besides others of less note. He also joined Tom Taylor's stable, which was at that time, although small, perhaps the most aristocratic and best conducted in England, and has as much success as could be anticipated from its strength. In 1854, when General Anson went to India, Sir Henry purchased Muffatee, from whom he bred the appropriately-named Comforter, a horse which, it will be recollected, was a frequent winner. On Tom Taylor giving up training, Sir Henry Des Vœux ceased to keep horses, and entirely devoted himself to breeding, in which he may be said to have been tolerably fortunate, for from his brood mares have sprung among others Crown Prince,

Lady Sophy, and Knight of the Garter. In reviewing the career of Sir Henry Des Vœux on the Turf we venture to state that no owner of horses ever ran more straight or more honourably; that market considerations never influenced him, nor were his horses ever withdrawn from any contest because the public had anticipated him. In short, he raced as became an English baronet, and hence the popularity of his colours and his stable, for he regarded the Turf as it should be considered, viz., as a sport, and not as the means of eking out an income; and if he had had more imitators, racing would not have been assailed with the fierce diatribes which are now poured forth against it, and to refute which the best energies of its advocates and supporters have to be called into action.

Sir Henry Des Vœux, we should add, was married on the 16th of July, 1839, to Lady Sophia Gresley, widow of Sir R. Gresley, Bart.

'BY ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.'

SCARCE had 'excited Yorkshire's' roar in murmurs died away
That hailed with thunders of applause the victress of the day,
When swiftly sped their silent way along the magic wire
The tidings of the Leger fray to many a distant shire.
To Malton first o'er Langton Wold the merry message ran;
No note of triumph on its wings—no hope for Taraban!
In vain of Lusitania's grape they gave him of the best,
In vain he wore the colours of the forgotten 'West!
So deadly was the fatal blot his tarnish'd scutcheon bore,
'A hopeless case,' the Doctor cried, nor 'trusted any cure!
No silken sheen of gold and green floats o'er I'Anson's cot,
Though still in Memory's twilight gleams the consecrated spot.
Then on to Middleham the news flew with the speed of thought,
And all ran breathless up to know how Fobert's nag had fought;
Nor yet among the 'glorious three' the Frenchman's name they
found,
First lance of all in sunny Gaul, but not on English ground.
Next Richmond in her airy nest, high on the moorland waste,
Sent forth her messengers to Aske and fair Belleisle in haste:
And 'Volti' turn'd, and arch'd his neck and shrill'd a joyful
neigh,
And wheeled his ample box around in honour of the day.
Perchance recalling all the brunt of his St. Leger strife,
When through that lane of yelling Tykes he fought for very life;
And that pinch of 'Irish blackguard,' like a phantom shadow came,
Between the Derby victor and his overrated fame!
Thence onward through fair England's midst the message flash'd
apace,
To Stanton's mystic shades it flew, it flew to Cannock Chase.
And London's 'mighty heart' was stirr'd, and on its pulse's tide,
The long-expected news of war ran eddying far and wide;

First Epsom heard, and turned away with apathetic gaze,
No 'fair and false' outsider ran their darling hopes to raise.
But o'er the slope of Bury Hill there wails a voice of woe,
And idlers from Newmarket town pace silent to and fro;
And knots of men with downcast eyes at every corner stand,
And gloomy disappointment wraps her mantle round the land:
As when suffused with rosy light which heralds in the day,
The Eastern skies are all aflame, and darkness melts away;
Man stands expectant of the Sun to leave old Ocean's foam,
To bless the labour of his hands, his harvest, and his home,
When, on a sudden, like a pall, o'er heaven's expanse serene,
The curtain of a stormy cloud descends upon the scene.
So o'er their *rosy* hopes came down the news of Hermit's fall,
And turned their triumph into grief, their honey into gall.
No soothing balm to Cannon's Heath the holy Palmer sent,
No wild exulting trumpet-note aroused the men of Kent;
Like storm that unexpected sweeps across the smiling plain,
The deadly cloud of blight had marr'd their vintage of Champagne;
Then from their primal bases deep the Hampshire downs were stirr'd,
And dark, untouted Woodyates caught, and wondered at, the word:
And those who still through weal and woe to proppy Vauban clung,
Upon the whisper of the wires in mute amazement hung;
In gloom of 'hurricane eclipse' their sun of hope had set,
When paled the faded tricolor before the violet.
From Marlbro' town o'er Barton down like wildfire ran the tale,
Where dragon-like the grim White Horse still watches o'er the Vale,
Yet through the clouds of fate which still o'er Russley darkly lower,
There broke no Sunbeam smile to cheer Misfortune's baleful hour;
And Marksman turned his sullen head, and trembled in his stall,
Like craven warrior when he hears the blaring battle call,
So much the very thought of strife could shake him from afar,
And the 'shouting of the captains,' and the thunder of the war.
But, as in adamant cell the prison'd charge of wrath
Awaits the kiss of fire to speed along its fatal path;
So when the meteor-flash of news to anxious Ilsley hied,
A wild explosive shout aroused the echoes far and wide:
And all the village was astir, and every heart aflame,
And alehouse bar and cottage door rang with Achievement's name;
And not a Berkshire clown who drain'd the foaming tankard there,
But drank a health to Dover, and 'the Colonel,' and 'the Mare';
And high upon the breezy down, beneath pale Phosphor's light,
The shepherd as he penn'd his flock and blessed the falling night,
Heard, faintly from the valley borne on undulating swells,
In tuneful cadence rise and fall the merry village bells;
And as in sweet refrain they roared their joyful tidings round,
And upland farm and valley grange exulting caught the sound,
Their pealing octave echoed thus,
'Achievement, Hermit, Julius.'

JAPANESE WORK.

'Sic magnis componere parva solebam.'

Yokohama, Japan, 20th June, 1867.

DEAR BAILY,

Even in this remote corner of the world we try to keep up in some shape or other the taste for sports instilled into us by our fathers in the old country. May it be long ere the force of their few, but honest old precepts, and better still, of their example—straightgoing and no craning—loving fair field and no favour—cease to be felt by their Vagabond Sons. Who does not remember the time when, on one of those perfections of feather-weight hunters—a clever, well-bred pony—he first essayed to follow the governor, who, perchance in the excitement of the chase, forgetting for the moment that he is giving his hopeful a lead, rides only for the hounds, till a yawner on the landing side makes him pull up short, and he looks round just in time to see the pony picking his hind legs out, as only a pony can do, and the young 'un—for long sitting on hard benches at school, to say nothing of a liberal amount of that delicate attention to his personal discomfort, which has always been looked upon as a necessary part of our education, has not improved his power of seat—scrambling back into his saddle after an agonising interval spent on the neck of his steed.

It is the memory of days like this, and its effect on our tastes and inclinations, that will always help to bear down the monotony, and soften much that is disagreeable in our foreign service.

It is great presumption on my part thus to inflict my sentiments on your readers, but—had I the pen of a certain Major who holds as forward a place over the grassy slopes of Leicestershire as over the less stiffly enclosed fields of fiction, and whom for years I have looked up to with much the same kind of veneration as we can imagine the Greeks in the olden days to have entertained for their poet-warrior Sophocles—then might I speak on this subject, and each of you would seem to see his own thoughts before him.

Let me return to plain matter of fact. As I said before, even here we make a ghastly attempt at sport; more, and I blush as I write it, actually have the audacity to attempt a burlesque on the 'Sport of Kings.'

Our pack (or rather the remains of it, for its members, from the effect of climate and disease, have dwindled fearfully), in the first instance imported to Shanghai by a Mr. Antrobus, were afterwards got over from that place by the 20th Regiment, from whose hands they descended to us.

They were always a mixed lot, consisting of ten or twelve couple of harriers, half that number of long-eared beagles, and two or three couple of dwarf foxhounds; and it is a question whether a judicious reduction of their number by half at the hangman's hands would not have added materially to their efficiency.

There are a good lot of foxes in the woods which clothe the sides of the hills and cover half the country about, and for some time after our arrival here we had tolerable fun with them, but with our diminished pack we find ourselves compelled to come down to drag hunting.

Fortunately the few couple that are left to us are nearly the pick of the original kennel, and being pretty well matched, run well together and carry a good head. The little fellows, too, are as keen as pepper, and what is perhaps more than all, treat us to as much music as a pack of foxhounds bursting into view.

Now let me try to give you some idea of the country; *i.e.*, in a riding point of view.

It is undulating in its general character, and the valleys being kept for the cultivation of paddy, and consequently always in a state of muddy swamp, we are compelled to confine our riding to the rising grounds.

The system of cultivation in Japan is much the same as that of China, *viz.*, a succession of perfectly level plateaux, one above the other; the banks and drops separating these being, with the exception of an occasional stream, the only obstacles you have to encounter. But these same drops appear at first sight anything but tempting, varying, as they do, from about four to ten or even twelve feet in height—(do not think I am romancing),—sometimes with a slight incline, but more often perpendicular, frequently overhanging. It is only when you know by experience what a Japanese horse, or rather pony—for they do not average much over fourteen hands—can do that you feel a fair degree of confidence in riding at them. As far as appearance goes, there is hardly an animal to be found in Japan for which you would care to advance much beyond twenty pounds at any fair at home; but, as regards their power of crossing this particular kind of country, their looks certainly belie them. As a rule they are mis-shapen brutes with hardly a good point about them, but they will carry any amount of weight, and seldom make a mistake at their jumps. Indeed, with a heavy man on their back, and out of deep ground, they will reach the top of a bank that you would hardly care to put a weight-carrying hunter at.

Moreover, and this goes a long way to ease the mind of a poor man riding his only horse, they never hurt themselves at all seriously, a broken back or limb being a thing quite unheard of. It may truly be said of them, that ‘though run ’uns to look at they are devils ‘to go!’

They have a curious way of getting down their drops. Except when going a great pace,—as, for instance, in a steeple-chase, when they will fly off the top, and keep their feet in a most wonderful manner,—they usually dwell a moment, then, putting all four feet together, and tucking their hind quarters well under them, slide half way down, and jump the rest. In your first experience of this style of thing you feel an almost irresistible inclination to leave your saddle and take a plunge over your horse’s head; in which case you would stand a very good chance of being jumped upon. This kind of

acrobatic feat I have seen performed with great success on more than one occasion.

For my part, when I find the line of the back of my steed forming nearly a right angle with the ground, I feel perfectly justified in preserving my balance with one hand on the back of the saddle; and thus, too, one is enabled to keep a good hold of his head, and be ready to help him with a good pull on landing.

With regard to our seasons for hunting we are dependent—not so much on the seasons of the year as on the gatherings of the crops, which really seem to be always growing. It is only for a month or so after the two harvests, which take place about May and October, that we can indulge in our search after sport, though we do extend it on as long as we can, and are not, perhaps, quite so ready to raise the cry of ‘Ware wheat,’ as we ought to be.

After having been forced for a long period to be altogether idle, while waiting impatiently for the clearing off of the spring crop, the long looked for time arrived, when the country appeared open enough for our purpose; and, accordingly, a drag was decided upon and successfully carried out—albeit there was much straggling of hounds and horses, telling sad tales of want of work. This was just enough to whet the appetite of ever-ravenous youth; and one, perhaps more inclined to lunacy than his fellows, proposed that the next ‘chasse’ should be by moonlight.

I suppose but few of ‘ours’ can be heirs to ‘ten thousand’ a year, or they ‘would take more care of themselves’—a theory so ably demonstrated to us the other day by Mr. Punch. When I say the other day, I forget that it takes two full months for anything in the shape of newspapers to reach us out here. Certain it is, though, that the suggestion was seized and acted upon, and it was forthwith determined that a drag should be run, weather and Dame Luna permitting, after dinner on the following guest night, it being expected, and, I think you will agree with me, with good reason, that a convivial evening and the music of the band would exercise a beneficial influence on any who might be wavering between the two rival virtues of valour and discretion, and bring many a doubtful recruit into the ranks.

No pains were spared to insure the affair being a success. Full warning of time and place was given to the civilians; and devout prayers were sent up that, on this occasion, at least, the goddess of the night would deign to shine forth, and turn black darkness into light. The day preceding the eventful night was not a promising one, high winds alone confining the spiteful malice of the rain to fitful showers, and the sun went below the horizon without having given us even a glimpse of his face.

After dinner a general rush was made to look at the weather, when anything but an encouraging prospect presented itself.

The moon was just rising and struggling hard to peep through the dark masses of rain-cloud that obscured the sky, and rendered it impossible to see more than fifty yards a-head.

Fortunately, however, a strong wind still prevailed, and, as the moon got higher, the heavens began to clear a little, and objects became less obscure.

This raised many a sinking heart; and the good cheer and dry champagne having, as had been anticipated, their full effect on one or two who, when questioned beforehand, had looked the other way and answered 'I don't know; I shall see how I feel,' but who now ordered their horses with the air of men determined to do or die, a good muster was expected. Indeed, several who had been foremost in scoffing at what it pleased them to call 'a mad frolic,' and had been casting forth bad jokes about 'moon-struck idiots,' &c. &c.—wit, which enjoyed at the most but a one-sided appreciation—even these now went so far as to volunteer to 'trot out and see what was going on.'

Now let us get forward to the meet, and, taking advantage of the occasional bright moments, when the aforesaid goddess, womanlike in her fickleness, lifts her dark veil, and condescends to light up the scene, we will glance around and 'take stock' of those already assembled.

There is a 'goodish' field out, considering all things.

The Garrison show up well in point of numbers, and stand out in bold relief in the uniform adopted for the occasion, viz., nightgowns and nightcaps, knee-breeches and bare legs.

The moment you look at them, though, you cannot help remarking the absence of any and all that could possibly be classed under the denomination of 'the Old Hands.' It is curious, but no less true, that, on occasions like the present, they never do turn out.

They must be fully aware at what a dead lock promotion is now-a-days, and yet they have not generosity enough to give us the chance of a single step. Most assuredly her gracious Majesty cannot complain that her old and tried warriors run any risk of depriving the country of their services! Perhaps if we were *all* field officers, or, at all events, a grade higher than that of subaltern—an epithet often bestowed on us by the evil disposed with an air of supreme contempt, not unmixed with an affectation of benign pity—then should we save our poor mothers much painful anxiety. Is it not possible, that a deputation of these much and long suffering angels, acting on this hypothesis, might wait on the 'powers that be' (whoever they be, whether at Horse Guards or War Office), and induce them to do something for us? Happy thought! Let it be tried!

To return: how proud should we be to see him who leads us on parade heading us also in the field—cheering us on to follow him, even as he did the gallant lot who swam the Taku ditch in the teeth of its barbarous defenders. He has the reputation, too, of being the owner of a flyer. However, let us pass on, as we hope he will should this meet his eye.

We miss, too, that dauntless brave, the nearest objects to whose heart are his Queen and country, and who is never so truly happy as when celebrating those two great anniversaries—the memorable occa-

sion on which he took the shilling and the oath to serve her Majesty, and St. Patrick's day.

To leave the Major, and turn to a minor celebrity—where is that gallant Captain, well known on the Yokohama turf?—and he, too, hails from the green isle of Erin—one whose manly voice may oft-times be heard discoursing holy maxims to the unenlightened minds of the naked savage betto,* making their conscience prick their souls even as does the sharp rowel of his spur their ——. They wear no trousers, gentle reader. However, if I get into personalities, I shall also be getting into hot water; but whoso the cap fitteth, let him put it on, and, as far as I know, he will hardly lose by the transaction.

Turning from these who are not here, let us look at those who are.

From the following descriptions you will not be likely to pick out the writer of this talented chapter. His own portrait is not painted by himself, and thus he need feign no self-flattering mock-modesty; nor, on the other hand, can he indulge his conceit by dubbing himself a hero.

Still—speaking in the first person—so flattering do some of my artist's remarks appear, that I should fully expect them to be followed by a modest request for the loan of some 'ready,' did I not know that the state of my finances utterly precludes the possibility of his doing so with any chance of success.

First of all we note a distinguished staff-officer, who occasionally, when forming part of a brilliant suite (or *suit*, as one thoroughly good sportsman, who would have been hunting the hounds for us to-night, had not the fell climate of China sent him home a sickly invalid, expressed it), has performed a prominent, but unwilling part, in amusing a crowded audience. On field-days his spirited charger takes the first opportunity of occupying what he evidently looks upon as his proper place, and pushing himself alongside the Commandant's venerable quadruped, much to the perturbation of their respective riders, no power on earth will induce him to quit his position. A good rider, though, is the Aide, and especially good is he in a two-mile race if he has got a horse under him that can stay. Such an one had he once, and his name was Sea-gull. Alas! it would grieve his fond parent's heart if she were to see him now! That worn-out night-shirt is but a fair specimen of the present state of the kit, which her thoughtful care had almost brought to perfection when the 'Holy Boys' first went on foreign service.

Here is one, too, whom a long sojourn amongst the barbarians has affected strongly, but in a different way. Once an exquisite of the first water, he has gone down in the social scale, and grown rougher and coarser under what he has suffered, till here we find him, got up like a mountebank, about to ride to a drag by moonlight; those delicate lower limbs that it was once a pride to King Poole to show off to advantage, now actually exposed to the gaze of the vulgar

* Native groom.

and to what is perhaps but little less disagreeable to his feelings—the bites of mosquitoes. All that now remain of his former grandeur are his flowing whiskers, and a strong smell of ‘the most delicious’ ‘air oil.’

In grateful contrast to the woeful habiliments of our last friend, comes out the befrilled and embroidered garment of Belleville.

A cloud is passing over the moon.

Never mind! the Fenian’s fiery cranium blazes out the more conspicuously in the darkness. Not a bad beacon to follow, either, for his heart is in the right place, and he will push along close to the hounds, or wherever the white China pony, who has about as much mouth as a tree, chooses to take him.

Then there is a hard-riding little medico, who objects extremely to being baulked at his fences, hurling at the unfortunate culprit who has been guilty of such an act the awful but almost unintelligible expletive, ‘You *cawthod* me, thir!’

He bestrides a would-be steeple-chaser, rejoicing in the name of Pluck, so called on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, for a more thorough cur never existed.

A little on the left, and in conscious superiority holding himself somewhat aloof from the common herd, stands the Pig. His noble proportions strike the eye at once. That unfortunate off-fore, though, has cost master and man many an anxious consultation. No pains have been spared to bring him out fit to-night; and before starting the doubtful limb was carefully bathed for seventeen minutes in one pint of hot water and two of cold. Much wholesome discipline is exercised in that stable, and the Pig knows right well that, should he misbehave himself to-night, his reward will be ‘a good licking and ‘a dose of physic.’

Before leaving the Garrison we must notice one more of its representatives.

A member of a Scotch regiment, he has only lately arrived in Japan, and says he hardly understands the ‘dwops of this country’ yet. We hope he may not buy his experience too dearly.

Now let us glance at the civilians. They have turned out in very fair numbers; but we can only see four who really look like going. Of the remainder, some mean to await the finish of the drag, which will be close to the meet; others, feeling safer in trusting to their own legs than those of their quadrupeds, intend to follow on foot. These four, though, are likely to hold their own. That one in the neat breeches and boots has long been known at Shanghai, and, if his reputation be a true one, there are but few amateur jocks in this part of the world who can beat him.

De Lis let us call him. Many will recognize him under that name. And his companion—who is he?

Why, surely that is Jorrocks personified! Have not that jolly round red face and good-humoured countenance been familiar to us for years? Yes; so striking is the likeness that he might have been the original model for poor Leech’s pencil, dressed as he is, too, in

pink and hunting cap. Jorrocks, though, if I remember right, used to wear a low-crowned, broad-brimmed beaver.

Another of the four is a resident of Yokohama, and he will try hard to Cope with the strangers, though he suffers terribly from Corns—so much so that at the very sound of the word he has been known to shake like an aspen all over.

We have just time to see that a few more men on horseback, and a good many on foot—a great proportion of both being still in dining costume—make up the meet, when a rattle and the crack of a whip—for in the Yokohama Hunt they act on the principle that noise covers a multitude of sins—announce the approach of the hounds, and presently the forms of two horsemen loom through the uncertain moonlight.

They are considerably behind their time; for when about half way to the rendezvous, they crossed the fresh trail of a fox, and breaking away, rattled him about the hills, making the silent woods ring with their melody. It was not till their two attendants had holloaed themselves hoarse that they succeeded in getting the truants back, and then with the loss of a couple and a half.

But how is this? Where is our worthy Master?

Let me answer your question with another. Think you that if you or I were blessed (as a rule, *is it* a blessing?) with a help meet for us, that she would allow us to be risking our necks—born to bear meekly the conjugal yoke—while she lies waiting for us to be brought home on a shutter? Moreover *here* she would scarcely have even this poor consolation, for the country people have not yet arrived at an appreciation of the luxury of shutters, though civilisation has already made so much progress that on a recent occasion an unhappy friend of mine succeeded in getting himself conveyed home in a wheelbarrow, insisting all the while that ‘that confounded leader *would* keep looking him in the face!’

We miss, too, our indefatigable First Whip, with his ready smile and his familiar ‘Yaup, yaup!’

It is certainly not faint heart that keeps him away to-night, else would he not so often have won fair lady. To-morrow he will lark over some of the biggest jumps in the line; nay, *he may* even try a ‘header’ down ‘Solon’s Success!’*

Who, then, are bringing up the pack?

First, let us take him on the big but rather leggy-looking black.

Even in his present costume there is a decided ‘hossey’ look about him, as he sits easy and at home in his saddle. His trim little whiskers cut off square with the corners of his mouth; and round close-cropped head, would admirably become one of those gentry peculiar to the great stables in the shires, whose only ostensible occupation, after attending to their own personal comfort and appearance, would

* Supposed to be the biggest and most trying jump in the neighbouring country, being an overhanging drop of fully twelve feet in height. It is so called from the fact of its having been first negotiated by a pony called Solon.

seem to consist in 'looking out two to send on for the gov'nor to-morrow.'

Ruff's 'Racing Calendar' and Baily's 'Guide to the Turf' have stood to him much in the light—though hardly, we will hope, in the place—of Bible and Prayer-book since he first learnt to read; and his highest ambition in life is to be able to tell you without hesitation what was the grandam of the horse that ran third for the Chester Cup in such-and-such a year, or who rode that filly by Orlando in her maiden race.

It is an edifying and instructive study to watch him, on the arrival of each mail, clutch at 'Bell,' and choosing some quiet corner, settle himself down to enjoy it. He eats not, neither does he drink, till every word of its contents is mastered; when he rises with a weary sigh, like a boy who has feasted on plum-pudding till he can stow away no more, then spits and begets himself to his ordinary vocations.

If you want a pilot to-night you cannot do better than choose little B——. How he came by that *sobriquet* is not generally known. Some say that in the early part of his education he had the greatest difficulty in mastering his A B C, and for a long time stuck half way. It may be so; but I fancy I have heard another story which, if true, would make him out to be an object of intense admiration and endearment to the British soldier.

The sight of the black reminds one of the absence of his late owner who so often steered old Pericles to victory. A member of a *scientific* corps, his great aim and business was to master the *science of riding*, and, as far as steeple-chasing was concerned, I fancy he had succeeded pretty well.

Tough as leather and full of pluck and keenness, he would have been the first to promote a lark of this kind.

He has gone to the happy hunting-grounds of Old England, and long may he live to enjoy them!

There is only one more to be 'told off,' and then we will lay the hounds on, or the scent will be cold. Him, I mean, on the chestnut, whose flowing mane and tail give him the appearance of a lady's horse rather than of the sort of animal for this rough-and-tumble country. Still, when the hounds are running, you will see Iona going as strong as a little elephant, and the whole heart and soul of 'the Child'—under this *nom de guerre* many will recollect his bare-faced cheek (N.B. this is a goak)—in the fun.

Rather a good specimen of a child, you will think, as there is about six feet of him, and every bit as hard as nails, from his recent training for the Yokohama Spring Meeting. His old governor, of whom, as a true sportsman, he is justly proud, has evidently brought him up on the principle of 'sparing the Nimrod and spoiling the "Child;"' not that he seems to have done that altogether to the exclusion of other things, for the Child occasionally mounts the winged steed, and sitting down on old Pegasus, sends him along with as good a will as he does the chestnut, in both cases, perhaps, occasionally coming to grief in trying too big a leap.

We are all here now, I think, so let us make a start before that big black cloud gets over the moon.

A lantern has been hung up on the top of a building named as the trysting-place, and will serve as a beacon to guide us in at the finish. The above building is a straggling Japanese house, built in the usual way of wood and paper, and aspires—so proclaims a large white board over the entrance—to the title of COFFEE-SHOP. A rather good-looking Moosmi* does the honours of the establishment, which, as far as one can perceive, consists of about a dozen old bottles arranged on a shelf in company with five or six cups and saucers, a long table, and two wooden benches. What honours there are to do I cannot guess. That they do not sell coffee I know, for in a moment of weakness I once asked for some on my way out for an early ride, when I was answered by a merry cackle and a ‘no got.’ Certain it is, though, that it is a favourite resort for the soldiers at all hours.

‘Will, come along; we must idle no longer; so put ’em down to the left, it was somewhere about there that the drag should have ‘started.’

A cast of a couple of hundred yards in this direction produces no result beyond the discovery that it is very blind going, for already there are several scrambles but no falls. We then proceed to try on round to the right.

The little fellows scatter themselves well and work hard, in hopes of getting hold of something. ‘Give ’em time; we shall hit it off directly. Look out! that is an awkward little drop;’ and the words are scarcely out of our mouth when we hear that delicious identical ‘Old Hup’—you all remember it?—and looking round we see Jorrocks’ burly form flying over the head of his steed, himself wallowing in the *plough*. It would want a strangely strong and straight pair of fore-legs to bear up against the weight of fifteen honest stone when landing from the top of a five-foot bank. Never mind; it is soft falling, and no one will be able to see to-night that the pink has been dirtied. Our obese friend picks himself up apparently none the worse, and, after muttering an incantation over his pony’s eyes, that he possibly imagines may have some effect in making him see better in the dark, rolls himself into the saddle. This little catastrophe will, we hope, teach the *bay* to be more careful, and in future to creep a little more at his drops.

A few more jumps enable the ponies to get the measure of their leaps a little better, and they soon begin to calculate their distance and take off almost as surely as in the day-time.

Now old Comus feathers a bit with his unnaturally big stern; at the same moment Wonder drops his nose and starts off in that dot-and-go-one, hesitating sort of canter that seems to be the natural pace of a hound during the first few seconds of a find, when, as it

* An unmarried girl. By this time such an explanation must be unnecessary, for I hear they are to be seen presiding over the Japanese tea-houses in the Paris Exhibition.

were, fearful of over-precipitancy, he still cannot repress the thrill of delight that urges him on. Another moment and they close up together and are off, throwing their tongues as merry as school-girls. The moon shines out beautifully just now, and we may shove along safely.

One advantage of drag-hunting—at all events on our limited scale—is that every one gets a fair start. We go away at a good pace, though, over the road and up the hill, and by the time a few enclosures and their attendant obstacles have been crossed, the field begins to spread a little.

On the right is the B—— with Pericles, evidently just enjoying himself, and immediately inside him is De Lis, going as straight and cool as if he knew the country perfectly, whereas he has never crossed a yard of it even by daylight. Lying close up are the Child and another night-shirt, whom we will call Fish, well carried by the winner of the Ladies' Purse at the late meeting.

On the left the Aide's mouthless brute is tearing ahead almost on the top of the hounds. Holloa! he is down! No; a strong haul has pulled him off his head again, though the amount of mud he carries in his nostrils ought to steady him a little. The Fenian is flashing along like a meteor, and Belleville is going the pace as if he were on a well-waxed floor with the band playing the Hilda, his long whiskers flowing over his shoulders like the pennants of a man of war. Poor Jorrocks is beginning to lag a little, and is already bamboozing his steed lustily. This 'throw up' will help him. No; a quick turn to the left and they are off again, running nearly parallel to the road.

Now the pace becomes really good. The ground is awfully deep, but we must go to keep 'em in sight; so catching fast hold of his head we cram along.

Down a gentle incline, in which all the jumps are drops, on to a small extent of level bottom, where a small 'grip,' difficult to see, causes several stumbles and turns the 'flat-racer' a complete summersault. Fish sticks tenaciously to the bridle, till, the cheek-strap breaking, it is left in his hand, when he throws it and the 'curse of Cromwell' after his departing steed. The pony takes advantage of his liberty to do a little hunting on his own account, only the object he chooses for his pursuit is the unfortunate Pig, who, going along well within himself, wists not of his danger till of a sudden he feels his tail gripped as in a vice. The pain and fright extort an agonized scream from him, and after trying in vain to rid himself of his tormentor by kicking and plunging, he bounds off frantically, dragging the other, nothing loth, after him.

As I said before, the pace at this moment is quite as good as we care about, but fast as it is the Pig tears along faster. The noble owner evidently feels the horror of the position quite as much as the more immediate sufferer, and as he passes us in his mad career—with his terror-stricken countenance looking still more ghastly in the moonlight, his anguished gaze turned behind him, and his flowing

white garment streaming in the wind—we are irresistibly reminded of Tam O'Shanter and his nocturnal ride. He lashes round with his whip in the vain hope of loosening that bull-dog hold. As well might the oft-quoted horseman expect to free himself thus from *atra cura* when she has once taken her seat behind him; for, beyond a tighter clenching of the relentless jaws, not the slightest effect is produced. At last, in sheer despair, he drives the spurs deep into the sides of the Pig, and the two disappear down a steep place and are seen no more.

By this time we are rising the opposite hill, and turning a little to the left, circle the brow for some distance. Here they overrun the scent and give us a moment to breathe, till Jealousy—one of the missing couple and a half, but who has now come up again—lifts her silvery voice, and dashes straight down the hill, through a cluster of trees veiling two awkward-looking drops.

The Aide charges boldly at the first with the courage of Quintus Curtius, but his animal is apparently not endowed with the same desire for self-immolation as the steed of that bold Roman, for he refuses resolutely.

'Que diable!' exclaims his rider, for from long practice he speaks French like a native, though the polished gesticulation with which he usually enhances the charm of his well-turned phrases must, for obvious reasons, be dispensed with on this occasion. So saying he turns him round, and gets down at a second attempt. Meantime the Fenian and the Child have dived down into the darkness, and the others follow, all feeling much the same sensation as one experiences on entering after dark into a room with whose interior arrangements one is totally unacquainted.

On reaching the bottom the hounds veer off suddenly to the right, just avoiding a narrow little stream; which would inevitably have proved a floorer to most, if not all, of those out. Well do I know that treacherous little brook, and to my cost! Feasible-looking enough, there is a deep boggy landing in which few horses can keep their legs.

Along the valley the hunting is slow and uncertain, and the field collect again, allowing even the runners to get on better terms. At last it becomes evident that if we mean to have any more fun we must do something for ourselves; so we throw 'em forward, and in another moment they hit it off and are going like smoke.

By Jove! this is awkward! They have breasted the hill, and on a sudden we find ourselves in a regular trap.

The moon has taken refuge behind a cloud, and objects are now disagreeably obscured. One can just distinguish a huge black-looking bank, rising round three sides of the enclosure, the only exit from which appears to be by the way we entered. It may be like riding at the walls of the Bastille, for all we know; but at any rate it won't do to stop here, and we ram the spurs in and shove at it, in hopes there may be some little slope to give us a foothold. The Aide tries it in front; but he hasn't got pace enough on, and after an ineffectual

struggle, horse and man roll back together. Pericles attempts it with better success, though, as he got his fore-legs on the top, and balanced himself for a final effort, it seemed any odds on his following suit. The strong little white China pony scrambles up after, and Iona and the Pig, who has again put in an appearance on the scene, take it to the left, where it happens to be considerably lower, though perhaps more perpendicular.

The men on foot shout 'Well done!'—for to them, standing above, it looks little less than like jumping out of a dungeon.

'Forrard' again, as we get to the hounds. Alas! we need not hurry ourselves, for from this point we can only potter along slowly. It is evident that the scent has been badly laid; and this we hardly wonder at afterwards, when on our return we find the man who ran the drag, and was to have waited at the finish to give the dogs a 'worry,' sitting in a kitchen, and soaking in helpless imbecility over his beer.

All that can be done now is to pick up a cold scent, which leads us back in the direction of the coffee-shop. Still an occasional 'stiff-un' is encountered, which in the present dim light is anything but easy to negotiate.

The proceedings are also varied by the performance of one of those who patronized the sport on foot, which, if gratifying to the spectators, could hardly have been so to himself.

The ponies will see their way pretty clearly when the light is so bad that you can perceive nothing but a dim waste before you. In this way our friend knew not that he was approaching a steep descent, till he found himself flying through the air. He opened his mouth to entreat some one to stop him; but by this time he had plunged into a soft, deep bed, and all we could hear was a half-choked spluttering. 'Pooh, pooh! he can't be hurt, was all the consolation he received.

Very nice had he looked when he left the dinner-table—the peach-bloom tint just deepened on his cheek, his embroidered shirt-front without a crease, and an ardent admiration of sport of any description, but more especially in the shape of drag-hunting by moonlight, suddenly developed in his bosom. Hardly so pleasant a companion did he appear an hour or two after. His own mother would hardly have known him; and if she had, I doubt very much whether she would have remained in the same room with him.

One of the mounted party also creates some little diversion. The white China pony, of whom we have spoken two or three times before, is seized with a sudden idea that the fun is getting slow, and accordingly he pokes his head down and carries his rider, *volens volens*, into a thick wood, which clothes an almost precipitous descent into the valley beneath. A shrill brogue, proclaiming 'Be Gorra! he is off 'now!' is the last we hear of the Fenian as he disappears to meet his fate like a man. We needn't stop for him; he is sure to turn up again shortly. He is used to such little eccentricities on the part of his steed, and is prepared for every emergency.

At last we come in sight of the lantern on the coffee-shop, at the distance of about a mile; and leaving the hounds, who are now doing little or nothing, we start for a 'scurry' in. By this time the moon again gives a better light, and each man taking his own line, there is a regular race for it. A cropper or two on the way, but no one hurt, and in a few more minutes we have arrived at the place we started from.

You ask, 'Who got the best of the run in?' Well, perhaps the Aide did; but he owns, like an honest man, that he 'couldn't turn 'the brute's head off that path for the last few hundred yards;' and as I look up at the coloured engraving which hangs on the wall before me as I write—it is No. 1 of Ackerman's good old sporting series, entitled 'The grand Leicestershire Steeple-chase, March 12th, 1829'—I see old Nimrod, in the queer high 'stick-ups' and enormous white choker of the period, reading out 'Any one opening a 'gate, going more than a hundred yards along a road, &c., &c., to 'be distanced.'

Next in order are the chestnut with the mane, the China pony, and the light-weight—I told you he would soon be 'all there' again—and Pericles, with two or three others close up.

After a short halt to collect stragglers we all adjourn to the camp, where, over anchovy toast and 'soda-and-b,' we discuss the events of the run.

This last, kind reader—and you are kind if you have gone with me thus far—we have already done, so I bid you adieu.

One more word:—Mr. Jorrocks was a little shaken by his fall; but he is not a bit discouraged, and still swears 'there is no sport like 'unting, and no 'ounds like those of the Yokohama 'Unt.'

THE OLD OAK TABLE.

CHAPTER VI.

'Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er,
Bright Phœbus ne'er witnessed so joyous a corps,
And vowed that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
Till Cynthia hinted he'd see them next morn.'—*The Whistle.*

WHENEVER a serious accident in the hunting-field or elsewhere occurs to an undergraduate, a strong feeling of awe and sympathy at once takes possession of the whole university: the senior members are startled into a sudden recollection of the manifold responsibilities with which they are entrusted; and the juniors are compelled for a moment to reflect on the probable loss of a valued friend, and on their own hair-breadth escapes from a similar danger. But this flap of the raven's wing soon ceases to be heard, and comes and goes, like—

'A single cloud on a sunny day,
While all the rest of heaven is clear,
A frown upon the atmosphere,
That hath no business to appear,
When skies are blue and earth is gay.'

When the yawl, so pleasantly designated by her owner 'The 'Blue-eyed' Maid' of Oxford,' was capsized by a gale of wind on the willow-reach, and two popular North-countrymen, belonging to the university, were swept away and overwhelmed by the flood, the consternation of Oxford for a few hours can scarcely be described. Edicts were immediately issued by the Vice-Chancellor, prohibiting the use of sailing-boats to the undergraduates when the storm-flag was flying from the boat-house at Folly Bridge; while the undergraduates themselves, horrified at the catastrophe, renounced even their song and supper-parties for that night, and the common-room walls were silent and sad as the tombs of the dead.

But the next day the sun rose as usual. Cover hacks came to the gates; and, in spite of the flag at Folly Bridge, many a crazy, over-cannvassed boat might have been seen on the Isis, staggering under the storm like a drunkard bereft of his brains; in fact, the harder it blew, the greater the temptation to ignore the signal, and treat the wrath of man and elements with equal defiance; although Nemesis, with a whip of scorpions in her hand, rarely failed to follow in the wake and punish the rash offenders.

The chimes of Carfax were sounding six as Watkin entered the portals of — College. A few late undergraduates were still discussing their commons in hall; that is to say, eating their mutton on cold, comfortless pewter plates, that at once chilled the meat and congealed the gravy, but happily proved no check to the appetite of the consumers. At the vacant tables, a party of scouts were eagerly engaged in collecting the broken bread and undevoured obsonia that lay in fragments around; while the fellows, who had risen from high-table, had withdrawn to the bursary.

Watkin, as he passed the open hall-doors, failed for some seconds to attract the attention of the busy pack. 'They were too busy to 'bark at him;' but at length catching sight of Mr. Butler's man, Scroggs, he shouted his name with an energy that at once stopped the clatter of the pewter plates, and brought the scout to his side without further delay.

'If Mr. Butler is in college, Scroggs,' said Watkin, 'I wish to 'see him instantly.'

'Impossible, sir! Lord Evelyn and two other Christ Church gentlemen have been dining with him to-day, and they are now at 'wine in the bursary; I may as well commit murder as disturb them 'at such a time.'

'Then the sooner you are hanged the better,' said Watkin; 'so 'lead on, for I mean to see Mr. Butler; and you shall announce 'me forthwith, Scroggs.'

The scout quailed under Watkin's grip, like a blackbird in a hawk's claws, as he scragged him by the shoulder with his iron fist, and thrust him forward, across the quadrangle, up to the door of the room in which the fellows and their friends were making their grateful offerings to the jovial god.

'Now, Scroggs, if you don't want to enter through the panel,

‘just open the door quietly, take that card to your master, and tell him I wish to see him for one minute on very important business.’

Scroggs would have skulked into a coal-scuttle, rather than enter violently into the presence of the Dons on such an occasion ; a fit of delirium tremens would have been the inevitable result. But he was helpless as an infant in Watkin’s hands ; and his commands, thus enforced *vi et armis*, he dared not farther resist ; so the latch was turned, and, tremulously advancing to the bacchanalian board, Scroggs delivered his message.

Mr. Butler rose instantly ; he had observed, in passing the table, that Stoford had not dined in hall, and knowing his intimacy with Watkin, the thought crossed his mind, like a flash of lightning, that some accident had befallen the absentee. Nor was he left long in suspense : a few words from Watkin told him how Harlequin had dropped short at his fence, rolled heavily back on his rider, and caused concussion of the brain ; that they had borne him immediately to Lovelstone, the nearest country-house, where he was then lying in a state of utter unconsciousness, under the care and attendance of Mr. Masters, the Witney surgeon.

‘Heavy news, indeed !’ said the kindhearted tutor, deeply moved by Watkin’s communication : ‘but come in ; there are none present but men you know—Stoford’s friends and your own ; a short consultation will enable us to decide what immediate steps we should further take for the alleviation of this deplorable catastrophe.’

Watkin, who had been in a hurricane of excitement and perturbation during the last four hours, was glad enough to accept this proposal ; and, as he entered the bursary, his unexpected appearance at so unwonted a time created no little sensation among the assembled guests. The hum of conversation and the sparkling current of port wine, that had hitherto travelled together in a lively and somewhat rapid course, suddenly ceased to flow. But it was a momentary check only ; for, before Watkin could take his seat at the table, stoppers were drawn, tongues untied, and a dozen questions asked simultaneously, as the cause of this portentous visit became better known to his friends around.

But while Watkin is doing his best to recapitulate the events of the day, and at the same time is busily employed in cracking a captain’s biscuit and fulfilling an old-established rule of the room, by pledging the first bumper of red port wine to the King’s health, and the next to the welfare of Church and State, the bursar of the college, who is senior fellow, and occupies the chair, claims especial notice at this point of our story.

He rejoices in the not unclassical name of Tom Jones, but is far better known in the hunting-field and within the walls of the university as ‘old Tom,’ a familiar title given to him with no reference to the so-called metropolitan liqueur, with which his palate was never profaned ; nor in allusion to his advanced age, for at this period there was not a grey hair in his head to indicate the wane of life, nor had care as yet scratched a furrow on his face. No ; he was

called old Tom partly from affection, and partly because in his dress and habits he adhered to the fashion of a past generation; for he wore top-boots, kerseymere breeches, a duck-tail coat, and a broad, flat-brimmed beaver hat.

He hunted whenever hounds were within reach; and, if in the halls of his college he never ventured into the labyrinths of classic lore, nor wandered beyond his depth into lectures on abstruse science or polemical divinity, he was able and wont to set a noble example to the aspiring youth that pinned their faith to his skirts, and dared to follow him across a vale country. Once, and once only, it is recorded of him that he found himself 'pounded' in a lecture-room. The Regius Professor of Divinity, when engaged in delivering a course of lectures, was seized with a serious illness, and as old Tom happened to be the next senior fellow of the college, it devolved upon him to undertake this duty in behalf of his erudite brother. The papers of the professor were accordingly handed over to him, and, as he was merely called upon to read them to the large party of students assembled around him, Tom travelled for some time smoothly and rapidly through the plain, well-written document: but ridge and furrow followed, in the shape of cramped writing and unnegotiable words; and, at length, he was fairly brought up by a parenthetical sentence that nearly paralyzed him with dismay: 'If any gentleman present,' said the document, 'does not clearly understand this portion of the apostle's argument, I beg he will do me the favour to call on me in my private rooms, when the lecture is concluded, and I will then enter more fully into the abstract meaning of this passage.'

'But, gentlemen,' said Tom, horrified at the prospect of such a visit, and looking up with undisguised alarm, 'pray remember that these are Dr. Barton's words, not mine.'

Now, as this invitation was repeated several times during the lecture, and Tom as often explained and repudiated its paternity, the merriment it created among the students proved all but uncontrollable, and for some time was scarcely repressed within respectful and deferential bounds. The fact of his non-acquaintance with sacred literature was already so well known to his audience, that even one explanation would have been superfluous on the occasion.

Nevertheless, Tom had strong and valuable points in his character, and exercised considerable influence in the government of his college. He was a man of business, and managed the bursarial department with admirable tact and punctuality; and any disturbance of order, by prolonged revelry and midnight orgies, was invariably followed by a roar from Tom's window for the college porter, and a command to that official to bring the delinquents' names to him on the following day.

Poor old Tom; what a Jupiter Tonans he was at such a time! I can see him now, as, in the small hours of a winter's morning, the lamp of the quadrangle glared on his fiery face and nightcapped head, giving his grand Roman nose the look of a frightful gurgyle, as

he roared his thunder on the brawlers below ! But it was nothing but thunder : ' the sharp and sulphurous bolt that splits the ' unwedgeable and gnarled oak ' followed it not ; though his tongue dropped words that would have given piquancy to the commination service.

On one eventful occasion—it was the night before Sir Thomas Mostyn's hounds were to meet at Chesterton House, in the Bicester Vale—Tom had entertained a few friends at dinner in his own hospitable fashion ; and, having imbibed the usual quantum of port wine, had retired to his quarters as the clock struck ten, in order to enjoy more thoroughly the good sport he anticipated on the following day. It so happened that an undergraduate, named Dryden, after sundry mishaps and many shaves, had at length succeeded on that day in passing his examination : so he too gave a spread to celebrate the joyous and unexpected event. But his reception differed extensively from that of the bursar : when this ended, the other began ; and supper smoked upon the board.

A crimped London cod, with oyster sauce ; grilled fowls, commonly called ' spread eagles,' with mushroom sauce ; ham and eggs ; devilled bones ; and mighty punch-bowls filled to the brim with rum punch, gin punch, and whisky toddy ; then a goodly array of silver beakers containing bishop and sherry flip, with tankards of swig—a name given to the ale-cup for which that college was famous, will give some idea of the Homeric banquet to which Dryden invited his friends. At least thirty sat down to it ; and then followed toast, sentiment, and song in rapid succession, accompanied by musical hips and rounds of cheers that made the walls of the old college ring to its rafters. But it was long past midnight before the storm of the wassail culminated in a wild hurricane. A huge north country freshman, fancying he possessed the powers of a Demosthenes, had slipped off to his rooms, and having invested himself in full Highland costume, had again joined the bacchanals, and insisted on addressing them in the character of Roderic Dhu. So, in spite of all remonstrance and every effort to keep down the devil within him, he mounted the table, already groaning under its burden, the host himself lying somewhere amongst the legs, and commenced reciting that passage of the ' Lady of the Lake ' wherein Roderic is conducting Fitzjames ' as far as Coilantogle's ' Ford.' He was in the act of spouting, with the voice of a Stentor—

' These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true ;
And, Saxon, I am Roderic Dhu,'

when down came the table with a crash that might have been heard on Magdalen Bridge. The smash of glass was terrific ; and while the party were engaged in digging out Dryden and one or two others from the *débris* under which they were lying, a sharp, menacing rap of the knuckles sounded on the oak door, the portcullis of an Oxford man's rooms, which on such occasions was always sported against all unwelcome intrusion. It was the bursar's

rap! and while many of the old stagers knew it in an instant, and were as mute as mummies, Roderic Dhu stood forth like a champion, and with a loud voice demanded from the inside—

‘Art thou a friend to Roderic?’

‘I am the senior bursar, sir,’ said old Tom, in an angry tone, ‘and I request you to open the door forthwith.’

‘Go to, Malvolio,’ roared the orator, in return. ‘I know old Tom’s tongue too well for that; he’s been in bed these three hours; so be off with you——’

‘Very well, sir, you refuse to admit me; you will answer for this at your peril, mind, to-morrow,’ said the senior fellow, as he turned from the door, frantic with rage, and vowing vengeance on the owner of the rooms and the insolent puppy that had dared to resist his authority.

However, chapel was no sooner over next morning than the two culprits, warned of their danger, made the best of their way to the bursar’s private apartments; and there, humbly confessing their sins, and expressing their contrition for the night’s wild revelry and the especial annoyance given to the bursar, they were forgiven on the spot. Tom held out his honest hand, and said, with considerable emphasis, ‘Don’t make such fools of yourselves for the future; and, above all, don’t give supper parties when hounds meet at Chesterton on the following day.’

But to return to Watkin, and the object of his mission to the bursary at that hour. Tom’s distress at the report of Stoford’s accident could scarcely be controlled: many a fine run had they seen together with John Croker’s hounds while Stoford was yet a boy; and when, as a young man, he became a member of old Tom’s college, he was especially consigned to his care during the period of his university career.

The ties that bind together men who have shared the sport and danger of the hunting-field, and who, from personal experience of each other’s ability to confront the one and enjoy the other, have secured a mutual niche in each other’s hearts, are so strong, so enduring, and at the same time so agreeable, that lifelong friendships are constantly formed by such associations.

‘I have hunted with that boy,’ said old Tom, choking with emotion, ‘ever since he was first breeched; and, if this accident prove fatal, I shall feel as if I had indeed lost a son.’

‘To-morrow morning,’ said the good, kind Mr. Butler, ‘we’ll send for Mr. Tuckwell, and take him in a post-chaise to Lovelstone; and, if human aid be of use, his skill will help to save him.’

And so it was settled. In the meanwhile Watkin was despatched to Devonshire to break the news to Stoford’s father, who, badly wounded and disabled in a naval action, was then lying on his beam-ends at Hawkwell, alive, and little more. It was a delicate task for Watkin, who was well known to the admiral as his son’s particular friend; but he had plenty of tact and kindly feeling, and would be sure in telling his tale to do it gently and make the best of a bad matter. So a better man for the purpose could not be found.

FROM AUGUST TO OCTOBER.

THE first day of October is the real commencement of the sporting season in all its varieties. In August, the fortunate few who can afford to pay high rentals for high moors in Scotland, open their fire upon the grouse; but *non cuius contingit*—you know the remainder of the line, not less hacknied than true. Men of moderate means cannot, in these piping days, spend half their income by renting a moor at the exorbitant rate of paying a guinea per head for every feathered leg of game killed thereon.

‘Halloo!’ exclaims Tom Brown, on meeting his breech-loading friend, Bacon, driving furiously up Piccadilly, ‘where now?’

‘Oh, only to Tatt’s, to look over a brace or two of Irish setters.’

‘What for?’

‘Moor in Scotland—the 12th of August and grouse are, I suppose, quite the orthodox thing; like ducks and green peas on the 1st of July.’

‘Oh, yes, or pig and plum sauce on the 1st of April.’

‘Never heard of that dish before—pon honour, eh?’

‘Well, swine are termed pigs before they are made into bacon; and you must have been a pretty little squeaker at six weeks old, and your papa could have served you up with plenty of *plum* sauce. To speak plainly, Mr. Bacon, you are going the whole hog, much too fast for the enlightened constituency we have—perhaps I should speak in the singular number—the honour of representing in Parliament. The People’s Bill—a misnomer, rather, I should call it the Jews’ Bill—is expected daily down from the Upper House, for our consideration of its amendments, and here are you thinking of nothing else but starting for the moors, and, as Swift writes—

“The Squire in scorn will fly the house,[†]
For better game, and look for grouse.”

‘Exactly, Mr. Brown. Swift was a sensible man, and I have had a surfeit of amendments and divisions on all these confounded clauses; so—

“The moors! the moors! the joyous moors!

When Autumn displays her golden stores:

When the morning’s breath

Blows across the heath,

And the fern waves wide

On the mountain’s side,

’Tis gladness to ride

At the peep of dawn o’er the dewy moors!

For the sportsmen have mounted the topmost crags,

And the fleet dogs bound o’er the mossy hags,

And the mist clears off, as the lagging sun

With his first ray gleams on the glancing gun,

And the startled grouse, and the black cock spring

At the well-known report, on whirling wing.”

‘You are in a poetical mood, Mr. Bacon.’

‘And you in an ironical one. Good-morning, Mr. Brown, and ‘you may tell the independent electors of W——r, that when they ‘are tired of the pig and his plum sauce, they are welcome to look ‘out for another representative more congenial to their taste.’

We are quite of Mr. Bacon’s opinion, that grouse shooting is the thing, the only thing, for a sportsman in August. Moreover, it is the very best kind of shooting, every other being tame work in comparison, especially in these luxurious days, when the battue has become so much the fashion. Grouse on the 12th of August may be considered the orthodox dish over the border, as partridges are here on the 1st of September, a goose on Michaelmas Day, and a brace of pheasants on the 1st of October. These have been generally recognized customs in all country establishments from time immemorial, as well as roast beef and plum-pudding on Christmas Day, with the majority of her Majesty’s liege subjects who have the means of providing such substantial fare for their families.

To affirm that these several kinds of feathered game are at their best, or in full condition upon the days appointed for their legal slaughter, is contrary to our experience, and to that of every ranger of moor or stubble-field who knows ‘what’s what.’ Very young animals are not to our taste. With Israelitish prejudices, we eschew sucking-pigs and plum sauce, although confessing a weak feeling in favour of bacon. ‘Weal pie,’ as an old Cockney of our acquaintance was wont to call it, is not a bad thing to those of quick digestion; and to a fore-quarter of lamb at Easter, we are in duty bound from ancient ordinances to make obeisance; but for young grouse, partridges, or pheasants, we entertain no predilection, and have often thought the season for killing them has been fixed a fortnight at least, if not a month too early. Grouse on the 12th day of August, and the same day in September, are birds of a different feather, as well as flavour, and grouse-shooting at that period bears a very near analogy to fox-hunting. The cheepers have been blown to pieces, or caught by the dogs of the Cockneys; and those that are left pack together, and are off to the hills and far away on the first intimation of danger, taught by experience the folly of attempting to hide themselves from the keen eye and keener scent of their enemies of the canine race.

Grouse-shooting, however, is not now what it was some forty years ago. As in pheasant preserves, numbers militate against sport and the bags to be made: the returns of the slaughtered, in print, are much more regarded than the other concomitants which, in bygone times, rendered this sport so alluring. A true sportsman derives no more satisfaction from knocking down birds as fast as he can load his gun, without the sauce which adds a zest to every recreation in life, than would a genuine foxhunter in killing half a litter of cubs before they had strength to travel across country. Of late years grousing has become the fashion, like foxhunting, and moneyed men of all classes fill up the gaps left open to them, by the retirement of more able and experienced sportsmen, through lack of

that, in this gold-seeking age, called 'the one thing needful.' Brokers, builders, and brewers; Cos., limited as well as unlimited; vendors of swipes and vendors of sauces; firms legal, as also illegal, can boast of their seats in the house and their lodges in the Highlands. There is an old and vulgar adage, 'Money makes the mare to go;' for 'mare' we must now substitute 'man.' Light come, light go. Men who have made their thousands and millions by a kind of legerdemain, known only to people of certain cumulative and not very particular notions as to the difference between *meum* and *tuum*, won't be outbid in the market for grousings or housings.

Much as they abuse the aristocracy, and all rights and privileges appertaining to that order, secretly, the whole aim and purport of their existence is to approximate as nearly as possible to their decried though envied position; and we need not stop to inquire what the feelings of the *parvenu* must be when crossing the ancestral halls, and treading the moors of some Highland chief, who prefers a moderate independence in his native land to joining hand in hand with such as would suck the life-blood of the poor to increase their stock of gain. 'Tis an ill wind, however, which blows nobody any good.' The Scottish lairds reap as good a harvest from their heath-clad moors as many a Lowlander does from his corn fields; and if obliged to let their place and grouse to the Saxon stranger, they have the satisfaction of making them pay smartly for their pastime.

Next in order to grouse, comes partridge-shooting, which requires a certain amount of toil and trouble to fill a fair bag, except on those manors where partridges are so thickly and strictly preserved, that, as in pheasant battues, you have only to fire and load, never considering it necessary to follow out any one covey. Partridge-shooting in September is a very poor diversion in comparison with the same pursuit in October. Young birds are an easy prey to the tyro or cockney who uses straight powder, and who is not startled by the whistling of wings about his ears when they rise, for the first time, close before old Ponto's nose. It is a moment, we admit, of intense excitement to the novice, who, unless belonging to the imperturbable family—of whom we entertain the most unfavourable opinion—could scarcely fail to be a little flurried, and most likely, in his confusion, instead of singling out his bird or birds, would in all probability let drive into the brown of the covey, right and left, with his eyes shut: such little accidents are of yearly, we may say, of daily occurrence with nervous young sportsmen; and we advise married men with families, who have not insured their lives to a considerable amount in the Accidental Death Assurance Company, to avoid proximity with a nervous gunner, incased in a new suit of fowling costume, with bright barrels and unsoiled equipments. *Hunc tu Romane caveto.* We have, until this day, carried about in the frontal bone of our head a little leaden reminiscence of coming into contact with a green sportsman's fusée, whose acquaintance we had made when reading for our little go at Oxford. From his connection with a family residing in our immediate neighbourhood, we became rather fast

friends, generally taking our wine together, and a ride afterwards in Bagly Wood or elsewhere, to digest our Latin and Greek. *Interpocula*, it oozed out, that our friend Sergison was more than usually nervous about his examination, in anticipation of laying his laurels at the feet of a certain young lady upon whose heart he flattered himself with having made a very deep impression, and who was then staying with his relations in the country.

‘You know Mr. Robarts, of course,’ he said one evening, ‘being such near neighbours?’

‘Very little; he has only taken Ashton House the last twelve-month, and not resided there until very recently: in short, to speak plainly, the governor, as we call him, has given up making new acquaintances. His son, however, being a sportsman, and having resided in the same neighbourhood for some years, we know rather intimately.’

‘You have heard of, if not seen, Miss Murray, I suppose?’ he added, whilst a little quivering of the lips, and a transient glow of something like a blush, rapidly passed over his features.

‘Both,’ we replied with a smile, which seemed to startle him from a reverie. ‘She is a very beautiful girl, and attracts general admiration.’

‘I’m not surprised at hearing this,’ Sergison remarked, uneasily. ‘Will you take another glass of wine, or take to the saddle for our evening ride?’

‘The latter for choice, so come along.’

From that day my friend endeavoured to ascertain whether we entertained any very strong predilection for Miss Murray, without success. Time sped on; we made our appearance in the schools, and retired from them honourably, with all our feathers smooth and in place, not one plucked, and a jovial evening with numerous friends closed our labours. We need not say how soundly we slept that night, or how many bottles of soda water we drank during the following day. *Dulce est desipere in loco*, and we have a faint recollection of finding great difficulty in wending our way up two pair of stairs, door to the right. Sergison, during the saturnalia, had become exceedingly vociferous and pugnacious, when, offering to fight a big brawny Scot of a different clan to that espoused by himself, he was carried off upon his shoulders to his dormitory, still sputtering ‘Scots wha hae wi’ Wallace bled.’ The night before our departure from Alma Mater for the long vacation we invited Sergison down to our country quarters for partridge-shooting, believing, from his conversation on sporting subjects, that he was an experienced gunner, adding, as an inducement, our proximity to a certain young lady.

The offer was accepted with alacrity, and a week before the 1st our friend made his appearance, and was received—as all our acquaintances were—most graciously by the governor of the household. The morning after his arrival was given to an inspection of our kennel of pointers, with whose form and appearance he expressed

himself greatly pleased, and we suggested for the afternoon a ride over to Ashton House, which was of course eagerly caught at.

'Mr. Roberts at home?' we asked, on the butler answering our peal at the hall-door.

'No, sir; Mr. and Mrs. Roberts are gone out for a drive.'

Sergison looked as he felt, taken rather aback at this information.

'Is Miss Murray gone with them?' was his nervous inquiry.

'No, sir; she is in the drawing-room. What name shall I give, sir?'

Sergison handed his card, and we were very soon ushered into the presence of the Queen of Beauty.

Although young in years we were old enough to understand the language and looks of love. Our friend betrayed unmistakable signs of scarlet fever, blushing up to his eyes and over his forehead as he rushed forward to obtain possession of the coveted prize—Miss Murray's hand. It was extended frankly and freely, as greeting an old acquaintance of her family, yet not the slightest emotion was perceptible in her manner towards him; no timidity of look, not even a little additional vermilion in her cheek.

'I am very sorry,' she said, 'Mr. Roberts is not at home; he will regret very much to have missed seeing you.'

'Oh, never mind,' Sergison replied, absently; 'I am staying with my friend Sefton, and will ride over again to-morrow or the next day.'

'Your visit, then,' she said, 'must be before one o'clock, if you would find him at home.'

'Thank you for the hint,' he replied. 'Shall I find you at home also before that hour?'

'That question I cannot answer, Mr. Sergison, having often engagements or occupations in the morning as well as the afternoon.'

'Will you be at home to-morrow about twelve, when I purpose calling again?'

'Indeed I cannot say, for I am expecting a friend to go out riding with me, should the day prove favourable.'

'Some fair friend, I presume?' interposed Sergison.

'Not very fair,' she rejoined, with a laugh, 'as he is a gentleman past forty, with a red face and rather grey hair.'

Sergison sprang from his chair in a high state of excitement, which elicited a look of astonishment from the young lady and a pitying one from ourselves.

'Good-bye,' he said, hurriedly; 'my kindest regards to Mr. Roberts.'

'Good morning, Miss Murray,' we said, on offering our hand. 'Although neighbours, hitherto we have been almost as strangers to each other; may we hope for the future to be friends?'

A gracious smile was our reward for this speech, and we followed our friend to the door.

There is an old saying, 'None are so blind as those who won't see,' and Cupid is often represented as a blind little urchin. Certain it is

that Sergison would persist in believing Miss Murray to be seriously attached to him, and that her indifferent manner towards him upon that inauspicious afternoon must be attributed to the presence of a third person. 'Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise;' so we left him to the indulgence of these Elysian dreams without further gainsaying, and a horse at his disposal, to pay as many visits to Ashton House as he wished to make, without a third person.

That long-wished 31st of August at last arrived, and the sun burst through the autumnal mist of the morning in gorgeous splendour, portending a favourable commencement of our sport on the following day—guns, ammunition, and all the paraphernalia requisite for our *début* in the stubbles and turnip-fields being looked over for the twentieth time. We had nothing new, however, to encumber us in our anticipated work; no creaking shoes, no tight-fitting new jacket or continuations to interfere with the free use of our limbs: all had been previously well tried and well worn. Not so our friend Sergison, who, when encased in his new suit, with tight-fitting boots, looked much more like a hog in armour than an experienced sportsman. However, we thought excuses must be made for him, under his peculiar circumstances, having such bright eyes to scrutinize his equipments: all were of London make and in the newest fashion.

'Now Sergison,' we remarked after dinner, 'we are all peep-o'-day boys on the 1st in this domicile—early to bed early to rise.'

'Oh, of course, Sefton; your hour shall be mine; what is it?'

'The breakfast-table is laid over night, and we are called at three.'

'Three o'clock in the morning!' exclaimed Sergison in surprise; 'why it is as dark as pitch at that hour!'

'Very nearly; but *n'importe*, the governor and ourselves are rather 'early birds on the 1st; in short, it has been the rule of the house for many years; but this being Liberty Hall, you will do just as it pleases you, and the under keeper will have orders to wait upon you at the hour most agreeable to yourself.'

'Oh, no; once in a way the novelty of the thing will be quite 'amusing, so pray let me be called when you are.'

Be it remembered, by the way, although then young and keen for all sports and pastimes, we do not recommend such early hours for partridge shooting; the birds, not having yet had their breakfasts, being generally wild and ill disposed to lie to the dogs. Our best shooting-grounds lying about a mile from home, we despatched our hasty morning meal by candlelight, and having mounted our ponies we reached a large stubble-field, while the mist still hung on the hills, foreshadowing a broiling day. Within a hundred yards of the gate where we left our ponies in charge of a lad, whose business it was to fill the game-bags, our two pointers stood in statue-like stiffness.

'Now, Sergison,' we said, 'no talking more—take your line to the right, and mind, no cross-firing—the birds will wheel in your direction.'

In a few minutes, as we neared the dogs, a large covey of about twenty rose with a dull, heavy clapping of wings, wet with the mist, and that shrill, sharp cry which has so often put to flight the equanimity of a young sportsman. One brace fell to our double barrel, and the rest crossed over our friend's head, both of whose barrels were discharged simultaneously, but no feathers were ruffled by them.

'Very nervous this morning, Sefton; don't suit me, getting up 'in the middle of the night.'

'Never mind; better luck another time. Now load, and don't talk; there ought to be two more coveys in this field.'

The dogs were no sooner set at liberty again, than Dinah made a dead point.

'So ho!' muttered the keeper; 'there she sits, not ten yards from 'the bitch's nose.'

'Where? where?' asked Sergison, in great excitement.

'There, sir, in that tuft of grass, right before you. Shall I put her up?'

'No—no; I'll do that. I see her now—' and rouse went the right barrel at her in her form.

'Missed un clean, by Gor!' cried the keeper; and away scuttled pussy for the hedge, saluted as she fled by another innocuous broadsider. John Fowler, however, the under keeper, seemed to have caught something which tickled his fancy, for he performed a pirouette in the air, and then commenced rubbing the calves of his legs with great violence.

'Halloo, John!' we exclaimed, 'what ails ye this morning? Do 'the harvest bugs bite very sharp?'

'Summat has bit me sharper than they, Squire; and I thinks, d'y 'see, if a gent doan't know the difference 'twixt hare-skins and a 'leathern gaiter, he han't no business out shooting, d'y know, 'Squire.'

'Just a stray shot, I suppose, John; not much the matter, I hope?'

'Half a dozen at least, Squire; and they do smart so.'

'I am sorry to have caused you so much pain,' chimed in Sergison, 'but really I did not see you when I fired,—perhaps this may prove 'a salve to your wounds,' offering a half sovereign.

'I doan't want it, sir,' said John, still in a very sulky humour. 'I doan't choose to be paid for being peppered.'

'Do ye know, Master William,' whispered our old keeper, whilst this dialogue was going on, 'I don't like the manners of this 'Mr. Sergison at all; it is quite clear to me he knows nothing 'whatever about shooting, and I really don't think he ever had a 'gun in his hand before this morning. Anyways, sir, he certainly 'don't know how to handle his piece, or how to discharge it; and 'there'll be serious mischief done afore long to some of us. Can't 'you advise him to go back to breakfast with the ladies?'

'No, Hancock, I could not propose such a thing.'

'Well, sir, then be on your guard. He shuts his eyes when he

‘fires, that I have noticed, and seems to have a very loose notion about where the shots are to go.’

To speak candidly, we were quite of our old keeper’s opinion now, although having shrewd suspicions of our friend’s knowledge of gunnery long before his entrance upon the scene of action, but what to do with him now puzzled us. Had we made an excuse to go home for letters of business or importance, and proposed leaving him with the keepers, he would most certainly have gone with us, fearing our purpose of stealing a march upon him towards Ashton House, so we had no resource left but to fight the day out as cautiously as possible. So long as the fields were large, we kept him at very long range, and he continued banging and blazing away, without damage to feather or fur, until the sun got high in the heavens. The last fence we crossed led into a very small enclosure. The birds rose suddenly between us, and ere we could pull our trigger the contents of his barrels were discharged into and about our head and face. Our poor old keeper rushed wildly to our side in an instant, exclaiming, ‘Oh, Mr. William, I know’d this would happen. Are you much hurt, my dear young master?’

We were stunned for the moment, the blood spirting from a dozen gunshot wounds, and feeling faint, we were laid upon the ground by the keeper, our head supported in his arms. The lad was sent off immediately, and our governor hastened to the spot with the carriage to carry us home, where we were attended by a surgeon, who vainly attempted to extract the shot. The body of the charge had most providentially gone over our head, or we had not been alive now to tell the tale; but for weeks we were obliged to wear a green shade over our eyes, and our shooting season, so anxiously anticipated, began and ended in one day. Sergison expressed himself, as we believe he felt, almost distracted with this unfortunate occurrence, declaring he would never again take gun in hand; and on the following day, thinking his presence might be unwelcome to the governor, took his leave for Ashton House.

Whilst we, however, were lying on a bed of thorns, our friend did not repose upon a bed of roses. He was unsuccessful in his wooing, and if not disposed to favour his suit before, the young lady did not think more favourably of him for his awkwardness in shooting his friend. Mr. and Mrs. Robarts were very polite in sending daily to inquire after us, and in return presents of game were despatched to Ashton House. As soon as sufficiently convalescent to face the glare of the sun, we, as in duty bound, rode over to express our thanks in person for these obliging inquiries, and it so happened that we found Miss Murray only at home. It has been said that with women ‘pity is very near akin to love.’ Her sympathy in our late sufferings went home to our heart, and we felt then that we might become something more than friends to each other, and never anything less. The seeds of that affection were then sown, which has never flagged since, through all the changes and chances of our eventful life.

October is the month when game of every kind is in season. Pheasants to begin with; partridges still in their best condition; land-rail or corncrake, the highest flavoured of all, have not yet quitted our shores, and with the full moon, woodcocks revisit them. Wild fowl of every kind are in season; also hares and rabbits in perfection; and last, though not least, our particular game—foxes—having nearly attained their full growth, begin to afford sport to the lovers of the noble science. All are in; fire at what may rise, you cannot now fire at anything out of season; but don't fire at a fox in mistake.

It is quite evident to us, however, that pheasant shooting in earnest cannot have its commencement on the 1st of October. What can be done with them, then, in large woodlands? Little or nothing. The foliage still hangs thick upon the trees and underwood—and pheasants won't rise if they can run; and if they do rise, we can't see them on the wing, save by chance. The short coppice of one or two years' growth is our only hope, with an old, knowing pointer or two, which will break their point when required to do so, and put them up. Clumber spaniels may be substituted for pointers or setters in thick gorse brakes, or young plantations, where the proceedings of the former cannot be overlooked, although the battue system, or driving by beaters, has been now very generally adopted where pheasants are plentiful. For ourselves, we prefer, at this time of year, waiting until these birds draw away from the coverts into the stubble or turnip-fields, when with a brace of steady short-hunting dogs—wide rangers doing more harm than good—we can pick up six or seven brace of young cock birds during the day—beating the stubbles in the morning, and the turnips in the afternoon.

THE CHRONICLES OF HEATHERTHORP.

III. TREATS OF CERTAIN PRELIMINARIES TO A MEMORABLE GAME AT CRICKET, CONCERNING WHICH CLUB SCORE-BOOKS AND LOCAL REPORTERS ARE SILENT; AND SHOWS THAT, IF DOCTOR SUTTON HAS WON HIS 'MATCH FOR LIFE,' HE HAS YET TO RECEIVE THE STAKES.

SUMMER reaches us so late in the year we can generally depend upon gracing the Feast of St. Grouse with the last of the strawberries. A dainty privilege this, and one which should have long since stirred the lyre of the Heatherthorp Anacreon. Still, summer being such a laggard, our cricket campaign seldom begins until at least a month after that in 'the sunny south;' wherefore, owing to the season's caprice, Doctor Sutton abode several weeks amongst us before he got the chance of scandalising his severely proper patients by a display of his sporting tastes. He could not hunt; he did not care to angle; and goody sports fell not in his way. Indeed female archery (which invariably involves the mischief of a toxophilite re-

markable for corpulency and a woefully scanty wardrobe) was still a long way off being a Fine Art at Heatherthorp, and croquetry (which everybody knows is a muscular form of coquetry of the deadliest description) had not yet turned its steps towards our corner of the Riding. Meanwhile he was progressing famously with his practice, and Molly Malone continued in constant work; while correspondingly Matthew Crisp was kept fully employed, and had scarcely any leisure for practising on *his* account—at the bar of the ‘Sursingle Arms.’

Not that the Doctor’s path was all rose-leaves. There was a thorn here and there, and bonny Kate Wilson was the sharpest of these. Her clear hazel eyes, ingenuous countenance, lithe figure, and deliciously fresh manner were seldom absent from his memory for long together. He was in love; and although an indefinable something whispered that she rather looked upon his silent devotion with an eye of indulgence, he longed, like a gushing boy of eighteen, for a more satisfying proof of her favour.

He had never been a shunner of drawing-rooms, and knew, or fancied he knew, much of women’s ways; but Kate was too many for him. This lovely Yorkshire lass, so brimful of bounding life, had a spice of devil in her, which, while it gave her an air of charming piquantry far removed from vulgar fastness, kept her from betraying herself, and him at arm’s length. Alas! he was blind!—and for stone blindness commend me to your lover who ere his affliction was remarkable for more than an ordinary share of common sense. An album-filling spoony lover is not blind at all, merely wall-eyed, because, for every admiring glance he vouchsafes the object of his adoration he bestows another on himself.

Had Kelpie been gifted with Christian speech he could have let his master into a secret worth knowing. It was to him ‘the sweetest Kate in Christendom’ symbolically told her love, making no more account of Matthew Crisp, who was the dumb sharer of the girl’s eccentric confidence than, as he afterwards put it, ‘a lump of wood.’ These almost one-sided interviews came about in this wise. The mare did all the ‘doctoring,’ and therefore Crisp was ordered to see that Kelpie did not become ‘as big as a bullock’ for want of exercise. Whene’er he took his rides abroad he was sure to meet Miss Wilson mounted upon a bay four-year-old which by the Doctor’s extra-professional advice had supplanted the runaway chesnut.

‘Good morning, Matthew,’ said she to him in a cheery voice, as they ‘accidentally’ encountered each other on the ever-to-be-remembered road to the railway station one brisk forenoon in May, ‘and ‘good morning to *you*, old fellow,’ addressing Kelpie in endearing tones. ‘I hope they use you well at Doctor Sutton’s. By-the-by ‘how is the Doctor?’—then, without waiting for a reply, she rattled along—‘*Did* dear old Kelpie recollect this road then? ‘*Did* he ‘remember the day when he—and his master, saved somebody’s ‘life, eh, old darling? Good-bye, old Kelp,’ touching his patient Roman nose with her pretty pouting rosy lips—‘Good-bye,’ twisting

some wild flowers about his ears—‘I think, Matthew, you said ‘Doctor Sutton was quite well. He will not have forgotten, I dare ‘say, that we—that is papa, expects him at dinner this evening. ‘Adieu, old Kelpie!’ and off she cantered.

If she could only have heard Matthew’s comments now! Listen to them, and imagine you see him watching her perfect seat—he saw nothing else—gradually disappear in the distance.

‘Of all the artful ones I *ever* see, she *is the* artfullest. She doubles ‘like a hare; and *seems* to go so straight, too. Will it be a long run ‘I wonder?’

‘Now, for the rest o’ the farce. Mr. Arthur ’ll hear me come ‘into the yard; absent-like, thinking nobody sees him, he’ll collar ‘these flowers. Then he’ll ask, quite off-hand and in a don’t- ‘careish sort of voice where I’ve bin. Very good; I tell him I’ve ‘met *her*; he will say, still gammonin’ he don’t care twopence, ‘“Oh indeed”—and to finish up he’ll order Kelpie to be saddled ‘this evenin’ and off he’ll bolt to dine at Wimpledale Place. Oh! ‘Mr. Arthur, Mr. Arthur, what *will* it end in?’

There was a touch of real sadness in his voice as he uttered these words. Matthew might have been Adam and Dr. Sutton Orlando for the affection which the queer old man-servant bore his young master.

‘What would Tim Wilson say to all this if he knew? Happen ‘he would not like it.’

This query, the conclusion of his audible remarks addressed to vacancy, was more pregnant than even Crisp supposed. Like many men who have risen from nothing, Timothy Wilson, Esq., in early life an industrious puddler, was inordinately proud; and his pride was that of the *parvenu*. Incapable himself of advancing to a loftier position in society, for free and independent constituencies had yet to awaken to the high parliamentary claims of Iron, the darling of his household, his only daughter Katherine, was the mainspring of his schemes of ambition.

Let me for a moment abandon the language of conventionalism and say that he would have rejoiced at the opportunity of selling his daughter—at the altar—to a gentleman of good family. He had not shown his hand yet, but it came to pass towards the end of May both Kate and the Doctor saw it.

Early one Wednesday morning (Wednesday I should remark is the market day at Heatherthorp) there might have been observed assembled in front of Daniel Essom’s shop a group of townsfolk eagerly reading a handbill purporting to have been issued by the H.C.C. and bearing the signature of the honorary secretary of that celebrated club. It was proposed to inaugurate the season—set forth the bill—with a home-and-home match between the Heatherthorp eleven and a crack team selected from Shipley-on-Wimple and its district. Admirers of the noble game who have gained their experience at Lord’s or the Oval have no conception of the fervid animosities which pervade a home-and-home match in and about our Riding.

For the nonce the cricket ground is changed into a kind of Ashby-de-la-Zouch and the opposing elevens into companies of fierce knights, thirsting for each other's—wickets. Such matches are worth any number of those bloodless trials of skill played on 'scientific' grounds.

'Let me hark back a little. On the afternoon of the day Miss Wilson told Crisp his master was expected to dine at Wimpledale Place, Doctor Sutton was returning from his rounds, when, to his surprise, he was accosted by Daniel Essom, who with a face of preternatural gravity begged him 'to step into the shop.'

'You will pardon me, Doctor,' said Daniel when he had summarily dismissed the boy and carefully closed the shop-door, 'for stopping you so suddenly on your way home. No: it's nothing to do with my pulse. I am quite well, thank you. The fact is we have a committee meeting of the club to-night, and—I am a bad hand at beating about the bush, Doctor,—have I your consent to tell them you will play with us in our match against Shipley?'

'I—Mr. Essom!—why, cannot you complete your eleven without me? I have not touched a bat for goodness knows how long. Besides, how do *you* know I play at all?'

'Never heed that now, Doctor,' rejoined Daniel, smiling, 'we want you to play!'

'I expect that old ass Crisp has been wagging his long tongue,' muttered the Doctor, and then he added aloud—'I perceive you at any rate are determined that I shall shock the sensibilities of my serious patients. Well, tell your committee I won't see them in a dilemma. If they want a stop-gap I will play.'

Daniel, as delighted as though one of his long shots had come down to evens, warmly thanked the Doctor, and the latter departed, speculating as he went as to what his patients would think when they saw him in his new character.

On reaching home he duly played out the farce as Crisp had foretold, and leaving word he was not to be troubled except in a case of direct emergency, turned Kelpie's nose towards Wimpledale Place.

Another guest had been bidden to the mahogany tree of Timothy Wilson, Esq., in the person of Mr. Reginald Woodridge, the cadet of an intensely lofty family, and a representative of 'the mining interest.' With the help of the remnant of a respectable patrimony he had been thrown into old Wilson's way, and he now appeared before the world in the, to him, somewhat novel character of a sucking ironmaster. He was what in vulgar parlance would be called 'a swell,' but by no means a bad specimen of the class. Kate liked him. He rode fairly, played at reading some of her favourite authors, and, though his style was neither as polished as Mario's, nor as pure as Reeves's, he could sing with taste. She always looked forward to his coming with pleasure, for he brightened up their dull drawing-room wonderfully; but she did not dream that he had been selected by her father as her husband, and that he himself was anything but averse to the arrangement.

She shone resplendently that evening, for she was happy. In all her airy *badinage* Woodridge was with her, for he was cunning at most kinds of verbal fence, but the Doctor, slower of speech, and lacking utterly that conversational small change so useful in society, was ill at ease. He began to dislike this fluent Mr. Woodridge, especially as with his dislike there arose a suspicion that he was being talked down.

For some time the discomposure of Doctor Sutton was unobserved by Kate, but when she saw it she flushed with genuine anger, and her anger at length concentrated in the Doctor, 'for being such a fool.' Anomously enough her thought assumed this shape because she loved the man. When she left the room, Mr. Woodridge attending her to the door, the Doctor took wine freely, and felt equal to anything.

'By the way, Doctor,' observed the host, after Kate had gone, 'you are a cricketer, I believe? Do you play with Heatherthorp against Shipley on the first of next month?'

'I have not decided whether I shall or not,' replied the Doctor; 'Essom, the secretary, asked me this very evening if I would play, and I gave him a conditional promise.'

'Ah, you a cricketer, Doctor?' interposed Woodridge; 'really, I should hardly have given you credit for enjoying such a game.'

'Nevertheless, I play,' shortly rejoined the Doctor.

'Averages good?' inquired Woodridge.

'Moderate,' replied the Doctor.

'Come, come, Doctor, be careful, you know; we have heard a far different story of your abilities,' put in the host.

'Ha, ha, ha! This is delightful!' laughed Woodridge; 'we shall be antagonists. A Montague and a Capulet.—Our smelting furnaces are near Shipley, Doctor, as you may know, and I, like yourself, have been asked to play.'

'I see nothing in the subject to create such hilarity,' said the Doctor, with extraordinary stiffness, 'unless'—his manner hardening as he went on—'unless you would like to make it a Montague and Capulet affair in right down earnest.'

'Agreed,' promptly replied Woodridge, slightly nettled at the Doctor's tone; 'nothing would give me greater pleasure: my score beats yours—for a pony.'

'For a hundred if you choose!' exclaimed the Doctor.

'For a hundred be it, then,' quietly replied Woodridge, and the bet was booked.

'I think if we might now rejoin Miss Wilson,' suggested the host, who had a holy horror of all kinds of gambling, long whist at shilling points excepted.

'Immediately, Mr. Wilson,' said the Doctor. 'How are we to decide? On the match, if it be played out; on the first innings if it be drawn?'

'Precisely,' replied Woodridge. 'And now, if you please, Mr. Wilson, we will join Kate.'

‘Kate!’ muttered the Doctor, with set teeth. ‘How ready he has got her name. He could not use it more familiarly if he were her brother or her——.’ Clearly our hero was in a bad way.

The rest of the evening passed like a dream, so far as he was concerned. Old Wilson droned out his platitudes about the bad state of trade, the foreign policy of the country, the parish rates, and similar lively topics, until the Doctor, through making believe to listen, fell into a state of coma, and the other inhabitants of the room seemed miles away. He had a dim consciousness after he had bidden some mechanical adieux, and was thundering along the road to Heatherthorp with the cold night wind blowing upon his face, that Kate’s manner had been chillily distant; that Woodridge had treated him with intolerable hauteur; and that he, Arthur Basinghall Sutton, was a well-developed fool.

Kelpie’s coat steamed like the witches’ caldron in ‘Macbeth’ when the Doctor reached home. Throwing the reins to Crisp, he said to that patient functionary—

‘Do up the horse smartly, Mat, and then come to me. I want to speak to you before you go to bed.’

‘All right, Mr. Arthur,’ replied Matthew, wondering what the deuce was in the wind.

In half an hour the pair were closeted together, and ten minutes subsequently Matthew was crossing the yard with a lantern, to his dormitory over the stable.

‘Whew!’ he whistled, prolonging the note in a most expressive manner. ‘What can the boy be drivin’ at? I’ve touted a hoss in my time, but never a cricketer. Never mind, I’ll do it.’

That night Doctor Sutton dreamt that he was playing a brilliant innings, and had but a single run to obtain to win his wager, when, putting ‘one up,’ it was taken by Kate Wilson, who was fielding point!

DESPERATE REMEDIES.

HORSEMEN—the true experts, lovers and users of the noble animal—must be men of judgment, patience, and kindheartedness. They treat their animals tenderly, and fit them for any extraordinary work they have to undergo. They strive to learn the best systems of management, and are liberal to the servants who have the skill and industry required to keep horses in health and condition. The qualities which most unfit a man for the use and enjoyment of a good stud are a cruel disposition or incorrigible irascibility. Kicking, rearing, bolting, jibbing, shying, and similar defects as often result from the bad temper of the owner as from the peculiar temperament of the steed; and this fact is almost universally known and acknowledged amongst horsemen. So much so, indeed, is the charm of forbearance prized on the road or in the hunting-field, on the desert or on the British Turf, that it is almost a wonder we can still trace

in our recognized systems of horse management much that is barbarous, senseless, and cruel. Many may have been the reforms, but many also are the prevailing vestiges of erroneous and even cruel systems. It is not our intention on this occasion to expatiate to our readers on Xenophon's old text, that 'horses are taught, not by harshness but by gentleness.' We have another object in view, and it is to plead the cause of the lame and infirm animals, for whose ailments many cruel—cruel because useless, whilst painful—systems of treatment are in force; and, what is worse, instead of every care being taken to ascertain the best remedy for a peculiar ailment, it is almost the fashion of the day to dictate to a veterinarian, and to insist on the adoption of rash means suggested by those necessarily ignorant of disease. We are not disposed to decry the class of servants—coachmen and grooms—a class often referred to as troublesome and ignorant. Considering the advantages of education which the masters possess, it is much to be wondered at that stablemen should ever be called upon by their superiors to advise on many questions, the understanding of which demands special study and accurate medical knowledge. We have on a former occasion incurred the wrath of members of the veterinary profession, by stating that they too readily obey the instructions of their employers, and resort to means which in their judgment should not be used. We again make the charge; and state that the cause rests not only in the desire to please, but in the difficulty of securing the guinea for advice, which is readily paid for blistering, firing, and other operations. The Veterinary Profession is underpaid; it is supported on too artificial a system; and the almost obsolete fashion of the medical profession of subsisting on pills and potions prevails so widely as to be most damaging and demoralizing in its consequences. The remedy for this rests with those veterinarians, undoubtedly increasing in number, whose judgment is worth more than physic, and with the intelligent horsemen, who have been deluded too long by the old and tattered axiom that 'desperate diseases require desperate remedies;' and that these remedies are known to themselves and their dependants, and only remain to be applied by the professional man.

Without further preface we shall proceed to talk of—

BLISTERING.

A blister, as its name implies, is an application which inflames the skin, causes a discharge, whereby the scarf skin or cuticle is raised and broken, and if severely applied destroys the structure of the true skin itself. A blister, therefore, induces disease—it is an irritant. The theory which for many years has encouraged blistering is that which Blaine enunciated in the following terms:—'The salutary action of blisters depends, first, on the stimulus which they give to the absorbents, and, next, on the inflammation which they excite proving a counter-irritant to some other part.' Youatt said, 'The part or neighbouring parts are somewhat relieved by this discharge, but more by the inflammation and pain which are produced, and

‘which lessen the inflammation and pain previously existing in some contiguous part.’ None but a physiologist can appreciate the depth and breadth of the errors made in the definitions quoted, and which are still used by veterinarians. ‘Stimulating absorbents,’ and ‘inflaming the surface so as to withdraw the inflammation from the interior, because two fires cannot go on at once in the living body’—such are the doctrines still taught by some, and accepted by many more.

For the sake of avoiding all misunderstanding, it may be necessary to declare that blistering is at times a most valuable remedy. It acts indirectly by exciting the growth and healing of tissue when the pain and inflammation subside. It operates through the nervous system, in virtue of that peculiar connection between different parts of the body which we term sympathetic. A mustard-plaster over the human abdomen often arrests vomiting, and, to use an expression common amongst patients so relieved, it acts like a charm. That action is not due to stimulating absorbents or inflaming the skin. It is a peculiar and still undefined influence exerted on the nervous system. There is no relation between the activity of the blister and the relief from its use. It may be accepted as a fundamental truth that severe blistering is always unnecessary, and usually dangerous.

Horsemen, grooms, veterinarians, and others esteem it wise to talk of a ‘good sweating blister.’ The hunting man throwing up his horses, and the jobmaster, at the end of the season, speak of turning their horses out and blistering them, so as to have them fresh when the time comes round again for work. Thousands of pounds would annually be saved to owners of horses if they correctly appreciated the folly of such practices.

But if blistering a horse because he is supposed to be *stale* on his legs is prejudicial, much worse is the severe blistering so generally resorted to in inflammations of the chest. We speak from long experience of opposite systems of practice. We have blistered and seen blisters applied with unsparing hand to the windpipe and sides of the chest, and we have for years treated acute diseases without blistering. And we are convinced that blisters very frequently aggravate acute internal inflammatory disease to such an extent as to render an animal’s recovery most problematical. Mr. Simon, the learned Surgeon at the head of the Medical Department of the Privy Council Office, says, ‘The more intense forms of counter-irritant treatment are so painful, that it is well worth while to be critical as to their value. And it deserves more general notice than it has yet received, that some of the most accurate clinical observers of the day are profoundly sceptical on this subject. In various cases of thoracic inflammation, for instance, where thousands of practitioners employ blistering as a matter of course, the unsurpassed authority of Professor Skoda pronounces such treatment to be always powerless for good, though sometimes powerful for harm.’

It is important to establish the fact, and impress on the horseman’s mind, that blistering is far from being the safe remedy it is supposed

to be. It is a painful application more often followed by evil than good results; and the process of swelling horses' legs up that they may subside kills time, and compels the rest which is beneficial. The benefit of that rest is greatly marred when a horse is sore and stiff for many days and weeks before he can feel in perfect comfort. In our minds, blemishing a horse with a blister is an unpardonable offence, though there are still those amongst us who feel justified in using the most powerful vesicants that can be procured. We repeat that there are forms of disease, such as ulcerations of joints and bones, indolent ulcers, and wounds of the skin, &c., in which blistering proves a valuable remedy; but for the sake of the poor horse and of its owner, such a remedy should not be used until a competent veterinarian has satisfied himself that a disease exists which calls for the use of such agents as the oil or ointment of cantharides and the biniodide of mercury. It is fortunate for some, but very unfortunate for the poor horses, that the makers of blistering specifics have realized tolerable fortunes. We do not grumble at the gullibility of the public, so much as at the reckless manner in which painful and dangerous applications are prescribed, and with as little hesitation as we should manifest in telling a groom to wash a horse's legs. We have more to say and worse to condemn in the practice of firing; and our only regret is that we cannot handle the Queen's English in so effectual a manner as Molière did his French, or we might be tempted to follow his example, and make mincemeat of the quackery which prevails in that branch of the art of medicine which pertains to the treatment of sick animals.

YACHTING AND ROWING.

THE yachting season, which has been altogether a most brilliant one, is now fairly concluded, and most of the clippers are already laid up in lavender. The close has been unfortunately marked by a fatal accident, which occurred off the coast of Down, Ireland, on the night of the 11th of last month. Captain Knowles, of the 63rd, was returning from the Clyde to Dublin in his yacht, the Tana, a 35-ton schooner, and getting out of his reckoning, struck on the Skullmarten rocks. The life-boat was cluttered up with lumber, and fastened so tightly to the deck as to be useless, and the ill-fated craft sank in less than ten minutes. Two of the crew climbed to the mainmast head, but Captain Knowles, his wife, servant, and child were washed away during the stormy night. The calamity was mainly owing to the persistence of Captain Knowles in attempting to make Kingstown instead of running into Belfast during the storm, and the vessel was apparently undermanned. We trust that the fate of the Tana will deter others from reckless ventures on the Irish coast so late in the season, especially without the aid of a pilot.

Amongst professional oarsmen there have been several interesting items. A match between Kilsby and Pedgrift produced immense excitement, not from the merits of the men, but owing to a dead heat, an occurrence so rare, that a judge at the finish is a thing utterly unknown in watermen's races. Kilsby was winning easily by four or five lengths, but fouled a barge, and

Pedgrift coming up, drew level, the men racing the few yards home neck and neck. The referee's steamer being astern, that official could not decide, and ordered them to row again the next day, when Pedgrift lost the race by a foul, but was evidently better than Kilsby, who had been indulging the previous evening. The numerous sporting men who accompanied the first day's race were excusably indignant at the verdict of no race, and ridiculed the absence of a judge in aquatic affairs in no measured terms. The talent were singularly out of form on both days, as the first time they laid odds on Pedgrift, who was left behind at a mile; and the second day they offered four and five to one on Kilsby, who only won by a foul, and was evidently then much inferior. Percy and Sadler's match at King's Lynn was another triumph to Joe's party, and it is surely high time for his opponents to leave off making matches for his benefit. There is a certain set on the river who are so prejudiced against Sadler that they talk each other into the belief that he is a duffer, and forthwith money is forthcoming to match a second-rate sprint-rower like Percy, or a worn-out man like Cooper, against him. Sadler, of course, wins with more or less in hand, and the same thing will go on as long as the opposing faction allow the 'wish to be father to the thought' to such an absurd extent. North countrymen who, whatever their demerits, have certainly the virtue of sticking together, may go on backing Cooper, Percy, and the tenth wonder of the world, James Taylor, against tried Londoners, but it is too absurd for Southerners to cut off their noses to spite their faces, by finding money, which they almost invariably drop, for these wizards of the North to come and be beaten on the Thames or Ouse.

A race between Drewitt and W. Sadler turned out a very poor affair, the young one beating Drewitt, not as easily as his brother did three years ago, but still winning all the way from start to finish. Hammerton is matched with the loser, so we shall have another chance of seeing if he has really lost all form. Young Sadler's victory has produced a challenge from him to Kilsby, who we hope will accept it, as the affair should be a close one. There is also some talk about a race between Kelley and Sadler, but the former names November, while Sadler will not row until the spring; so nothing is decided, though the men are sure to meet before this time next year.

This year's amateur regattas have been both numerous and well supported. Barnes, which somehow by universal consent takes first rank among the Thames meetings, was as good as ever, and, from the character of the entries, it is evident that aspirants consider a victory at Barnes as ranking next to Henley. The Senior Fours for the pretty Challenge Cup, which has so often produced magnificent races, were this year very mild. The London, of course, entered with a fine crew, who rowed splendidly together, and won easily; in fact, there was less of a race than there would have been, had not Finch, who rowed bow, been quite exhausted by his plucky efforts in the pairs, and utterly incapable of doing his share of work. The losing crew consisted of Corrie and Woodgate, who last year were an invincible couple, and would have done as well this season had they kept together, Richards, a good Leander man, and Finch, who has rowed in pairs with Woodgate this year, with a fair share of success. The material was right enough, but they had evidently had little practice together, and the Londoners made short work of them. The sculls fell to Ryan, a winner of many similar prizes, Chambers, who had won for two years previous, being second. The pairs were a most unsatisfactory race, as Woodgate and Finch were undoubtedly the best; but having fouled Gibbon and Gulston soon after starting, the latter were adjudged

victors. It was especially unfortunate, as the losers had in their trial shown remarkable strength and pluck in winning their heat, after a noodle in a sailing boat had lost them several lengths. The Junior Fours were won by the Ariel Club, who, with a good man as stroke, should have won anyhow; but North London pressed them very hard, and, could the latter have kept them in rough water, they must have won, as the Ariels lacked power sadly. In Junior Sculls there were no end of fouls, and some fair scullers were thrown quite out thereby. M. O. Coleman, who was more lucky than his opponents, secured the prize. The Gig Race was won by an Ino crew, who, strange to say, did not row in a preternaturally light boat.

The Regatta at Kingston was a vast improvement of all former efforts, and the number of entries proved the success of the meeting. The pairs produced some unexpected excitement, as the final heat was rowed in the dark, and there being no judge at the winning-post, only chance spectators knew who was entitled to the prize. Woodgate and Finch undoubtedly got in half a length in front of Fuller and Maude, but the Committee, we believe, reserved decision, as the umpire did not see the finish. The Senior Fours secured four entries; the Oscillators beat Kingston easily, and London did as they pleased with an Ariel lot. In the final heat a great race was rowed all the way between Oscillators and London, the former winning. The Senior Sculls produced a still finer race between Stout (London) and Fuller (Oscillator), in which the former, though closely pressed, had always a little the best of it, until just home, when, either from fatigue or ignorance, he stopped too soon, and Fuller won this magnificent race. The Junior Fours were a 'moral' for the Twickenham Club, who had a capital crew, and judging from the quantity of their members, should appear in public more frequently. The Junior Sculls gave rise to a foul, which was given to Gibson, who had rowed very gamely in a similar race at Barnes Regatta. The prizes for gigs were quite thrown away, as, although there were four entries on the card, the winning crew actually walked over both for trial and final! A Local Race was sadly out of place at such a regatta, and we trust never again to hear of so stupid a revival of mean weaknesses. If resident subscribers are in want of a cup for beer, or other liquid, let them openly announce a lottery for so worthy an object, or go 'Thomas Dodd' for a tankard, instead of spoiling the regatta programme with a maudlin exhibition of scrambling inefficiency—a most unworthy adjunct to an excellent day's sport. A liberal programme was announced at Moulsey, but the entries were very inferior, and the chief race of the day fell to a composite crew, consisting of one Kingston, two London, and one Moulsey man. The course was a wretched one, but the committee made the best of it, and their arrangements were capital. Tewkesbury Regatta goes on improving, and the Oscillators increased their stock of plate by a visit to the cheerful old town. At Bedford there were no London crews, but Cambridge was well represented, and Crofts, of Oxford, won the Sculls and Fours, so university talent was not wanting. The Windsor Committee made a step in the right direction by announcing open prizes; but Maidenhead was as ridiculous as usual, only competitors from certain favoured localities being eligible for the honour (?) of entering. Salt-water gatherings have been as numerous as usual, but they are generally unworthy of special notice.

The active rowing season is now concluded, and we hope that captains will devote the recess more than ever to improving their colts, as there is now such a plethora of regattas that we want an extra supply of rowing men to do justice to the handsome prizes offered.

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

SEPTEMBER in Paris, as in London, is the depth of the dead season, *la saison vraiment morte*; and, indeed, Paris Life and Paris Sport alike migrated to Baden-Baden on the last day of August, and so read your last issue of greenbacks by the banks of the murmuring Mürg. Of the sayings—and they were pleasant and many—and the doings of that festive week you have had, no doubt, all the details as far as racing and the social view is concerned; yet I think I may be permitted to say a few words about other Baden sports. When the meeting is over, and the Leger has summoned all the ‘talent,’ literary and sporting, to the metropolis of the north country racing, a few favoured persons are allowed by a benign Providence to stay in the kingdom of Benazet the Benefactor; and as racing and its consequent business is over, they can turn their attention to pleasure. Now, to my mind, anything approaching to sport—even coursing—is a delight. As a noble duke once remarked, ‘Better hunt rats than nothing.’ And so no sooner was the last of our acquaintance tightly packed up in the horrible crowded train—a train which must have been like a locomotive Black Hole of Calcutta—than I took out my fly-rod and was off to the river. Though too late in the season to make a good basket, yet there are still fine fish to be taken. Are there not as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it? And then the scenery and decorations which illustrate your day’s sport are beyond praise. I wonder that more good fishermen do not come to the Grand Duchy at the proper season. There is an ‘hôtel’ at Gernsbach where you can live like cocks that do battle, and ‘inns’ at Weissenberg and Forbach, where a ‘disciple of Isaak Walton’—that is, I believe, the correct expression—who can do without turtle and fine linen, and live on trout and roe-deer venison, his drink the juice of the Mazgrœfler grape, may do extremely well and extremely cheap. Trout and even salmon-trout are taken in the Mürg at the proper season in great quantities, and a prettier stream I have never fished. There is also fishing on the other side of Baden, by Achern, and I hear that a good British sportsman has, while we were racing, been extracting trout from Grindelbach at the rate of twelve to the hour. Partridge-shooting is very bad at Baden this year, which is the more provoking as one always calculates on its being very good, but the awfully wet summer has done its work of devastation, and instead of covies we had pairs of old birds or small families of squeakers. This was a great vexation, for shooting birds on the racecourse of Iffezheim is great fun. I myself marked down a covey on the very bank down which the Baden steeplechasers blunder, and which has been made classic ground by the pen of the ‘Gentleman in Black’—the race in ‘Charlie Thornhill.’ Perhaps it was because I was thinking of that ‘Fool of the Family’ that I so neatly tailored those two birds right and left. Shooting birds there, I say, and amidst the vegetable produce of Sandweir and Oös, was one of the chief delights of my annual visit to that droll little city where Diva Fortuna is worshipped with the blindest faith, and from whence her worshippers retire usually in the condition imposed by the rules of certain monastic orders, which enjoin that the fraternity should never carry any money about with them.

The best shooting in the Black Forest is in the winter. Hares abound for those who care for ‘currant jelly’ slaughter; and judging from what I have seen out of season, when they made my mouth water, you may kill as many roe-deer as you like. A ‘drive’ in the Black Forest must be indeed a treat.

After about a week from the race time, Baden, as far as English were concerned, was a desert. We heard of the winner of the Leger in brief time, thanks to the telegram sent to a noble duke; and the faces of the few remaining English were so long that I fancy they had all backed Hermit. But I must return to Paris, like the rest of the world. The autumn racing season has commenced, thank goodness! The ball was opened at Chantilly on Sunday the 15th of September, and then we have the Bois de Boulogne meetings all to look forward to. The two early autumn meetings were very dull as regards company, and produced no *Gladiateur* or *Fille de l'Air*. You see that Baden, Biarritz, country houses, and even English shooting, keeps men out of Paris. A few years ago and this would have been an odd thing to have ventured to write, but it is quite true now. Several of my acquaintance go regularly to Scotland and Norfolk. Norway has been tried, but it is pronounced to be *un peu trop fort* for Paris training. Fox-hunting seems the only sport to which the French swell cannot take. 'I have seen several 'foreigners at Melton in my time,' said in Paris recently a very old Meltonian, 'but they are no use.' Matushevitz, who hunted there for years, and who was the Czar's private spy over his own ambassador, could ride a bit; and Princess de Metternich, the Austrian ambassadress here, has a book filled with the 'Waterfordisms' of her great uncle, Count Teleki-Sandor, who hired of Tilbury, the contract being even for the turnpikes, and who rode like a lunatic. Prince Ernest of Saxe-Coburg Gotha rode so hard with the Belvoir that he knocked all his teeth out; and I believe the Orleans family can grind over any country—but they are exceptions. As a rule, riding across country is reserved for the bold Briton afore-mentioned. I often wonder that coursing is not popular here. There is ample space for that rather funereal amusement, and galloping without the jump is just what would be popular here. I have exhausted my 'Paris Sport,' such as it is, let us turn to 'Paris Life.'

Our English visitors have been this month merely passers through, *en route* to Baden, Wiesbaden, and Homburg. The latter has been the most popular of all the play places, especially as far as English were concerned. The Duke of Cambridge, Colonel Clifton, his aide-de-camp, the Duke and Duchess of Manchester, Lord Hartington, &c., &c., have been there. Play has been very high. Of course there has been the annual row. This year an Englishman very well known in Europe and an Italian bearing a distinguished name. If you asked the old question, 'Dov'è la donna?' you would not be far wrong. Of the merits of the case I know nothing, but I have heard that the English verdict was strongly in favour of the Englishman. What a bore all these stupid quarrels about scandals are! *Appropos* of Homburg, you know that there is a very general idea that play is doomed in all its present quarters, save and except perhaps at Monaco, and in anticipation of this European catastrophe, I hear that a company is to be formed to establish a bank in the primitive Pyrenean republic of Andorre; so, after all, it seems that the end of a modern European republic is the preservation of the liberty of the gamester. I call the attention of Mazzini and Co. to this fact. Red wins, perhaps, but certainly *les rouges ne gagnant pas*.

In the theatrical world we have only to record the return of Signorina Patti to the Italiens, where M. Pagier is having a supplementary or Exposition season. As ever, Patti is the soul of the company and the success of the house. All the reports of this young lady's marriage, either with a scion of the greatest financial family in Europe or any French, English, or Italian

noble, are, at least, premature—romances not founded on fact; as a proof of which, I may mention that La Patti has signed an engagement with the Impresario of the Italian Opera at St. Petersburg for the season of 1869 on terms which would ransom an Abyssinian captive. At the other theatres the bills are never altered, and we bid fair to grow as tired even of the pretty music of the ‘Grande Duchesse’ as we were of the ‘Belle Hélène’ and the ‘Biche aux Bois.’

Writing of the ‘Biche aux Bois,’ I am reminded that all the little dames and their dogs have returned from their country excursions, and already there are suppers galore at the Golden Mansion. Imagine a series of cabinets with all the doors left open, and a constant stream of coquettism ebbing and flowing down the passage from which those doors give. Add champagne à—or rather *sans*—*discretion*, a little music from a dissipated old piano, which might have made music under the Regency, a song which you would scarcely teach to the scholars of a Sunday-school, a trifle of *cancan*, and you have no very bad idea of a quiet night on the Boulevards. Young France delights in being back in Paris. Labour and sorrow are words which hardly describe the pleasure of a visit to the country from the point of view of a Parisian. You must go to Deauville, of course, and then to Dieppe, or some other bathing-place. If you know a friend with a château, you must go and stay with him, and you must put in an appearance at Baden; and each and every of these outings afford at least one intense pleasure—that of leaving them and going back to Paris. I hear the partridge-shooting is pretty fair this year in France, and game seems pretty plentiful in the markets. It is deucedly dear, though; but then what is not dear in Paris? We are to have, I understand, two great *chasses* at Compiègne for the Emperor of Austria, out of which I hope to extract some amusement for the November ‘Baily.’ There are great preparations being made at Pau for the coming season, though I do not suppose there is a deal of cub-hunting, as they hunt a wild fox if they can find him, and bagman if they cannot, and, barring the two, the fine old British bleater—now cub-hunting, as regards the latter, could only be carried out by a drag with a dried sprat. I am told that they have capital gallops though, and that Pau is altogether rather a tall residence for the winter. Picturesque people, who like Pyrenees, are strongly advised to go there, and among other luxuries they will find a good club, and they can, if of a Scottish tendency, play golf every day. This is the Gaul’s seventh heaven of delight. Nice is likely to be very full, and what with the climate,

‘Where ceaseless Summer smiles,’

at least till the winds of April set in, little excursions to break the mild bank of Monaco, nice little dinners, and a trifle of baccarat afterwards, life passes away pleasantly, and both health and morals are improved. They play fairly high too. One night, or rather late one morning, last year, ‘two cavaliers might have been seen’ walking to their hôtel bearing a tablecloth full of their night’s winnings, which had been paid in specie. One great advantage of Nice is, that there are seldom more than three, or at most four, scandalous stories in circulation at the same time, so you are not hurried, and have plenty of time to think the worst of your acquaintances. These *canards* are generally hatched by elderly young ladies past mark of mouth and marriage, and are credited, or at least circulated, by majors on half-pay, minors going to college, and old women of the male sex. They usually produce nine quarrels per annum, and every fifth year a duel with a French officer, in which both principals behave like lions, and one is wounded in the

thumb. It is said that when the Val d'Andorre Gambling Company (Limited) is started, there is to be a small town attached to the establishment, to be called Scandalville.

The Pyrenean bathing-places have this year been so full that when the bathing hour was past the baths were turned into beds, and realized a handsome profit to the establishments. A discount was allowed if you got up in time for the first batch of bathers.

When you publish your next 'Baily,' the great International Exhibition of Paris will have ceased to open its doors to the public. I, for one, shall not regret it, and, indeed, with all respect to art, skill, science, mechanics, Spiers and Pond's 'Pales-Ales,' and the moocheja of the Russian restaurant, I sincerely trust I may never dwell in another city where there is a 'Great Exposure' (as a Liverpool lady literally called it). Paris has been the very deuce and all. Scores upon scores of people whom we did not want to see came and visited us, with a pertinacity which was only equalled by our patient endurance; while the people we wished to see, our brothers in the dissipation of early youth, the ladies whom we used to love, and who loved us, kept quietly away. Mr. and Mrs., with Miss Anna Maria and Master Peter Paul Double-Duffer, never failed to call, and our *concierge*, dazzled by their carriage, took them for ambassadors at least, and insisted on their mounting; whereas when Plantagenet Fitzroy Percy Oxford Algernon Sydney, fiftieth Earl of Anywhere, called in a fiacre, we were denied to him, and he was told, 'if he had got a parcel, to leave it, and the money should be sent.' Then Paris has been, and is, so crowded! Your pet seat outside your pet café is appropriated by a fat party in a fez; your time-honoured table at Tout's is taken by a Tartar. You wish to breakfast at Bignon's, but Bretons have been before you. Russians ride over you, and Poles push you; Hungarians hunt you; Parsees persecute you. No! Exhibitions are scientific, but not pleasant; instructive, but not agreeable;—in a word, a bore. The only thing which has pleased me in this Exposition is the superiority of England in many things: glass (Dobson), china (Copeland), carriages (Peters), horseshoes (Dollar), harness, &c. I here mention only the things which will chiefly interest the readers of 'Baily.' On more serious points England is greater still.

By the way, what a queer lot of people you contrive to send us over! Where do they come from?—anywhere? Or are they manufactured expressly for the Paris market? I am not speaking of Cook's, or other tourists: they seem to me just the right people in the right place, and enjoy, as well as understand, their Exhibition. What I do object to is, a class of tigerish-looking animals wearing loud clothes and displaying even louder manners and customs. These animaleculæ infest the Grand Hôtel, throng the Louvre, get in your way in the streets, and shout out in the Exhibition, at the top of their unpleasant voices, 'Come along, 'Arry, and 'ave a glass of hale.' And as they rush past in their mad career, M. Bonnechose turns to Madame his wife, and says, 'Behold them again, these English!' And M. Bonnechose and his wife go home, unfortunately convinced that they have seen the pure type of English breeding. 'Tis melancholy, but 'tis true.' To dine near a party of these, I suppose small provincial-town swells, is to hear loud laughter, bad English, worse language, and to have your own appetite taken away. 'You know their lingo, Bob,' says 'Arry; 'what's this *croot o po* that this waiter is 'a jabbering about?' 'Crust to a pot, of course,' replies the French scholar; 'but I don't know what it means.' 'He wants to know if you'll have a *bisk*,' adds the interpreter. 'What's a *bisk*?' asks 'Arry. Interpreter (looking at

next table and seeing a turbot), 'Oh, don't you know? A fish like our turbot 'at home.' So they order two *bisks*, and are surprised to find that it is soup. 'Lobster-sauce,' says 'Arry, 'and what a lot! but where's the turbot?' They are later also unpleasantly astonished to find that it costs ten francs. Drink, too, is a great trial to them. 'No more of your wishy-washy red stuff,' says Bill, 'I'll 'ave beer.' So he does, and finds that 'Pallale' costs three francs a bottle. These people are great at a circus—that is about their form; and swagger later about the *cafés chantant*, finding fault with everything. Yet I dare say this trip to Paris will last them for conversation for the next twenty years, and, as each year passes, they will fancy that they enjoyed themselves more and more.

I forget the names of the king's daughters in the 'German Popular Tales' who nightly danced the soles off their shoes; but Paris society has certainly this year imitated the example set by those H.R.H's. From the *Jour de l'an* to the 1st August there was one series of entertainments. I cannot even bar Lent, for there were private receptions even then, and servants dealt cards daily to your *concierge* as if he was giving him a hand at whist. This year, too, so many of the cards were 'honours.'

Emperors and kings were so plentiful that you were for ever running up against them. 'Pray do not go into that room for a few minutes, Mr. Pen-and-Ink,' said a lady to me one night, 'for during the next half-hour it is reserved for emperors, kings, grand-dukes, and ambassadors.' And this was true. Well, it was very jolly this Exhibition year, according to some people, and that is one thing: it is nearly over, and that is still more jolly, and that is another. By the way, how goes on our mildly-facetious friend, the 'Piccadilly Inspector?' that paper which so modestly said it was written by gentlemen for gentlemen; whereas, as I had the honour to tell you before, it is—I know it, but will not give up my authority—really written by gentlemen's gentlemen for gentlemen's gentlemen, the *valetaille* of the paper being selected from the basements of some of the best houses in London. Has it been vexed with 'Baily' lately? Has it got confused in its odds lately? Or is it simply now telling sporting writers how to write, archbishops how to preach, young *débutantes* how to dance, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer how to balance a budget? They won't let us see the 'Inspector' here, and so I am obliged to inquire. I regret the prohibition, for the 'P. M. I.' is a charming paper, and if a little vulgar at times, why we must look down the area steps, and make allowance for its lowly though honest origin.

Our sporting paper here, 'Le Sport,' is really becoming quite a little 'Bell's Life,' and is very well done indeed. We have a 'Jockey' too, but it is a very light weight indeed, and will never win a stake for its owners. By the way, the illustrated London papers are always losing chances. I have seen scenes lately at Paris, Baden, and Biarritz, which would have made pictures for any paper for six months.

Here ends, I hope, our dull season. Paris will really awake from the aristocratic coma caused by the latter days of the Exhibition and the visitors to that institution; and when the doors of the industrial, if ugly, building are closed to the public, social life in Paris will sing a chorus of rejoicing, return to its own private manners, customs, virtues, vices, and indiscretions, and give ample employment for the pen of the recorder of 'Paris Sport and Paris Life.'

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—September Scrapings.

SEPTEMBER, sacred to the St. Leger and the partridge, has come and gone with a rapidity so great, that it taxes our labours beyond their usual limits to keep pace with the events which have occurred during the thirty days allotted to it. Nevertheless we will do our best to reproduce for our readers the most important items of the month in a style to suit their taste, as a London apprentice endeavours to dress his master's window to the most advantage. Scarcely had the last package in our August Van been labelled and packed when the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway received us to assist at the opening day of Baden, where birds were to be found as plentiful as in Norfolk; and if among them some 'pigeons' were to be discovered, all we can say, that if they dropped a good many of their feathers, they could not be said to have been thoroughly plucked, and might have gone farther and fared worse. To break the journey, which taken at one stretch would tire even a Queen's Messenger, we put up and baited at the Lord Warden at Dover, an hotel well adapted to those who are blessed with affluence. But our sojourn was of too short a duration to look for either samphire-gatherers or other curiosities, and our only recollection of the chief of the Cinque Ports at this moment is being charged sixpence per minute for a ride in a Dover insect from the station to the hotel, which was a species of luxury, we assured the entomologist our means did not permit us to enjoy. Our appeal, however, was in vain, and as he refused to alter the weights, and was backed up in so doing by the landlady, the last alternative remained, and we parted, we trust never to meet again. And here we would like to know how it is that at nearly all Hotels in the provinces, whenever a dispute happens to take place between a visitor and a cabman, the proprietor or proprietress invariably stands in with the latter, as if she feared quarrelling with him. This strikes us to be an erroneous policy, for cabby does not spend enough in the house to pay for the washing of a napkin, while his fare might create a revolution both in the cellars, and kitchen of the Establishment. We would therefore recommend a change in the policy of these managers of hotels, and strongly urge upon them to make the visitor 'first favourite' rather than the cabman, for the return will be better in the end. A two hours' trip on a sea as smooth as one of Nosotti's sheets of plate glass, brought us to that City for the possession of which the Virgin Queen sighed so often, and after another journey of some five hours through a country remarkable for its flatness and entire absence of the picturesque, Paris was reached, and Meurice's extended its resources to us. Packed as it was like figs in a drum with excursionists, who ate, drank, and slept with their Exhibition Guide-Books in their hands, we managed to secure a small species of china closet, at which an English butler or housekeeper would have turned up their noses, and there sought those conventional forty winks so appreciated by the English traveller. The next morning saw us at the station of the Chemin de Fer d'Ess, and the first glimpse of it was sufficient to tell us Baden Races were on; for Count Lagrange and Mons. Shickler and Daru are not stronger signs of a race-meeting on the line than the appearance of Admiral Rous, Mr. Payne, and Mr. Ten Broeck at Shoreditch. With them were mingled John Hawes, Tom and Harry Jennings, English and French journalists, actresses from the Vaudeville and Variétés, and stockbrokers from the Bourse. Then we had numerous specimens of Jeune France, who think it only requires a turned-up hat of the Pierce Egan period, a cut-off coat very short in the waist and very tight across

the chest, trousers which must have been sewn on them, unless they put their legs into them like an umbrella, and a cane with a handle thick enough to smash a gate, to constitute an Osbaldeston or a Becher. Our journey to Strasbourg was barren of incident, but it was easy to detect 'the fresh-catched ones' from the old stagers by the manner in which they rose at and swallowed the champagne at Epernay, which the latter avoided, as they were wont to do, a few years back, the soup and pies provided at the Peterborough refreshment-rooms. On our arrival at Roulette Ville, we found it as gay and as charming as ever, and full of all the curiosities of Europe. To go to bed while the lamps are burning on the Promenade, or while the balls are rolling in the Salle de Conversation, would be a *betise* no Englishman who has been long on the stones of St. James's Street would like to be guilty of; so, in spite of fatigue, we made our way to the trysting spot and gathered the latest *on dits* of the hour. And certainly the scene was a strange one, for seated at the round tables might be seen Peers of England and France, Princes from Africa, Lorettes from Paris, mingled with Jockeys from Newmarket, Members of Tattersall's and the Victoria and Albert Clubs, American shoddy-men, East Indians on sick furlough, and Special Correspondents on the look-out for sensational matter for their London letters. All the topics of the hour were discussed, from the breaking of the bank to the winning of the St. Leger, which was more frequently alluded to from Mr. Chaplin happening to be among the visitors. Then the demi-monde, who were in immense force, were criticised like Middle Park yearlings, and by the remarks which were made in our hearing we should say by an appreciative audience. However, that all were not of one mind was proved by the demonstration that was made in the rooms against Madlle. Cora Pearl, their acknowledged leader, and whose long train of white satin trimmed with gold, and which might have been worn by an Austrian archduchess, was of rather too strong an order to be endured by the more respectable portion of the company in the room, for upon entering the Salle she was greeted with a sibillation of a far heavier character than we ever recollect accorded to a play or a farce in our own time. And it really seemed as if the prominent actors in the scene had all been 'Constant Readers' of the 'Saturday Review' and 'Pall Mall Gazette,' and had been so deeply impressed with the diatribes of those organs of public opinion against this new phase of society that they had resolved to put an end to it. The object of their attack, who was supported by a gallant Frenchman, and who appeared to be aide-de-camp in waiting, bore this manifestation of popular feeling with an undaunted front, until she was convinced that discretion was the better part of valour, when, with her face to the enemy, she executed a retreat, as cleverly and as well conducted as that of Sir John Moore from Corunna. And with this totally unexpected display of morality to reflect upon, we sought nature's sweet restorer, and dreamed the Magdalen had been transferred from our own Metropolis to Baden. The next morning was a fine one, and betting-books instead of gun-cases were opened, and all seemed eager for the fray. The pretty road to the course was lined with carriages of every age and description, from the four-in-hand wagonette to the common cart of the country, which merely consists of the few staves of a cask fastened together at the ends, on which the passengers can sit at the top, with a plank across for the driver. The Russians used their bells and the Prussians their whips, and it was questionable which made the most noise. The English ring received a considerable accession of strength from last year by the presence of Mr. John Foy, the most rising commissioner of the day, and who got a thousand on here, as quick as many older stagers did a tenner, and Mr. George Angell, who, yielding to the urgent solicitations of his friends, at last trod the

turf of the Black Forest and viewed the scenes of the exploits of Schinderhannes and his famous band. 'J. B.,' as the Paterfamilias of the ring has been styled by its Macaulay, Mr. Mannington, was also present, animating the representatives of all nations by his repeated offers to bet on the field; and as we were threading the tortuous passage of the ring, which was very nearly as crowded as that of Doncaster, who should we alight upon but Mr. Sydney Smith, the well-known and popular member for Jermyn Street, and who had mastered the difficulties of the route, and was ready with his three hundred to two against the favourite. Maximilian in the flesh could not have surprised us more; but he made such good use of his time that he vowed he would repeat the journey, and the next time the natives would find he understood the odds in French as well as he did in English, and we thoroughly believe him. As regards our own betting-men, we were glad to have it in our power to report to their friends in England they might not entertain the slightest uneasiness about them, for they betted even less odds than they did at home, and their only regret was they offered as much as they did do, for they subsequently felt convinced that less would have been taken by the backers, who should feel grateful that Sherwood and Whitfield had not wended their way to Iffezheim, more especially as in almost every instance the favourites had to lower their colours to the outsiders.

Falls were the order of the day, and after Turco had given Watkins one in Prix de la Favourite, which altered the books of the Ring very much, in the next race but one, viz., the International St. Leger, Patricien, another favourite, chose to play the same trick with Custance; and the feelings of Mr. Chaplin when he saw his jockey on the ground can be better imagined than expressed. For a moment, we believe, Hermit retrograded a little in the betting, but when Custance was found to be only shaken, the Derby Winner quickly came back to his old position. In the Prix de Radstat, which is the gentlemen riders' race, Mr. Crawshaw found himself pitted against one of the Esterhazy family, as well as Captain Haworth and Mr. Blount, all good men and true, but he held his own, and justified the favouritism bestowed upon his mount by his countrymen. It is a curious fact, and worthy of a passing notice, that the English sporting papers were to be found upon the course; and while the 'Sportsman' was in the enclosure, the 'Sporting Life' had its contents' bill posted on the trees on the road to Iffezheim, and when layers and backers struck their differences, the former were in ecstasies to find the balances were so much in their favour. Of the English division, Mr. George Angell was the most unfortunate; for refusing to join his colleagues in playing the strength of the game, and finding Baden to be very different from Hampton or Chelmsford, he caught it so severely that the electric wires were instantly put into operation to send Python to Warwick for a Plate, and by being backed for a monkey, and winning by an eyebrow, he managed to settle his master's account. Monday was another great fielders' day, and the course looked more like set out for a fête champêtre than for racing. The sun, as 'Argus' stated at the time, was allowed 'to play a maximum,' and assuredly he availed himself of the privilege. Ice was sought for and hailed with as much delight as in the Arctic Sea by a discovery ship, and if half Spitzbergen had been forwarded to the Stand, we verily believe it would have been consumed before the racing was over; for after each event was over the layers rushed to celebrate their winnings and the losers to console themselves for their losses. The Poule des Produits brought out some two-year olds that would not have disgraced our own Champagne or Ham; and we are only speaking the truth when we say John Scott or John Day would have been only too glad to have given

either Pastorelle, Funambulist, or Sarazzin a stall, and have taken their chance as to the bill being paid. Sarazzin was perhaps the cleverest of the lot, but Funambulist was a fine commanding animal, long as a ship, but, like the impecunious holder of a bill, evidently wanted time. Still the German gold went on him for all that; but the Frenchmen, almost without exception, 'plunged and took 'a regular header on' Pastorelle, for Sarazzin was more backed on the strength of the Woodcote than anything else. The result was again favourable to the pencillers by the way, for to their great delight Pastorelle either could not, would not, or did not try (it mattered not which to them), and Count Lagrange and Count Henckel had to fight out the question as to who should be the recipient of Mr. Weih's cheque for the stake. At one time it looked as if it would be a near touch, but Challoner's riding and Jennings's training just turned the scale in favour of Chantilly; but to show the estimation in which Funambulist was held in, there was more than one of the English division ready to give three thousand guineas for him. Count Henckel, however, being a Nobleman of such vast wealth, and racing for the pure love of the sport, declined all offers, and he will have no cause, we think, to regret his determination. The Prix du Rhin we only notice merely to record that the style in which Page, the steeple-chase jockey of Lord Poulett, and who steered the Duke of Hamilton's Sultan against Mons. Delamarre's Fluintin with Cistance, is deserving of honourable mention; and rarely has the Lord Lyon jockey been so disagreeably stuck to. In fact it required all he knew to win by half a head. The Prix de la Ville gave us a good race, and the Ring so good a turn, that the faces of the members were radiant with joy, although their countrymen contributed the greatest share to their winnings. However, the latter bore their losses with resignation, and looked forward to Doncaster to retrieve them. Among the company was the Prince of Wales, who seemed thoroughly to enjoy his emancipation from state etiquette, and with Mr. Chaplin, Mustapha Pacha, and other friends, promenaded the course like any other gentleman without being stared out of countenance, as if he had been a wild Indian, or some *lusus nature*, let loose for the afternoon. As for Mustapha Pacha, all we can say of him is, that he realizes the idea of that Sultan who, in the words of the song, 'leads a jolly life,' for he is the soul of good humour, enjoys a practical joke as much as the famous Marquis of Waterford, plays like Sir Vincent Cotton would have done, and altogether, in sporting phraseology, is a capital sort. This he exemplified at a certain demi-monde ball at Oost, after the races, which he honoured with his presence, and where he was smothered with lobster-salad, and his trousers-pockets filled, not with rouleaux, but with the contents of a couple of bottles of champagne. Wednesday was the grand day, or, as we should term it, the Cup Day, of the Meeting, when all the world and his wife may be said to have been present. Of Royalty and fashion there was a good show, and it may also be described as the Competitive Examination Day of the Demi-monde of all nations. As we do not happen to be professional critics, we will not attempt to make an award in favour of any particular member of it, who went in for honours, and we imagine we shall have discharged our duties when we state that each of the great metropolises of Europe were well represented, that London need not have been ashamed of her sample, that Paris sustained her well-earned reputation, and that Vienna furnished a powerful contingent. Madrid could not be said to be unrepresented, and the St. Petersburg nominations amply fulfilled their requirements. As for the racing, it was as full of surprises as a novel of Miss Braddon, and they came on with equal rapidity. Sensation the first arose in the Prix de Carlsruhe, when Pastorelle, who had been nowhere except in the rear on the

Monday, when Sarazzin and Funambulist ran first and second, came out and won in a canter, beating the first named by three lengths. On the scene that followed we will not dilate, nor do we know that anything was wrong; but losers shrugged both their eyebrows and their shoulders, and talked loudly of the Admiral, and the necessity of his visit to the Black Forest.

We have no wish to add fuel to fire, and perhaps the whole circumstance of Pastorelle cutting such a very different figure to what she did on the first day was purely accidental. Still, as the Ring were the winners, there was no outcry of course made, yet if the gallant Admiral had been present, we fancy not even the silver-tongued Copley could have convinced him the running was correct, and a future Nursery would have interpreted his thoughts. Contempt, who was an awful favourite, ran slow, and as if the long journey had taken all the heart and fire out of her. A small sweepstakes, in which Turco managed to keep on his legs, and beat a couple of platers in a canter, kept the visitors in good humour, like an overture is played before a pantomime is produced, and the curtain drew up for the Grand Prix de Bade. There was a good field for it, including the best horses on the Continental Turf, and as nearly every one was backed, bookmakers again had a good time of it. Ruy Blas had the most friends, but the Lagrange interest and the *prestige* of the stable lay Trocadero and him. Anglo-Saxon and Six Mai were the pilots the first time round, and until they got opposite the Stand, on the back stretch, when Watkins sent Ruy Blas right through them, and getting a lead of several lengths was never afterwards caught, although Patricien and Vertugadin did their best to overhaul them, and *facile* was the answer of Monsieur Reiset to all inquiries that were made how far the winner won. That the race gave the greatest satisfaction we are bound to admit, but considering its value we should like to have seen it contested by a larger number of horses; and in course of time it no doubt will be, for every year the entries are larger, and the difficulties in the way of bringing animals removed. Ruy Blas, we should add, was got by West Australian out of that annual Goodwood Stakes favourite Rosati, who, when the property of Mr. Greville, was going to win that race as often as Newcourt was to pull off the Chester Cup. A Gentleman Rider Race, won by Mr. Blount on Turco, terminated the last day's flat racing at Baden to the entire satisfaction of all comers, more especially the English Ring, who vowed they would again give it the preference over Warwick. To this view Mr. Angell alone entered a protest; but as he was laid up with a severe attack of illness, and which prevented him assisting at Doncaster, not much attention was paid to it. Still, the attack proved of a more formidable character than was anticipated, and instead of picking out Portland Plate and Nursery winners, he was compelled to seek relief from *ennui* by the perusal of the Reports on Ritualism, the Proceedings of the Peace Congress at Geneva, and the Programme of the Pan-Anglican Synod at Lambeth. On our return from the Course, the sight of Mr. Thomas in a cab, with a saddle-bag on the roof, was not more suggestive of the Grand Steeple Chase than the flight of wildfowl from the Isle of Wight is indicative of a severe winter. Urgent public affairs prevented our waiting for it, or witnessing Col. Knox make the Germans lay down by the pace at which he vowed he would take them along, although, like many aspirants to German Steeple-chase honours, he found 'vaulting ambition o'erleaped itself,' for on coming to the brook in front of the Stand, he got a dose of the German waters, the taste of which could scarcely be said to agree with him, even if a dash of eau de vie had been mixed with them. However, he was soon all right again, and took the next brook in a fly, a feat which enabled him to draw Lamplough of half a century, which

sum the latter had betted him he would come to grief in his trip across it. Pigeon also had its flight stopped, and the finish of the chase was confined to Burke and King of Trumps, in which the German horse proved once more victorious, although Mr. Crawshaw put in all he knew, with the patriotic movement of bringing the stake across the Channel. It may perhaps be remembered in our annual description of the Baden Steeple-chases, we have more than once alluded to the manner in which some of the German aristocracy ride across a country, and cautioned our own swells not to hold them too cheap; and we venture to think that such of the spectators of the race who could appreciate jockeyship would willingly endorse our views if we appealed to them.

Doncaster was our next rallying point, and the contrast between the two Meetings was remarkable. It is the custom, we believe, with sporting writers, in discussing the St. Leger, to stoutly maintain that never within their recollection did that race create greater excitement than the forthcoming one of which they are going to treat; just as an Old Bailey counsel, in defending a London Arab for manipulating a wipe at the finish of a theatrical performance, declares without blushing, to a jury of greengrocers and tallow-chandlers, that never in the course of his lengthened experience did he approach a case with feelings of greater anxiety than the one which was then engrossing their attention. But badinage apart, if the St. Leger did create any special interest, it did not manifest itself in the metropolis, for Tattersall's yard on the Sunday was perfectly deserted, and there were hardly people enough in it at one time to make a bet. Mr. Hill had gone to visit his Yorkshire estates, and even Mr. Bevill did not put in an appearance. The Upper Ten were on the moors or at Cowes, and the bookmakers at their volumes, which we trust we may be excused for hoping were sacred ones, and the yard was left to solitude and helpers. In the north, however, matters were very different, for after the wonderful exhibition of Achievement's improvement at York the old Leger fire began to break out, and has not since abated. In every hotel from Scarborough to Doncaster the race was the sole topic of discussion, and Hermit and Achievement had their two parties, like those of York and Lancaster in olden times.

On our arrival at Doncaster on Monday night, we found the prettiest and cleanest little town in Yorkshire all alive, and ready for its annual pilgrims, for whom lodgings had been painted and got ready, and landladies bid for tenants, as Cheap Jacks for customers. Most, if not all, the St. Leger horses had arrived, and early to rest was the watchword of those who meant to tout them in the morning. Never before did the North make so poor a show for its greatest race. Scott's lot only consisted of Taraban, instead of three or four, whose names in days of yore would have been as familiar as household words to every tyro on the Turf. Fervacques was the only representative of Middleham, and Duchess the sole nominee of Richmond. The South contributed the remainder of the field, which was made up of Berkshire, Hampshire, Essex, and Newmarket horses. Those who took their early walks abroad returned with unfavourable accounts of The Hermit, who did not go to please them, and nothing appeared to take better than Julius, whom Mat Dawson vowed would run a tremendous good horse, and prove he ought to have beaten Vauban in the Two Thousand. Achievement had not arrived; but Colonel Pearson's assurance to his friends that she was all right, and would arrive in the afternoon, was held quite sufficient authority for her to be backed by those who were antagonistic to the Derby winner. But we must get to the course, where a very poor Fitzwilliam field awaits the dropping of Mr. McGeorge's flag. Friponnier was of course the favourite, but good horse as he has invariably proved himself

to be, it took him all his time to get before Sundeelah, and it was only by a short head Mr. Clarke could give the race to him. Viridis, who was second on the poll, ran very badly, and Xi did worse, for he would not run at all. But this was only the first disappointment in store for Sir Joseph Hawley, verifying the old adage that when bad begins worse remains behind. For after Blue Gown had won the Champagne in very clever style, being brought through his horses by Wells at the finish as if he had been propelled by machinery, there was an immediate rush to the weighing-room; for a whisper, circulated as mysteriously as an Indian one relative to an intended mutiny, went round among the cognoscenti that Wells had been detected over weight, and would be objected to on that score. And such proved to be the case; for no sooner had Wells got into the scale than Snowden requested that two pounds extra should be put into the scale, and as he drew down more than weight, Mr. Chaplin was called upon to disfranchise him. This unpleasant office that gentleman was unwilling to discharge, so the Admiral was sent for, who having had Wells weighed again, with the same result as before, he pronounced with great firmness, and wholly unmoved, the last dread sentence of the law, and which ending as it did with Virtue meeting with her own reward, was naturally received by the bookmakers, who are always to be ranked among her followers, with loud cheering. Of course nothing could be more annoying to Sir Joseph, for in addition to the loss of the stakes, he had backed his colt for near fourteen hundred pounds, all of which he might just as well have cast into the Sea of Azoff, while Wells looked very much like a man in the pillory. It seems, however, that being no longer 'Tiny,' he has long been under suspicion of riding over weight, and jumping out of the scale in rather a suspicious manner. But the present prosecution was only a return visit to an objection he himself preferred against Doyle, and successfully carried; and the latter had been waiting for him ever since, and now nailed him. It might have been imagined that Sir Joseph, for such almost inexcusable conduct, would have dismissed Wells on the spot, but he did nothing of the sort, for he has always been very true to his jockeys; and both Job Marson and Charlton have assured us they would have gone through anything for him. And therefore he merely desired him to return home at once and commence walking again, so as to see if he could not reduce himself to the proper weight for the Middle Park Plate. So that a last chance will be given him of repairing his past error, which we are satisfied he is most anxious to accomplish. The Great Yorkshire Handicap came off, as was generally anticipated, in favour of Seville, although there were considerable doubts as to her starting the night before, and even a good many ponies laid she did not see the post. However, when her number went up she was soon made first favourite, which she justified by beating very cleverly the other favourite Thalia, while Mandrake proved his innate goodness, by being got into the third place, and winning the place-money of his party.

In the evening the rooms were crowded, but we never saw less betting, and the whole subject of debate was the question of superiority between the horse and the mare, and which in four-and-twenty hours would resolve itself into a matter of history. The morrow broke fair, and bright was the morning which ushered in the St. Leger of the Berkshire mare. 'She is well, and I am satisfied will stay,' was the persistent answer of Colonel Pearson to his friends, as to the chance of Achievement; and Hermit was declared to look better than he had done on the previous day. Clumber clung to Julius, whose owner backed him for a large sum for a place; and Danebury did not desert Vauban for the sake of auld lang syne. Paris stood upon Longchamps for a place; but Taraban, who drank his bottle of port like a churchwarden at an Easter

Monday dinner, instead of having, as in days of yore, all Yorkshire at his back, carried but a few solitary fivers on the part of an adventurous individual, who speculated on the chance of the Wizard effecting one of those great surprises 'he has so often accomplished at Doncaster.' We must not stop now in the paddock either to look at the many yearlings that are going up, or to listen to the persuasive oratory of Mr. Edmund Tattersall; but make our way to the Stand, which was packed like Drury Lane on Boxing Night. Of course the opening events on the card were passed over with the same degree of impatience, as 'George Barnwell,' or 'Jane Shore,' on the evening to which we refer. At last the dreaded St. Leger bell is heard, and Achievement, with a consciousness she had nothing to fear, was almost the first to make her appearance. One glance was sufficient to all the world—she was herself again; and cool and collected, and as round as an apple, she paraded before the Grand Stand. Then came Julius, with owner and trainer in attendance on him, and looking, although rather a light horse, the very picture of condition, so much so, that a good barber might have shaved himself by his coat without caring about sticking-plaister. Taraban was as big and full of muscle as all the Whitewall horses; but Fervacques looked on too small a scale to give one the idea of having a chance on so big a course. Hermit, like a great swell, was rather late in arriving; and when he galloped, he broke out in a black sweat, at which old Yorkshire trainers shook their heads. Still he went so brilliantly in his 'preliminary,' that at the last moment he became a better favourite than the mare. One great advantage in the St. Leger is, that we are never kept waiting long at the post. Every jockey seems desirous to have it over—and know the worst at once, and as McGeorge is quick to lay informations against determined offenders, and convictions and punishments are certain to follow, none of the swindles of old that were wont to be perpetrated are ever attempted under the present administration. Vauban was the first off, but upon going over the hill, he was passed by Taraban, who rattled them along at such a pace, as to give John Scott a glimmer of hope that he should once more see West Australian's jacket in front at the finish. On coming to the half-mile post, these hopes were frustrated, and he was superseded by Vauban, who was not destined, however, to enjoy the premiership long. For Achievement, beginning to think it was time to ease the anxiety of Colonel Pearson and her other friends, pulled so hard at Challoner, he was obliged to let her go. Custance was not long before he followed with Hermit, and then came the final struggle between the horse and the mare, which was almost of as desperate a nature as that between Surplice and Canezou. It is needless to add that Custance, for reasons familiar to our readers, concentrated all his strength and energies to overhaul the mare; they were spent in vain, for Achievement, having obtained the first run, maintained it to the end, and won very cleverly; in fact, so much that if she had finished in Rotten Row a gold-banded park-keeper could scarcely have held up his hand to caution Challoner. Thus has Colonel Pearson in two successive years, won the St. Leger by animals bred by himself—a fact of very rare occurrence, even if it ever happened before, which we are inclined to think, except in the case of Mr. Petre and Lord Westminster, has never occurred. As he led her back with a feeling of pride and pleasure, he was loudly cheered by the Tykes, who love a good animal, whether she comes from the East, West, North, or South, and these he acknowledged in the most courteous manner. And we doubt whether, after a successful charge against the Sikhs, he ever felt prouder than when escorting his favourite back to weight. That Hermit was too light there is no denying, and if John Scott had had him he would have brought him out like a little dray-horse. We have no doubt he is a very difficult

horse to get fit, and are inclined rather to coincide with the dictum of a very eminent judge, who declared to us he should stand against him, because he had heard he had gone through a thorough preparation. For Newminsters, he said, were such light-fleshed horses, they wanted none, and the reason he won the Derby was because he had not been able to be trained. Mr. Chaplin bore his disappointment very well, and said he was convinced that everybody connected with the horse had done their best to make him win. Julius all but verified Mat Dawson's prediction, and but for the accidents he met with in the race, he might still more have distinguished himself. Vauban illustrated the remark, that the owner of a cake could not eat it and possess it simultaneously. And so ended a Leger which will long be recollected for affording the best proof of the entire restoration to her old form of one of the best fillies that was ever stripped. And Colonel Pearson's friends might suggest to him for his motto now the couplet in the Introduction to the first canto of 'Marmion,' and which runs—

'Well here thy fair Achievement shown.
A worthy meed may thus be won.'

Thursday's sport was as good as could be expected for an off one, for few could stand two Leger ones in succession. Seville proved herself ripe enough to carry off the Clereland, which she did as cleverly as she did the Great Yorkshire; and it is worthy of remark that this is the first year the double event has been carried off by the same animal. The Eglintoun was assigned by common consent to Friponnier the instant the numbers were seen, and he proved the correctness of the surmise by never creating any fear among his backers. The next event, however, was of a much closer description and of a much more exciting character, for 5 to 2 was betted on the Earl without compunction, when the unbacked and unnamed Pace came thundering along at the last moment, and running as game as a pebble, having got his neck once in front contrived to keep it there, and put a lot of money in the fielders' pockets. From his being beaten in the Champagne, it was clear now that staying is his forte; but we fear there will be a difficulty in training him on account of a species of lameness in one of his feet to which he is subject. In the Portland Plate, Bounceaway, Sir Oliver, and Belphegor, the three leading favourites, were at the head of the poll at the finish, as is generally the case now in these short races. Friday again proved the mare to be the better horse, for, in the Cup, Achievement beat Hermit over two miles and a half, just as easily as she did over a mile and three-quarters, although Hermit ran as gallant and as straight as ever. The yearling sales were well attended, but there did not seem so much money in the market as in some years. Citadel, for whom we have fought like a Roman, fully maintained his *prestige* by the sum which was obtained for his Derventio. Buyers likewise endorsed our estimate of The Adventurers, as detailed in our visit last year to Sheffield Lane Paddocks. The absurd match between Blair Athol and Gladiateur fell to pieces from the parties not being able to agree upon a referee; and we conceive it to be a most erroneous course of policy for Mr. Jackson to have refused the nomination of Mr. Williamson, because it engendered a strong suspicion of the *bonâ fides* of the whole affair, and for which we must say we were in some way prepared. Racing news is very scarce; but we may say Alfred Day has quite recovered from his illness, and Mr. Ten Broeck has retired from the Turf during a visit to his estates in America.



Bradford

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE EARL OF BRADFORD.

THE advent of the Hunting Season we imagine we could not usher in better than by adding to our Portrait Gallery the likeness of the above popular Nobleman, one of the best performers who is to be found in the Shires.

Orlando George Charles, Earl of Bradford, was born on the 24th of April, 1819, and is descended from Sir Orlando Bridgeman, a lawyer of great eminence, who filled the offices of Lord Chief Baron of the Exchequer, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and Lord Keeper of the Great Seal in 1660. Lord Bradford was educated at Harrow, from whence he migrated to Cambridge, where he entered, and took his degree at Trinity. On leaving the University, Lord Newport, as he was then styled, entered Parliament as the Representative for South Shropshire, for which division of the county he sat until he succeeded to the Earldom. As Lord Newport, he first took office on the formation of Lord Derby's Administration in 1852, as Vice-Chamberlain to the Queen, in which capacity he remained until the breaking up of the Ministry; and on Lord Derby reassuming office in 1858, he again filled the same post. In short, he may be described as having followed the fortunes of the present Premier; for when the latter returned to Downing Street Lord Bradford was named for the still higher appointment of Lord Chamberlain to her Majesty, consequent on the tact and discretion he displayed in the discharge of his Court duties in his subordinate position. On the Turf, Lord Bradford has been known for many years, but he has figured more in the capacity of a breeder than an owner of race-horses. In this respect he may be said to have had his fair share of luck—as Maybell by Hetman Platoff, whom he bred, has thrown him Cromwell, the winner of the Newmarket Stakes, and Salpinctes by Trumpeter, who, it will be recollected, carried off the Cesarewitch in 1865. In the hunting field Lord Bradford is remarkable for the elegance of his seat, and the nerve and discretion with

which he rides to hounds. And when we add to these qualifications the possession of a kind heart, hospitable disposition, and manners that fit him for the court, the camp, and the grove, our readers will readily account for the genuine popularity which he enjoys in Sporting circles. Lord Bradford, we should state, was married, on the 30th of April, 1844, to the Hon. Miss Forester, daughter of the first Lord Forester, by whom he has a numerous family.

UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACING.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

A THUNDERBOLT fell from the ——we nearly committed a pun, about the middle of last month, which was, as other thunderbolts, a perfect godsend to the Press. Mr. Skey issued his mandate, and there are to be no more cakes and ale. ‘Humanity and health’ cry aloud for an audience, and claim to be heard *versus* athletics and training. In a word, Mr. Skey, the eminent surgeon, after heaven knows how many years of his practice, and after five-and-twenty of University competition, has ventured to stigmatize the University boat-race as a ‘national folly.’ How the act of eighteen members of the two Universities can honestly lay claim to this distinction we do not well understand, unless it be presumed that the voice of the nation is the first and greatest incentive to that very popular institution, the Putney struggle. We do not wish to underrate the influence which the public voice or taste may be supposed to exercise upon the exertions of Oxford and Cambridge undergraduates, be it in the schools or on the river; but we do venture to assert, that whether ten hundred or ten thousand persons assembled to look at them, the exertions of the crews would be equally great. We shall regret the day when *esprit de corps* has reached so low an ebb as to depend upon the ‘popularis ‘aura’ whether one shall pull his heart out or not in such a struggle. Our regard is not for the millions who line the banks of Chiswick, Hammersmith, or Putney, and who would go in equal shoals in these days of fictitious excitement to see the Universities do anything else, as long as it was equally near to London and equally practicable and proper. We shall execrate the University man, if such there be, who will allow Mr. Skey or that plethoric ‘Father of an University Oarsman’ who has written to the ‘omnipotent columns’ of a contemporary, denouncing one of the healthiest and most innocent, as it is deservedly the most popular of University contests, to turn him into a shirker. Our regard is for the Universities themselves; and if we believed that any harm, of an exceptional character, were likely to result from the contest, we should go as heartily for Professor Skey and the humanities, and Paterfamilias and the mother’s darlings, as we intend now to go against them.

Therefore Mr. Skey may rest assured that he is not ‘interposing ‘between a people and their amusements,’ and that he does not

'provoke our wrath' on that account. We give him credit for being a good surgeon and a good man ; but on this subject a very mistaken one, and a very incompetent judge. What he says is perfectly true that 'the soldier, sailor, the working classes, the beggar,' and he might have added the sturdy convict are all 'objects of increasing sympathy.' Why not the University man? Is he alone to be the victim of national recreation? 'Pugilism is at a low ebb:' and cock-fighting: 'bear and badger baiting' is no more. He has purposely left out horse-racing from his category, which might have been quoted as bearing some analogy to the case before us. But doubtless Mr. Skey had imbibed the prevalent notion that those animals, from sentiments of humanity, do not always run upon their merits. Certainly in this respect some of the 'harder features incidental to 'our Saxon race' are dying out: and when such contests as the University boat-race are dead and buried too, the hardest feature of all will have followed in their wake.

Now to our mind one of the great glories of our Saxon origin exists in our power of endurance: and to talk of limiting it is the first step to its utter extinction. This is a part of the argument which seems to admit of no contradiction. There is no Rubicon in an Englishman's rivalry; and when the two crews come to an arrangement of 'easy all' under Hammersmith Bridge till No. 4 has got his wind or the calves of his legs have returned to their natural size, we shall begin to stand up for the grace and delicacy of the Norman blood that is in us. Perish the thought! Flourish that endurance, of which 'form of cruelty to animals no modern example is so great as 'the annual University boat-race.'

Mr. Skey has exhibited great sense and great forbearance in sticking to his last. He suggests nothing. He simply denounces the whole thing, as being perfectly aware of the truth of our assertion, that there can be no limit to a man's efforts short of his utmost power in such a struggle. This is or ought to be the case in everything that he undertakes. Not so Mr. Skey's followers. It is needless to repeat the impracticable suggestions of men who write, not because they have something to say, but because they wish to say something. When men talk about the safety of shorter distances, they show their entire ignorance, not only of the feeling with which a man sits down with a stretcher before him, but of the pure facts of the case. A long race requires just that sort of endurance which good training gives, and prevents delicate or untrained men from contending; while a mile and a half or two miles would induce under-training or short preparation, and would be rowed from end to end at the best pace: a certain means of cracking a pretty good man, and of certain injury to the weaker and less prepared. There is nothing so flattering as short distances. Does Mr. Skey know the duty of a stroke? Does he know how the race was run the year before last? Has he heard that at Hammersmith Oxford was beat, and Cambridge walking in a hundred yards ahead, pulling some four-and-forty strokes to the minute? And did he ever learn

the result? The only oar in the Cambridge boat that was not beat was Mr. Lawes, the stroke, who managed to pull clean away from his own crew as well as his adversaries, who, with admirable judgment, appeared to recollect that the race of four miles and a half was not always to the swift but generally to the strong. And so it always would be: reduce the race to two miles, and you would increase the danger, if such be not an entire bugbear, to just double the amount. We cannot omit all mention of another suggestion, which appeared like a joke, but was the sober nonsense of a most talented and creditable journal. It was to take away the ordinary racing-boat, and substitute a good sensible broad-bottomed old-fashioned tub, which should perforce put a stop to such a performance as four miles and a half in twenty minutes. This is a novel mode of reducing the labour and necessity for endurance. The peculiar advantages of the change appear to lie in the proposal that the crews should enjoy a day's Thames fishing afterwards, in the racing punts, while Paterfamilias with his big white whiskers and ample waistcoat could keep watch over his son, and apply the restoratives of bottled porter and hard-boiled eggs between every bite.

We do not mind transgressing the 'anonymous' so far as to admit that we are an old University man—that we are an University man—well! but that we are old—the more the pity. However, we lay claim to some experience on these subjects. It is true that in our day boating was not the fashion. A few noisy men, of not very high class, would get up at supper parties sometimes and talk of thews and sinews, and such matters: but training was at a low ebb: and if any one has injured his constitution we are not very much surprised at it. Bullingdon was more in vogue, where we ate a most unsparing dinner, and rode our hacks round the cricket-field and over the forms and tables afterwards. This was a very exhaustive process—to the pocket; and Paterfamilias has much to be thankful for that exhaustion has taken a different turn. However, let him not be afraid, but listen to the voice of his own experience instead of that of Mr. Skey.

One of the strong points of this condemnatory letter is that after the race from Putney to Mortlake, the men are 'so reduced in strength as not to be able to rise from their seats. This simple fact, if it stood alone' (and we hope Mr. Skey is not given to punning) 'demonstrates the severity of the struggle.' We beg entirely to differ, and to give our own personal experience that, if such an inability exists (which we do not believe) it arises from mere muscular inertiae; for in a second or two, in obedience to will, a man gets up in his boat, stretches himself, and—sits down again to row back to Putney. Nineteen times out of twenty it does not exist at all. It has plenty of equivalents in extraordinary running, and in some feats of horsemanship: but when Mr. Osbaldeston after his two hundred mile match was lifted from his horse, and went into a warm bath, though exhausted, it was not to be concluded that he was beat. As to running, we who remember the golden days of Copenhagen House, can only imagine that it is meant to be commensurate with the trade

in pewter pots: and if a demonstration of exhaustion is worth anything as an argument, we have seen more painful symptoms of utter prostration after a mile race than in all the boat-races of our existence. And from what does it arise? From that which never takes place in the University boat-race—from want of training. We, too, are the father of an interesting young gentleman who would run a dead heat in a steeple-chase without due preparation. He lay half dead for half-a-minute, seeing nothing, knowing nothing, and in five minutes more would have begun again. That sort of thing seems to have ‘laid the seeds’ of a remarkably good appetite; but as for anything else let us hope it may be remote indeed. Perhaps ‘sitting in the ‘boat’ is the right thing to do; for it may surprise Mr. Skey to hear that when an Oxford man (rolling on the grass in convulsions after a quickly-run mile, and being led away fainting to the tent between two of his friends) was addressed by a sympathising father as to his suffering, replied innocently and truly, ‘Oh! no, it’s all right: I ‘could have won much easier, only it’s the right thing to do.’ We believe it is. It’s the ‘right thing’ to be lame at cricket, and when the ball comes your way to field it as it ought to be done. Mr. Skey is evidently not behind the scenes, though he deserves to be for the sensation he has afforded at a season when nothing was to be hoped for beyond the Cambridgeshire, a Reform banquet, how to get a dinner for fourteen-pence, and the now old Latin Primer.

‘When Greek meets Greek,’ said somebody, ‘then comes the ‘tug of war.’ But Mr. Skey says, when ‘Mind meets body,’ then comes the tug of oar. Now is not that the case in every contest into which a man enters? What is the use of his body without his mind? Would any stroke in existence give a pin for an oar who cared nothing about the business? Certainly not. But the argument which the Professor adopts is no more true of boating than of everything else; a University man rows under no greater provocation than he does anything else. Mr. Skey puts the cart before the horse. He does not row because there are thousands there to see him, the thousands come because he is going to row. Yes! and to row his utmost: to get to Mortlake, first if he can: and if last, having done all that man can do, baked to a cinder. We do not believe that the amount of stimulus has anything to do with the number of spectators in this case. It is not like acting, or dancing on the tight rope, or riding in the Park, or dressing for a ball, The stimulus is in the pace of the losing crew, and not in the crew on the bank. It is true that there is a sort of contagion spread among the family and friends of the crews; but so it is with the family and friends of the Eton and Harrow Elevens, and in various other contests, which neither adds to nor diminishes the real animus which operates upon the competitors to do their best. To bring forward the enthusiasm of a country as an additional stimulant to recklessness in daring is only to say that personal vanity is a more influential motive than honest rivalry. Money motives do not vie in this case with personal feeling: but Mr. Skey should be slow

to assert as universal propositions what are only true as particulars. We do not think the stroke of an University boat could be squared by a ten-pound note. Even vanity would be stronger than avarice. But money motives are very strong ones; and unhappily the feeling is increasing in our Universities day by day. Athletics are becoming a question of so many pewters, or so much money, in both Universities. Professional ring men and betting men make their appearance, to the consternation of the dons, at stated times. A book is opened upon the boat-race, in either University, when Oxford backs Cambridge and Cambridge Oxford, not as your reckless curate or poverty-stricken B.A. throws down his sovereign on his University, but with a view to profitable hedging. We do not accuse or suspect the competitors of being influenced by such money motives, but in a grovelling, money-seeking, gambling age like the present, motives must not be placed too high.

All Mr. Skey desires to say is 'that it is no ordinary motive that 'impels the young collegian to enter in this contest.' To our mind, it is just the ordinary motive which impels all men of that age, viz., the prospect of cutting down a rival University. It is just that ordinary motive which induces men to do all they can do for their side; and if Mr. Skey and the Fathers of University Oarsmen do not choose to have their sons pull their hearts out in the cause, the University Boat-race must be given up, and they must take to something else. The boat-race is the fashion. It is more harmless than steeple-chasing, more refined than football, more manly than general athletics. But whatever the University contest, it will be done with a will.

There is a great deal of heart complaint in the country from the age of twenty to twenty-three in both sexes: and we are not surprised that Paterfamilias should watch the seeds of the disease with jealous eye. It is not our opinion that it arises from rowing so much as from other causes: and it is a disorder which time is calculated to cure. At all events, it is apparently impossible for Mr. Skey or Dr. Hope to have pronounced upon an unsound state of heart or lungs the origin of the malady. Thirty years' experience teaches us that among late rowing men are some of the finest men that walk the streets of London: and though muscular development is not necessarily coincident with sound health, we think, *ceteris paribus*, that deep chests and bright complexions, with a rare capacity for eating, sleeping, or working, may be taken as fair proofs that early efforts have done them no harm. The seeds of disease, we admit, may be sown when we least expect it. Death or illness is sometimes inexplicable when it appears to be premature. 'Æschylus was killed by the fall of a 'tortoise-shell, and M. Achille Fould by a cigar,' as the French papers affirm. As he had smoked many thousands with impunity it seems hard that the irrevocable destiny of 'the last straw' should have overtaken him. Let us hope better things for the Rival University Crews, and that they may meet many years and sow heart's-

ease instead of heart's disease in their contests for many years to come. Does Mr. Skey understand training? We think not. He thinks that training is only an aggravation of the evil, by raising the muscular power so high as to be beyond that of the vital organs. The legitimate result of this reasoning it is needless to point out. We should have rather imagined that in the healthy subject the vital organization would keep pace with the improvement of the muscular system. A man may be vain enough to put himself into positions for which nature never intended him, or fool enough to stop there when he finds himself in them. He may be imprudent enough to disregard the discipline which is recommended when it cannot be enforced. But such is the present improvement in training, such the prudent habits by which boys at school and men at college are brought fit to the post, that to regard training for the University boat-race as an aggravation of the evil, if it be one, is to imagine that early teaching and a systematic course of instruction is highly detrimental to the functions of the scholar or the statesman.

The worthy gentleman who wrote to the omnipotent columns of the leading journal has conceived a most strikingly erroneous notion of our estimate of a modern athlete, great as he has become. He states as one of his reasons for not forbidding his own son to row at Putney last year, that 'men in both Universities who had refused 'to row had been scouted by their compeers.' There is no denying that if petulance and irritation could advance a cause, that of Mr. Skey would be in the ascendant; but, as regards this latter assertion, we beg to state that Paterfamilias has made a mistake; and we call on University men in general to say whether such an arrant piece of nonsense was ever written before. A man at the University, unless he happen to be one of those green geese which are not peculiar to the Michaelmas term, does as he likes, and he is not controlled in his studies or amusements by his compeers. The letter is a very mischievous one from beginning to end, calculated to cause needless alarm, and practically serving no good purpose whatever. Although Mr. Skey calls University men *Collegians*, with a formality which savours of his manifest ignorance of University life, we congratulate our readers upon the fact that the slang of the 'Varsity boat has not appeared, we believe, during the discussion.

LAND AND STRAND.

ALL through the land runs a thrill of excitement. In the great manufacturing towns there is, of course, no cessation of labour; machinery revolves as usual, the thick, murky, pestiferous smoke pours from towering chimneys, busy clerks pore over huge ledgers as on every other day; but still the thoughts of the spirits ruling each and all of the above have an indescribable feeling at heart which makes them long to throw business to the winds until time and the

hour shall release them from the agonizing suspense under which they at present fume and chafe. What rapture to throw the machine out of gear and rush into the streets ! What delight to leave the furnace for a time unfed, or to allow the last line in the bills of parcels to remain unblotted ; to do nothing at all, in short, but wander about, unsteady of purpose, scarcely knowing why, half-heedless where, until the great race is run and 'the news' arrives.

Well, while the great towns are on tiptoe with expectation and clamorous for information, on the smooth broad heath the great race is being decided. The favourite went to the front, fit to run for a man's life, and with ten pounds in hand if his trainer has not made a great mistake. It is 'the moral certainty' indeed which 'Baily' readers have already heard and read about ; and as the flag drops the Ring are on anything but good terms with themselves or their books, or the backers of the great pot which cannot be bowled over. All glasses are concentrated on the hope-laden cloud of horses a mile and more away, and many a man would give a cool 'thou' to see one of those flying steeds bolt through the hedge or tumble down. One wayward wretch was left capering at the post, and for a moment there was a gleam of hope for the pencillers, crushed out at once, however, by the shouts of keen-sighted lookers-on proclaiming that the crack was right in front. There's his brilliant amber jacket, sure enough, on the whip hand ; he's skimming away like a kingfisher over a pond, and taking them along at a pace that will to a certainty tell tales ere long. Now they shoot between the straggling tufts of furze and disappear for a few seconds, their bright colours showing at intervals between the bushes. What an anxious time it is ! I am sure my heart is beating like a clock, and you have bitten that beautiful regalia quite in two ! So ! there they are, there they are ! amber-jacket pulling hard and speeding towards us like a cricket-ball. I told you he'd chop them down, and there are not half a dozen in it beside himself. Why, the favourite walks in ! See, Kenyon is turning round to look at 'em ! It's all over ; the favourite wins for a monkey ! 'A monkey he don't,' bellows Mr. Fieldfare, whose glasses have never left his eyes, and, by the powers, ere the words have well left his lips the boy sits down and begins to ride. Talk of the din of battle ! what is it, what can it be, compared to the roar of the Ring when the crack is in trouble ? There is an immense, broad-shouldered beast in front of me, and I can't see ; two more have pressed their elbows into my sides, and I can't breathe ; a fourth has planted himself heavily on my left foot, and I am all corn. A whirlwind of sounds is in my ears ; there is a rush as of a mighty blast sweeping by, and when I wake from my semi-swoon, induced by pain, and suffocation, and excitement, some one says that an outsider has won by half a length, and that the favourite was a bad fourth.

In little country nooks and bye-places, in quaint, grey old towns perched in the hills, in long, straggling, single-street villages of the corn-growing counties, men wait the issue with equal anxiety. A

select knot of cronies assemble at midday at the Blue Lion, and there they sit in the sanded parlour, talking now and again of the race, then allowing the subject to drop for a while, and making believe to be vastly interested in Farmer Wurt's talk of the turnip-crop, or the grocer's story of the gentleman who called last Tuesday week, bought a box of cough-lozenges, and paid for the same with a bad half-crown. Little by little some one will lead up again to the all-absorbing topic, and as the afternoon wears on chances will be recanvassed, oft-expressed opinions quoted in triumph or judiciously ignored as the subject of them has gone well or ill in the market; many spoons and crushers will tinkle in thin, diminutive tumblers, much tobacco will be smoked, and sundry spittoons overturned ere the postman trotting by at half-past five pulls up under the swinging sign-board, and imparts the coveted news to the little crowd that will surround him and his broken-winded pony in a trice.

Then he will hasten on again along the deep-rutted lanes, splashing through the rain-pools that the sun has failed to dry up yet, so hard are they to reach through the matted foliage which clusters overhead. A moment he pauses at the railway crossing to gossip over the result with the old weatherbeaten custodian of the gates. The latter needs no report from the driver of the mail-cart as to what has won, for ten minutes ago the stoker of a passing train, by special arrangement, pitched to him a piece of slate, on which the names of the glorious three were inscribed. The friendly hint has been made good use of, and Tommy has already 'chiselled' two plate-layers on the line out of sixpence and an ounce of tobacco by boldly peppering the favourite 1, 2, 3. On again trots the old grey pony over the pebbly ford at the bottom of the grayling pool, the minnows scurrying away before his incursive hoofs, and a hungry, old, cross-grained trout who had followed them into shoal water, and was just meditating a dash, stopping short and then shooting back to his holt beneath the willow-root like a flash of dark-green light. Hold hard, pony, another stoppage. Young Gimp, who fancies himself a poet, but has a very sublunary fondness for a horse-race, has been perch-fishing in the back water below; he saw you cross the river, and the news must be shouted to him in a voice that will overpower the roaring of the millstream. Hum! doesn't seem to suit him very well, for he turns on his heel and tramples through the flags and sedges without answering a word, or so much as hinting that he carries a whisky-flask in his pocket. If we could watch the youth from behind those stunted hazel-bushes we should see him take his seat again on the gravel in a highly unphilosophical mood, and, smoking moodily the pipe of disappointment, watch with staring eyes the little waterfall that tumbles over the rocks by his side. Leaves are whisked over the tiny cataract, and swept away by the current or tossed about in whirling eddies; fragments of stick are borne along until they catch amongst some projecting stones and form a miniature breakwater against which all sorts of floating substances collect until the stream proves too strong for the obstacle, and away

go stick, leaves, foam-bells and bubbles on their voyage to the main channel of the river. The bubbles catch the young fisherman's eye, and glistening and shimmering in all the colours of the rainbow under the rays of the declining sun, they seem, as the strong tide bears them along, to be running a race one against the other. There, thinks the spectator, as a large sky-blue one shoots ahead, that is the favourite; why could he not move as fast this afternoon? Then a yellow and grey bubble looks dangerous, but a side current catches him, and he is hurried out of the course. The big fellow with the violet tinge and that grass-green beauty are creeping up; but lo! a chub rises by their side and they disappear in the swell, and ere long the favourite, who has been sailing famously along underneath the bank where the harebells and forget-me-nots peep over to look at him, strikes against a projecting twig and in a moment bursts and is lost. Not such an inapt illustration, thinks the youth, as he gazes after them, of the accidents, and dangers, and stirring incidents of a great race; and then he falls into a reverie, and would not awake from it until the bats came out but for the old trout before mentioned, who, terribly chafed at losing his dinner when the mail-cart crossed the ford, has been roving over the pool ever since; and catching a glimpse of young Gimp's minnow sailing helplessly about, he dashes at it like a tiger. The line, neglected by its owner, has caught in a stone near the winch, and won't run through the rings, so there is a violent tug at the rod-top, which dips under water, and then Mr. Trout flies off to his home by the willow again with a minnow and a very neat No. 6 hook in his throat, and three yards of beautiful gut trailing behind him.

The grey pony and his driver are two miles away by this time. They stop once at the door of another village inn, and a glass of strong, sharp homebrewed rewards the bearer of the tidings. Then they jog on again down byeroads and across a big pasture where the boys are playing cricket, and past the allotments in which the hard toiling villagers are still plodding at some garden-work. One of them has just paused to lean on his spade and bet his neighbour a pint that the favourite has won, and a third overhearing the wager is on the point of putting in his claim for a pull at the mug on settling day, when the well-known rattle of the postman's trap is heard, and in another minute the winner is rallying his crony on his bad judgment, and all good-humouredly adjourn to the nearest 'public' noted for laudable liquor.

Up at the Hall things are not quite so well. The Squire's luncheon has disagreed with him, his lady wife thinks, or perhaps he is expecting another touch of gout, and the bevy of fair daughters agree that papa is uncommonly cross this morning. We being behind the scenes, know that all are wrong as to the cause of his fretfulness. There is a brown four-year-old colt trained on the wold hard-by, and this said colt has cut such a bad figure in his many attempts to bring back his purchase money (he was a 'feature' of a Doncaster sale day) that he has been turned loose in the big han-

dicap. Of course he has improved wonderfully, and did all that was asked of him in a trial with two old crocks and a bad roarer, so the Squire, very much against his will, was beguiled into backing him for a pony. Behold, here on the morning of the race, instead of 10 to 1 (t f), there is an ominous 50 to 1 (o) against his name in the sporting column of the paper, and the Squire is wroth accordingly. Bob the groom read the same evil tidings hours ago in the pages of the 'Guardian,' and as he had followed his master's example to the tune of a crown, he too is somewhat out of sorts, and kicks the pails about, and scolds young Tom his assistant, and tells the old grey to 'get over' with much surliness of tone and demeanour. Poor Bob had rather counted on his seven-pounds-ten, and had promised himself a scarlet waistcoat with blue vandykes and bright-green glass buttons that he had long coveted, and had, moreover, vowed to an amiable housemaid of his acquaintance a pair of real kid gloves—eight and three quarters—which should be not unworthy of her acceptance. Geordie, the old grey-headed helper, retained on the establishment as a sort of heirloom, for he is of no earthly use, potters about the stable-yard with a broom, eyeing his principal askance the while, and muttering under his breath that he was 'a feal te fling 'his brass away i' backing that gurt noomb beest.' Geordie is deaf to trials and rumours of trials: he looked at the four-year-old's heavy shoulders, weak middle, and lumbering quarters as he was walked down to the railway station, and knew that that celebrity could not win with a feather on his back. Tom—the young Squire—the hope of the house, fares worse even than either of the preceding. He is away from home keeping his first term at Cambridge, and has taken with him his county's love for a little dabbling in horseflesh and speculation. The fame of the brown colt has reached his ears also, but the tenner invested on that deceitful quadruped is already lost, because in the remote eventuality of his winning the race—and remote it certainly is, for nothing less than the unusual phenomenon of an earthquake swallowing up the whole of his rivals could gain him the coveted laurels—Tom would not get his money. He has intrusted the tenner to the tender mercies of a philanthropic individual who has been inundating the country with circulars announcing a noble scheme by which every five pounds intrusted to him shall be repaid tenfold in the course of a week. Commissions are likewise executed with promptitude and fidelity by this benefactor to his species; and Tom will probably keep him in food, and drink, and raiment until something that he has backed wins. Then there will be a hitch in the correspondence; there will be delays, excuses, what not. Finally it will cease altogether, and Tom will indite letters remarkable less for elegance of diction than for vigour of expression and erratic orthography to the various sporting journals, whose editors will condole with the fleeced youth, advise him to bet with safe men, and 'blow' upon the philanthropist's little game for a week, when he will again take the field under a fresh *alias*, and find dozens more greenhorns waiting to be devoured.

The happiest of all the thousands awaiting the news is the man who in conventional language 'has not a penny on the race.' For him the market chops and changes, for him favourites come and go, and he cares not. Little matters it to this fortunate being that the crack is discovered to be coughing, or exhibits suspicious symptoms of a leg. His rest will, as usual, be unbroken, though whispers circulate that my Lord has been forestalled, that Sir Reginald stands in with the famous Mr. Squareall. His morning paper tells him that Mr. Blades the leviathan, or Squire Fieldfare, have fired heavily into the colt hitherto considered a moral certainty, and the reader sips his mocha placidly, or helps himself to *kedgeriee* with unshaken equanimity. He resides probably far away from the scene of action, and cares not to brave the storms of the breezy Heath during an October Meeting. The Two Thousand day delights him more, when the breath of spring is in the air, and men's hearts are light at the prospect of the opening campaign. Better still he loves the pleasant July days spent on t'other side the Ditch, when if it so pleases him there is the solitary walk over the sweet-smelling thyme and trefoil towards the Chesterfield starting-post; there is the shady lounge beneath the wavy branches of the plantation, or, best of all, he may scale the steep bank, and from its summit, the best natural grand stand possible, watch through the Voghtländers the movements of his favourites, or stretch himself between times on the grassy slope, and, free from the trammels of conventionality and cigars, inhale clouds of delightful vapour from his faithful meerschaum. York and Doncaster invariably tempt him forth, and each morning ere the crowd has commenced to blacken Knavesmire or Town Moor he takes his stand hard by Mr. Tattersall's elbow, and with never-failing patience, never-ending enjoyment scans, as it paces the ring, each bonny yearling, murmuring comments the while into neighbours' ears respecting the shape and style of every high-bred youngster. On the race-course itself he is more silent and reserved. Rarely does he enter the swarming crowd which constitutes the Ring, and never do you meet him amidst those who pore over the prices exhibited on the lists. When two-year-olds are being stripped he will not be far distant. A few words he may perchance exchange with this jockey or that trainer, and then hie him to some point of vantage where year after year he takes his station, glasses in hand, to watch the struggle at its most critical point. Beware how you address such a man whilst the said struggle is in its intensity. He bears interruption at such a time with as little grace as would an old playgoer should you distract his attention at the moment when Macbeth trembles on the brink of 'to-morrow—and to-morrow—and to-morrow.' Sometimes he may be met with near 'the bend,' just prior to the start for the Portland Plate; we have seen him the picture of calm solitary enjoyment midway between Grey Stone and distance-post when there was a fair field for the Wright Stakes. Catterick, Thirsk, and Northallerton ever yield him contentment, and Epsom on the Derby day is his abhorrence. Should there be a

neck-and-neck struggle with three, or a dead heat, he betrays as much emotion as if the half of his fortune depended on the verdict, and he will tremble like an aspen-leaf when the Leger horses walk in line towards the starter. In ancient Turf history he is marvellously well read; his library boasts odd volumes of forgotten racing lore, picked up at bookstalls and ferreted out of dusty corners in dingy little shops here there and everywhere. In prints of bygone celebrities his portfolio is rich to a degree; and he would almost faint with horror were he to see the Herring portrait of Memnon labelled 'Rockingham'—as to this hour it is in a certain choice collection of equine portraits. Excitable enough when a big race is being run, he seldom loses his temper, and then only when asked ridiculous questions about weights or distances by the cockney school of racegoers; and he was never heard to swear but twice: the first occasion was when Cotherstone succumbed to Nutwith; and patience again forsook him as old Inheritress swerved and lost the Metropolitan to Glen Saddell by the shortest of heads. He is a pleasant companion enough when not perched on his favourite hobby, and mellowed by old claret and goodfeeding will talk freely and fairly-well on many subjects; but it is to be feared, for all that, he would in his heart of hearts most willingly exchange the mahogany, the Lafitte, and the abuse of ministers or men for a snug corner in the quiet parlour of his friend, Mr. Hoops, who has trained as many great winners as he numbers years. With a moderately stiff 'glass' at their elbows, and long clays between their lips, they will prose and argue for hours about horses long since dead and buried, their merits, their trials, and their triumphs. Now and then the cronies encounter each other in the hotel smoking-room at some race town. Old discussions on their favourite subject are then renewed or fresh ones started. Long after the *habitués* of the 'smokey' have departed will the two remain behind, buried in the subject to them of such vital importance. Even when they have finally retired to roost, they are not quite done with. Once on a time during a Chester week, when all the tired inhabitants of a well-known hostelry were buried in profound slumber, a bedroom-door opened. Out came our friend the enthusiast, in shirt and slippers, groped his way down a dark passage, stumbling over boots and overturning candlesticks with much noise. Presently he reached the door of his ally Mr. Hoops, and with his knuckles commenced a *reveillé* so loud and incessant, that it speedily startled from slumber not only the trainer but landlord, landlady, and half the house beside. The former, fearing that something serious was amiss, prepared to sally forth, the awakened lodgers sat up in bed and listened for the *dénoûment* of the startling uproar, and it came in the shape of a shout through the keyhole to the half-aroused Hoops:—'Tom, 'Tom,—it was at Preston she ran second, not at York!' Like all honest men, our enthusiastic old friend reads every line of his 'Baily,' and when this description meets his eye, he will lay down the magazine, and ponder and wonder to which of his friends it can possibly refer.

Two hundred miles away, in a great street of the great city, a dirty, noisy, impatient crowd has collected, and the footpath in front of the great newspaper office is well-nigh impassable; the windows of the hostelry opposite, on whose signboard is displayed a rampant animal of mysterious species, and indescribable colour, are filled with faces; around its door and before its bar, and in all its chambers from cellar to attic, swarm a motley throng of humanity, anxiously waiting for the 'tissue.' By special grace we are allowed to take our station near the door of the newspaper office, to lean against the wall, and gaze out upon the sea of countenances, speculating on the thoughts and lives and condition of certain conspicuous members of the crowd.

There is a tall, thin, and poverty-stricken man who hovers on the skirt of the mob, and crosses the street frequently and restlessly, speaking to no man and addressed by none. Better days he has seen, as you may know at a glance, notwithstanding the threadbare frock-coat buttoned up to the chin, and the faded, napless hat. A gentleman, too, we'll warrant, for none other would have stepped to the assistance of the dishevelled, untidy old woman who stood tottering on the kerb stone, not daring to encounter the peril of the crossing. Presently he will turn off into one of the side streets, and with affected unconcern examine the photographs in a stationer's window, but his thoughts are not with the Sultan or Miss Ellen Terry, though he gazes vacantly on their faces, and he will speedily retrace his steps, and with nervous expectation await the hoisting of the verdict.

The stomach of this young gentleman with the greasy cap drawn over his close-cropped crown must resemble that of the dromedary, or perhaps he is possessed of the gular pouch once assigned by naturalists to the bustard. Four visits has he paid within ten minutes to a neighbouring place of refreshment, and on each occasion he has consumed much porter. Where does he put it all? and what sort of condition will he be in if the news is delayed for another half-hour? The butcher's boy with the straight hair elbows his way manfully through the thick of the press, serenely heedless of the contusions inflicted by the board carried so carelessly on his shoulder. He has planted himself exactly in front of the office window, and delivers his opinions on the chances of the race in a loud, boisterous, beefy voice, very different to the whining drawl with which he is answered by that ragged vendor of handicap books, who mysteriously enough is always acquainted with the latest betting at the several clubs, and seems to be regarded as an immense authority by the sporting youth of the quarter.

Here is a man of a different type altogether. A sodden, sullen-looking ruffian, the bullying chief of a trio of unshaven, beery vagabonds. Legs akimbo, he leans against a lamp-post, a dirty clay pipe drooping from swollen, parched lips to the hollow of his grimy hand. Impatiently he elbows those whose misfortune it is to be driven against him by the pressure of the throng, and he mutters

curses under his breath when any well-dressed passer-by crosses between the wind and his nobility. He seeks not to disguise the anxiety that tears him, and as the bustle and confused hum from the crowd proclaim the arrival of the wished-for messenger, his foul shirt-front heaves and swells, and the torn crimson handkerchief seems all too small for the puffy neck it encircles. He can read well enough, for he has known days of well doing, and his own insatiate love of drink and gambling has brought him down to the present pitch of degradation. When the telegram is posted on the window, at a glance he will see that he has lost. With an oath he turns away, his slouching comrades at his heels. In some villanous dram-shop he will spend the evening, deadening what small remnant of conscience remains to him in draughts of coarse fiery spirit, and at midnight, when the doors are at length closed upon him and his kind, he will reel away to that miserable home, where his wife, poor wretch! by the light of a dismal wick bends over some scrap of needlework, glancing now and again at the sleeping babe, pale-faced and wan, in the cradle by her side. Then she weeps softly, wondering and praying—wondering what the innocent child's lot in life may be—praying that he may become as his father was in those happy days when first she knew him. How good, how kind, how noble he was then, she thinks—and would be now, her woman heart adds, were it not for the dreadful drink.

There is a stir and a murmur indicating that the eventful moment is at hand. Little boys, some with white aprons, many with ragged trousers, and all devoid of jacket or cap, appear with magical rapidity like elves in a pantomime, and with straining eyes and well-poised slates prepare to scribble down the names and fly with them to the parlours and tap-rooms of neighbouring taverns. There! it's posted at last! Over rush the loungers from the other side of the way, glasses are hastily replaced on the counter of the public-house, change as hurriedly gathered up, and in a moment the temple of Bacchus is deserted. Then what fighting, and struggling, and crushing to get a good place—what pushing to obtain a footing underneath the broad placard, although the list of names on it is written in characters broad, black, and easy to see forty yards away! What a chorus of groans and shouts, of exclamations of rage, and short laughs of joy; what heart-sinkings and remorse; what exultation and boasting are evoked by the sight of the three lines of writing on which all eyes are bent!

Gradually the bustle dies out, and the street resumes its wonted tranquillity. Still little groups of three or four hang about in the vicinity of the window, muttering to each other in an under tone, that Tom So-and-so 'had a letter up' this morning telling him to back the winner, and that they had intended all along to back him themselves but couldn't get on, or were stalled off, or any of the thousand and one excuses which folks avail themselves of on occasions of the kind. By-the-by, why is it that people of this class are always having letters 'up?' Who writes the letters? what re-

muneration does he receive for his trouble? and where do the letters come 'up' from? Are they polite fictions, employed by those mysterious, bedraggled, bedrunken folks to cover the confusion of their own failure, and to prove that if they are not shrewd themselves they possess friends who are pre-eminently wide awake? Has any reader of 'Baily' ever seen with his own eyes one of these mystic documents, or does the British Museum possess a specimen?

The only one of all the disappointed crowd for whom the curious onlooker can pretend to feel the glow of sympathy is the decayed gentleman. Poor fellow! his face fell as the face of most around him. There was a red flush of mortification and disappointment, succeeded by a tinge of white, indicative of oh! what a flood of blasted expectations. He moved slowly, mournfully, through the mass of foul rabble collected in front of the window. The despairing expression of his countenance was conspicuous apparently amongst the many weebegone visages which surrounded him, and attracted some rude jest from a dirty vagabond at his elbow. He heard the taunt, and in a moment self-possession returned. Calm, unmoved, impassionless he passed from amongst the throng, a gentleman still, although his collar was frayed, and his boots nearly worn out, and the few pence that jingled in his pocket the last he had in the world. Poor fellow! With what real pleasure could we have followed him and volunteered the assistance he so evidently needed, but how could we have ventured or attempted to offer it? 'Oh, but,' Censor says, 'you waste the sympathy you feel, or affect to feel, on a most undeserving object. If the man was so poverty stricken as you pretend he had no business to risk any money on a wager.' 'You are right, dear Censor: successful men always are. He had no more right to risk his few poor shillings on the favourite, than you had to buy the shares in the Australian copper mine, fifteen years ago, when things were going so badly with the respected firm of Censor and Co.,—no more business to speculate than you had to go for that great *coup* in cotton, when your name was again "blown upon" and regarded with distrust on 'Change. Ah! dear sir, the American war made your cotton speculation a great hit indeed, and bought you that sweet place at Chertsey, with vineries, and pineries, and gardens galore; brought your honoured name into universal repute once more, and gave Mrs. Censor a status in the elegant society of other—she-speculators shall we call them?—likewise raised to the seventh heaven of snobdom by unexpectedly fortunate ventures of their sagacious spouses. My poor threadbare friend is a gentleman, and the *coup* he sought for did *not* come off, otherwise, liberal-minded Censor, it would be hard to discover much difference between his case and yours.' He has trudged home through the pouring shower to his solitary, dingy room somewhere in a dreary street out of Holborn, there to sit moodily gazing on the expiring sparks of the fire he is too poor to replenish with fuel, musing sadly on the days gone by—the happy days so long past he can scarcely recal them—when he had no need to bet shillings on a

horse-race to buy him a dinner, when roughs did not dare to insult him, and he could afford to call a cab when it rained. 'He 'should appeal to his friends then,' says Censor, rather touched by the idea of personal discomfort suggested. 'That memory you boast 'of so frequently, my good sir, cannot after all be very retentive ! 'You forget surely some bitter experiences in the gloomy days of 'your own family history, or you would have avoided a suggestion so 'infantile and romantic.'

Stay a moment, don't run away yet ; here is company which mayhap will prove more to your liking. Behold them, these two spruce clerks from the hive of industry close by. Look upon them, and rejoice that the nation possesses (and pays for) such treasures. They, too, halt before the attractive window ; the elder of the twain is a determined-looking man of the world of some nineteen summers—wide awake, mind you, and up to a thing or two, as witness his purple and gold-striped necktie, and the hat built after the fashion of that worn by Carolus of the ballad, the man who delighted in much Moet. He inspects the tissue with a severe and thoughtful expression of countenance, and says 'It is an infernal shame that the telegrams are not 'hung in a better light, and that the race has been a do,' remarks to which his comrade, a featureless youth, with large ears and no hair, brays a mild assent. Methinks our young friend of the frown has drawn a non-starter in a sixpenny sweep ;—would it be treason to hint that his knowledge of horseflesh was derived from inspection of the spotted steeds affected by the 'adorable Menken' and her like, or from the much-enduring screws, lame all round, which whirl the swift hansom from Charing to Cremorne !

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By-and-by the stars will come out, and the moon will burst brightly now and then from behind the swift-sailing clouds that hurry over the brown Heath where the great race was run. An old hare will come in her limping canter up the hill where the outsider made his effort and got his head in front of the favourite : a white owl, perhaps, will beat over the ground where in the afternoon the Ring was formed, eager and on the alert for his prey. There is a speck of blood staining the grey roof of the stand, and a few downy feathers are scattered around. Poor pigeon ! he took his last flight just at sun-sink, and was stricken down and slain by the fierce hawk that presently sailed off again rejoicing in his triumph. The victor in the great struggle was sent home hours ago to the north-country village, through whose unlighted street his rustic backers are even now staggering and reeling homewards, rather overcome by the plenteous and potent draughts in which they have toasted the triumphant steed. The overthrown favourite—is an overthrown favourite—and regarded accordingly in men's estimation. Can we say more ? The Turf enthusiast has treated himself to an extra pipe to-night, and sits in his roomy arm-chair, cosy, and blinking at the flickering firelight. He wishes his friend the trainer had returned to tell him the gossip of the week ; then he would be quite happy. The smart clerks are

playing a tenth pool; the beer-sodden mysteries have slunk away to the dens in which they sleep; the little boys with the slates are we trust long since in the land of dreams; and the neatly-written 'result' in the newspaper office window is hidden by the massive iron shutters let down at closing time. Then the heavy hours creep on, and the great race is forgotten both on Land and Strand.

S.

AN AUTUMN WALK.

'Labor ipse voluptas.'

AFTER a few weeks' shooting in the Highlands, or a walking tour in Switzerland, a man feels equal to almost any amount of exertion. The autumnal rains have cooled the atmosphere and made the ground pleasant to the feet. The keen fresh air of a November morning wafted from afar, which has not been breathed by mortal man, and which has not been polluted by noisome gas or bad tobacco, gives an elasticity to the limbs and a buoyancy to the spirits which can only be appreciated by those who have revelled in it. The sportsman's day begins at sunrise, although old Izaak Walton says, in his quaint style, 'Please God I will prevent the sun's rising to-morrow.' But hard work must not be begun upon an empty stomach; a little something must be taken as a stay, and the best recipe that we know of is the yolk of an egg beaten up in a glass of sherry. One of the many myths related of the celebrated Captain Barclay is, that he walked from his lodgings in Suffolk Street, Pall Mall, to Colchester in Essex, a distance of 55 miles, without having tasted food. Apart from other considerations which throw more than a doubt upon this performance, we take it that Captain Barclay was too great an enthusiast in regard to the practice and principles of training to do anything so contrary to its rules: and that he would not inflict a penance upon himself which would have been as injurious to health as it was useless.

It were needless to tell persons accustomed to taking strong exercise how to equip themselves. Walkers of long distances generally wear thick lambswool socks, light laced-up boots, low in the heel and broad in the tread, with soles just sufficiently thick to prevent their feet from feeling every pebble and bit of grit in the road. A second pair of socks in the pocket, ready for a change later in the day, will give relief to the feet, even if the first pair are not found to be worn through in the course of a long tramp. A fresh cabbage-leaf placed in the straw hat or cap will help to keep the head cool. A stretch of half a dozen miles gives a rare appetite for breakfast. Exercise will digest any kind of food, and of all sauces there is none equal to Spartan sauce. What a fortune might be made if it could only be manufactured for sale! 'I am so

‘hungry,’ said the beggar to the alderman. ‘Lord, how I envy you!’ answered the latter.

Breakfast concluded, a short time should be allowed for digestion before settling to work. The pride of the morning has not yet passed away: the dewdrop still hangs on the hedges, and the air is full of sweet country smells. A good walker will swing along at the rate of four miles and a half an hour, with tolerable ease to himself, but this pace will not allow of much time to stop to tie his shoe, or gaze at the scenery. He must keep pegging on like General Grant against Richmond. The Spanish proverb says, ‘One step after another makes the long journey.’ The grass on the road-side may appear very inviting to the pedestrian, but he will find that the gutters and surface drains are as trying to him as a deep ridge-and-furrow field to a tired hunter. Above all things, let him avoid short cuts, unless he knows every inch of the country. What with bad ground, unexpected obstacles, and slight deviations, little thought of at the time, the short cut will generally prove the longest way round. However, we have it in our power to give one instance to the contrary. In the year 1826, at a party at Mr. Farquharson’s house, Blackhall, in Kincardineshire, a bet of 500*l.* was made between Lord Kennedy and Sir Andrew Leith Hay, to walk to Inverness. They started at once, at half-past nine o’clock on Wednesday evening, August 2nd: Sir Andrew taking the Alford road, and coming into the great North road at Huntly, through Elgin and Forres, to Inverness, a distance of 111 miles, but a good road all the way. Lord Kennedy took the mountain path to Tomantoul, and thence, over some of the steepest and roughest ground in all Scotland, straight to Inverness, shortening the distance by about thirty miles. Most of the time it rained heavily, and there was a strong wind: but in spite of all difficulties Lord Kennedy reached Inverness at six o’clock on Friday morning, doing the distance in 32½ hours, and beating his opponent by four hours and a half. Captain Ross, Sir Andrew’s umpire, raised an objection that Lord Kennedy had been assisted by a shepherd in ascending and descending some of the hills on his way, and Lord Kennedy, who was too good a sportsman to care for aught but the honour and glory of the thing, agreed to draw the bet. This walk of Lord Kennedy’s will bear a comparison with that which is related by the historian Herodotus as having been accomplished by a professional pedestrian of Athens, Pheidippides by name, more than 2000 years ago. He was sent from Athens to Sparta, a distance of 150 miles, to get assistance against the Persians, before the battle of Marathon. Both walks were taken at the same time of year, and over somewhat similar ground, but the forests of Scotland are worse going than the goat tracks of Argolis. Herodotus tells us that Pheidippides arrived at Sparta (*δευτεριος*) on the second day!

The question has often been mooted, whether one hundred miles have ever been walked in a day? To accomplish it, considerable speed would be as requisite as strength; for no man could have a

chance of doing it, unless, having the speed in him to go at the rate of six miles an hour, he could moderate his race to about five. Captain Barclay, of Ury, betted 500*l.* with Mr. Fletcher, a gentleman well known upon the Turf, that he would walk ninety miles in twenty-one hours and a half; but, unfortunately, he caught cold, after one of his sweats, while training, and was compelled to pay forfeit. The next year—1801—he again betted Mr. Fletcher that he would perform the feat, the stake being increased to 2000*l.* The road chosen was from Brechin to Forfar, in the county of Angus. Captain Barclay went beyond his pace and upset himself, and was unable to proceed when he had gone 67 miles in about thirteen hours. He was still confident of his ability to do the distance in the specified time, and made a third match, which was for 5000*l.*, to come off on Tuesday, the 10th November, 1801. Captain Barclay went into the strictest training, and left no stone unturned to insure success. The following account of this match is abridged from a ‘Book on Pedestrianism,’ published in Aberdeen, which has become exceedingly scarce:—

‘The ground on which the bet was to be decided was one mile on the high-road between York and Hull. The contracting parties measured the ground, and a post was fixed at the end of the mile. In turning this post, it required a pace and a-half additional each mile, which were not taken into the measurement. Persons were stationed at the winning-post to notch down the rounds, and to observe that everything was done in a fair manner. On each side of the road a number of lamps were placed for the purpose of giving light during the darkness of the night. Precisely at twelve on Monday night, six stop-watches were set, and put into a box at the winning-end, which was sealed. At the same time Captain Barclay started in the presence of several of his friends; Mr. Fletcher also attended.

‘He went the first two miles in 25 minutes and 10 seconds, and continued nearly at the same rate till he had gone sixteen miles, when he halted and took refreshment and changed his clothes. He continued at a slightly diminished pace through the night, refreshing and changing every sixteen miles as before. By eleven he had gone fifty miles, and appeared to proceed on his course with great ease and vigour. He proceeded till he had gone seventy miles, scarcely varying in regularly performing each round of two miles in twenty-five minutes and a half, when he again refreshed and changed clothes. He appeared well and strong, and resumed his match in gallant style. He refreshed twice more, and performed the whole distance by 22 minutes 4 seconds past eight o’clock on Tuesday evening, having completed his task in 20 hours 22 minutes and 4 seconds. This was a genuine match, jealously watched, accurately timed, and the best performance of the kind that we know of, upon the authenticity of which we can rely. With Captain Barclay’s well-known powers of endurance, it is possible that he could have walked ten miles further at the same pace, which would have made

the one hundred miles in the day with nearly an hour and a half to spare.

The story of Captain Barclay, some years afterwards, without any training, having walked 100 miles over the hilly roads of Aberdeenshire, in nineteen hours, is a tale only fit for the tourist guide books in which it has found a place.

In later times Mr. West and John Townshend, commonly called the 'Veteran,' were considered the best of their day at a long journey. The latter at one time being matched with a man named Gillett to walk 100 miles, was reported to have been tried over a five-mile length of the Croydon road, and to have done the distance under twenty-three hours. Whatever credit we may now be disposed to give to it, the rumour got wind, and frightened the backers of Gillett, who forfeited. A short time afterwards, Townshend was matched to walk 100 miles in twenty-four hours, and failed to perform the task. Mountjoy claims to have walked upwards of 100 miles in a day upon several occasions; but as his were not *bonâ fide* matches, but merely got up as a draw to some public-house, and for the sake of the few shillings and sixpences that he could extract from the pockets of the spectators, and were not watched by umpires or time-keepers, we regard them as we do the performances of Deerfoot. And yet the British public believed implicitly in Deerfoot; and Martin, who hired Looney Bennett, in New York, and brought him over to this country to act the part, cleared 4000*l.* by the speculation.

In September of 1838 Robert Fuller defeated old Townshend, who for many years had been considered invincible at long distances, in a 60 mile match on Sunbury Common. Fuller's was a fine style of walking, holding himself very upright, and throwing his legs well out before him, with a naturally long stride. He could walk the mile under eight minutes, and yet was the fairest toe-and-heel walker ever seen: he also had strength and stamina for a long journey. In this match with Townshend he walked the first sixteen miles in 2 hours 38 minutes and 15 seconds, and most people imagined that such speed could not last. However, when Townshend knocked up at the end of thirty-five miles, Fuller was as lively as ever. The remainder of the distance he took easily, completing the whole distance of 60 miles in 11 hours and 36 minutes. This was Fuller's longest walk in public. Since that time no match of the kind has taken place, and long walks have only been undertaken for the pure love of the exercise.

A few years back, Mr. Boydell, then captain of the London Rowing Club, the late Mr. Peacock, a famous athlete, and the before-mentioned Robert Fuller, walked from Jermyn Street to the Gun Tavern in Dover Harbour, a distance of 74 miles, in 19 hours and 10 minutes, although they had to wait three-quarters of an hour at Dartford for breakfast. Still more recently, Mr. Mylne walked from Oxford, through Bicester and Buckingham, to Cambridge, from 77 to 78 miles, in a few minutes under 23 hours. Mr. Mylne was

quite unprepared for such a task, having been occupied for some time in reading for an examination: moreover the day turned out very unpropitious, and a good part of the way he had to walk with a storm of snow and sleet in his face. Last year Mr. Whymper, of the Alpine Club, Mr. Macdonald, of the Colonial Office, and Mr. Boore, walked from London to Portsmouth, 76 miles, in 20 hours and 25 minutes.

It is clear that the present race have not degenerated from their forefathers, and that there are still good men who love manly sport and invigorating exercise for its own sake.

‘Molliter austerum studio fallente laborem.’

We have now arrived at our journey's end. Does the weary traveller wish to restore exhausted nature? Well then, after having thoroughly washed himself, from head to foot, in hot water, with his feet still standing in the hot water, let him give himself a cold shower, by pouring a couple of jugs of cold water over his head and the nape of his neck. Such are the bracing effects that he will find himself instantly revived, and feel ready to go through his day's work over again. The cold shower, taken after this fashion, is as harmless as it is refreshing, and it is a luxury worthy of the gods.

THE FIRST OF NOVEMBER.

‘On the first of November, the morning was good,
When we threw off our hounds into Honeybed Wood;*
A whimper was heard, which soon swelled to a chorus,
And with a toot on the horn, fox and hounds were before us,
Racing o'er pastures so green and so glorious.’

WITH how many pleasurable reminiscences of bygone times is this all-engrossing day to fox-hunters connected! There are attendant upon it mournful reflections also. Where are the joyous faces who were wont to greet us at the covert side? Gone, alas!—all nearly gone—and we are left like a withered leaf on the old oak tree, awaiting that blast which must lay us low also. *Dum vivimus vivamus* is, however, the motto of fox-hunters, and not felt and expressed by them only: it is the prevailing idea of all mankind—‘Let us enjoy ‘life while we can,’ until the days come when ‘the keepers of the ‘house shall tremble, and the strong men shall bow themselves, and ‘the grinders cease, because they are few, and those that look out of ‘the windows be darkened.’ It is not inconsistent to suppose that the hard life of a fox-hunter (one, we mean, of the old orthodox school)—the wear and tear of body—exposure to the most inclement weather—irregular mode of living—bruises and broken limbs—must necessarily shorten that term of years generally allotted to our race.

The biographies of eminent Masters of fox-hounds, and lovers of the chase, as recorded in ‘Baily,’ show a contrary result. It may be

* A covert in the Christian Malford country.

said, that 'as none but the brave deserve the fair,' so, in like manner, none but the strong can find favour with Diana. Many, however, of the most celebrated fox-hunters in our recollection have been men naturally deficient in bodily power and physical stamina, than the reverse—men who have husbanded their resources, and to whose health-giving recreations in the field longevity has been accorded as a consequence. Hard livers have rarely been long livers. Exceptions to this general rule may be found, and perhaps always will be found. There are some constitutions which excesses of all kinds fail to shatter. They go on eating and drinking, and getting drunk, with none of those fatal results we are led to expect. Reeling or carried to their beds over night, they are again up with the lark, and renew their Bacchanalian orgies in the evening. Case-hardened within and without, they seem to bid defiance to the fiery poison of alcohol, as well as to the rough storms and nipping frosts of winter. The remark is not an uncommon one, '*That man has tried his constitution most severely;*' and there are some constitutions which will hold out to a very late date with such unfair usage.

Whatever fox-hunters may have been in the past century, they are certainly not in this more addicted to the bottle and dram-drinking than any other people. It is recorded of the 'Father of the Chase,' the late Hugo Meynel, of Quorndon renown, that the contents of his pocket-flask on hunting days consisted of tincture of rhubarb, in place of aqua vitæ or sherry; and, to our knowledge, hunters of little less celebrity have solaced themselves with a cup of tea or a warm bath, instead of having recourse to stronger stimulants.

To a certain extent hunting hounds is an invigorating and exciting occupation. The spirit may be strong when the flesh is weak; and it is that very spirit which carries men through those difficulties and dangers the flesh alone would be incompetent to meet. We have often noticed men rather feeble in constitution to be strong in the chase, in whose conduct the power of mind over matter has been most conspicuous. The late Assheton Smith, although strong in his youth, and endowed with great physical powers, was subject to asthma for many years previous to his death, and we believe would never have attained his eightieth birthday in any other vocation save that of Master of fox-hounds. In the September number of '*Baily*' we are also presented with a capital likeness of another, Tom Smith, of little less celebrity than his late brother Master and namesake; and from personal knowledge we can speak of his abstemious habits. After the most severe day's hunting his usual stimulant was a cup of tea, which he averred proved more beneficial than wine or spirits; and by this temperate mode of living he has now attained a green old age, which may be protracted to many more years.

In recalling to our memory a long list of gentlemen huntsmen with whom we have had the pleasure of claiming acquaintance, we should select Hambledon Smith and Jack Russell, who would do more without the assistance of whippers-in than most men could do with them. They appeared to possess an intuitive knowledge of the

run of foxes, and when their hounds' noses failed, their own brains supplied the deficiency—not in the hit-and-miss fashion of huntsmen of the present age, but in an orderly, sober-like manner—*cum dignitate*. Tom Smith could kill his fox even without hounds. Our Devonian preferred doing it with them. Both possessed naturally talents of no mean order, and were competent to shine with brilliancy in any other profession than that of fox-hunting. The only difference in these two celebrated Masters was, that the first-named always appeared to us impatient of delay, whilst the motto of the other was '*Festina lente*.' Jack Russell's pack, when we remember them, were an industrious, plodding lot of hounds, which would work upon the drag of their fox like beagles, and when they found him would stick to him through evil report or good report, or no report at all—*i. e.*, they never depended on halloos, and verily in a great part of the North Devon country their only chance of killing a fox depended upon their own unaided exertions. Upon their visiting also those interminable woods in Cornwall, where two ploughed fields or a bit of moorland intervenes between one thousand acres you have just emerged from on one side of the hill to be imbedded in two thousand on the other, a like success awaited these indomitable. They worked their way through these teasing woods, and fairly hunted down their game. Jack Russell, from the peculiarity of the country he hunted, was obliged to trust entirely to his hounds to handle their fox; but Tom Smith, having no such difficulties to contend with, would, I believe, have handled his fox almost without any hounds at all.

Huntsmen of talent and enterprise appear in a different light in different countries. Take them from heavy woodlands into a grazing district to draw small patches of gorse, and pretty spinnies, with two or three hundred fellows waiting upon them for a start, before two couples of hounds are clear of the covert and on the line of their fox, and fifty to one they will take the lead of the field, well knowing that there they must or ought to be, or they are nowhere. Quick as lightning they are with their hounds, cheering and pressing them forward to escape from the crowd, and hazarding, sometimes when at a check, a rattling cast forwards, rather to avoid pressure and calamities to the pack than with a certain prospect of success. Follow these men back to their woods and ploughed lands—what are they there? Quiet and patient, leaving their hounds almost entirely to themselves, wisely seeing the necessity of yielding to these altered circumstances. The great majority of Masters, however, prefer having the hard work done by their huntsmen, instead of performing it imperfectly themselves. Many whose hearts are in the right place, eager and enthusiastic as they may feel in the sport, cannot submit to the drudgery of hunting hounds throughout the season, and others have no inclination to undertake it.

To hunt fox-hounds in fine weather requires neither the strength of Hercules nor the vocal powers of an opera-singer; but to turn out in rough hail-storms or a deluge of rain is another affair; and we

doubt any fox-hunter, however keen, quite relishing being drenched to the skin, although he may make light of the matter. Young men with lots of money—ay, and old ones too, with an *embarras de richesse*—will find an outlet to relieve themselves from their pecuniary pressure in some way or other most congenial to their several tastes. One man builds an enormous house, purchasing pictures at exorbitant prices—all, of course, by old masters of the art—to be admired, or rather sneered at behind his back, by his esteemed friends. Another has a taste for buying old wine at a guinea per bottle; a third has a fancy for rare china; a fourth for costly furniture of ancient date, manufactured only a few months previously, or *to order*. The present age being exceedingly fertile in imaginative productions of every kind—ask a wine-merchant for a few bottles of true Falernian from the cellar of old Horace, and you have them with corks prepared to agree with the date. Tell an upholsterer you have been longing for years to get some little tit-bit of furniture made out of a plank from Noah's ark—'Most fortunately, sir,' is the reply, 'we have the very article you are in search of.' Oh, the emulative genius of the nineteenth century!—so fertile in expedients—so obliging—so deferential to the requirements of the public—who would impress you with the belief that the aim and sole object of their existence was to serve the public, not themselves. From this class of men we pass to another—lovers of sports and pastimes; and the term Sport is most extensive in its ramifications. Racing is denominated as sport—cock-fighting and badger-drawing, bull-baiting and dog-fighting, once figured in the same catalogue—Mr. Martin's Act having swept away all of these as legitimate pastimes, save the first named, horse-racing; and here the difficulty arose, how to class racing as cruelty to animals, when the sporting public were determined to uphold it as a national and innocent amusement. Even the Houses of Parliament are obliged to waive business, and bow in deference to the Derby. Racing—or we ought rather to say betting upon its issues—is the ruling passion of the day. Every clerk in every office in London—waiters at hotels, down to Boots—cab-drivers, omnibus ditto, and their cads—assistants in shops—vendors of chops, sausages, and other commodities—have their bets on the 'Darby.' All classes of her Majesty's subjects, loyal or disloyal, reserve, by tacit consent of their rulers, the right of running riot on this exciting occasion, and, wonderful to recount, believe themselves entitled to the *sobriquet* of sportsmen, or sporting men, from their hazarding so many pounds, shillings, or pence on the winner of this all-engrossing race.

Of all the expensive amusements in the present age, keeping a stud of race-horses is the greatest, and we imagine the least satisfactory; and, taking all the *etceteras* into account, that must be a very good horse which pays his way. After all, racing is a very selfish gratification, as few men keep horses for the amusement of the public.

Renting moors in Scotland for deer-stalking and grouse-shooting is

an expensive recreation, admitting perhaps two or three friends into participation of your sport—your fun for two months in the year standing you in, or rather out, from eight to fourteen hundred per annum. This may be called a healthful pastime, but of short duration. Game-preserving on a large scale costs a deal of money, and a grand battue does not admit of more than a dozen friends joining in the *mêlée*. Standing in a drive, or at the corner of a plantation, until pheasants are forced to fly over your head, or hares driven against your legs by beaters, is not suggestive of any great corporeal or mental exertion. Shooting tame pheasants is a very tame or lame way of enjoying that sort of sport, if sport it can be fairly called; and we do not imagine any man's health likely to be improved by it. Coursing is cold, dull work where hares are scarce, especially when a sharp east wind is blowing in your teeth; but a 'soho' puts you on the *qui vive*, and a short gallop sets your blood in circulation. But the monotonous roar of musketry, whilst your feet and fingers are benumbed from want of exercise, does not coincide with our ideas of invigorating recreation. The battue, however, is not without some recommendations, as it may be enjoyed to perfection by an old gouty gentleman, who can be drawn to the best position for sport in his wheel-chair, with a hot bottle at his feet, and his keeper standing by his side, reloading a couple of double barrels as fast as he can fire them. Here we have the right man in the right place.

Well, having touched upon racing, deer-stalking, grouseing, and game-killing on a large scale, all of which require a heavy purse, and are more or less selfish amusements, we must hazard a word or two upon fox-hunting. Can any individual with a penchant for field-sports, who has money to spend and will spend it, convert it to a better, more social, more sociable use, than that of keeping a pack of fox-hounds, for the benefit of himself and all his neighbours of high and low degree, who are free to join in his sport? There is no position in life more enviable or more enjoyable than that of a Master of Hounds in a good country—we may add, in almost any country. He is more independent than her Majesty's Prime Minister of State, and more regarded as a keeper of fox-hounds than the Keeper of the Privy Seal. The head of the Government, or Prime Minister, has to exercise all his abilities, all his advantages, influence, &c., to hold his position, and often by the tacit permission of those who sit upon the Opposition benches. However clever, however talented, however calculated to maintain the honour of his country, he will be subjected to perpetual and vexatious harangues by the malcontents, who have everything to gain, nothing to lose. Were the Prime Minister an angel and a Conservative, Bright and Co. would denounce him as an incarnate devil. 'Baily' shows his sense in eschewing politics, like a wise Master of fox-hounds, professing to hold no political creed, and, after all that can be said upon the subject, the plain English for political partisanship is—Place.

Fox-hunting is not only the most enjoyable recreation of all British

sports, but the most lasting and variable, and in this variety may be found its chief attraction, no two days and no two runs being precisely alike. Jollity and jocularly are also the distinguishing characteristics of those who join in the chase. There is, no doubt, a considerable amount of excitement in stalking a wild red deer, and to stalk him successfully much toil and trouble are required; as a proof of which a passage from Scrope's 'Art of Deer-stalking' may show what sort of sport this is:—

'Now came the anxious moment. Everything hitherto had succeeded; much valuable time had been spent; they had gone forward in every possible position; their hands and knees buried in bogs, wreathing on their stomachs through the mire, or wading up the burns; and all this one brief moment might render futile, either by means of a single throb of the pulse in the act of firing, or a sudden rush of the deer, which would take him instantly out of sight. Tortoise raised his head slowly, but saw not the quarry. By degrees he looked an inch higher, when Peter plucked him suddenly by the arm, and pointed. The tops of his horns alone were to be seen above the hole in the bog; no more. Fraser looked anxious, for well he knew that the first spring would take the deer out of sight. A moment's pause, when the sportsman held up his rifle steadily above the position of the hart's body; then making a slight ticking noise, up sprang the deer; as instantly the shot was fired; and crack went the ball right against his ribs, as he was making his rush.'

Deer-stalking is no boyish pastime, requiring great corporeal exertion, combined with energy and activity. Climbing precipitous hills—floundering through bog and burns—creeping sometimes on all fours—sometimes running when your game is out of sight, until you are out of breath, to reach a favourable position,—all these movements, and many others consequent upon this kind of sport, tell their own tale. Then the shot, the time when heated in the chase, your nerves ought to be most steady when most excited. Upon your aim, then, the pulling of the trigger, with suspended breath, and collectedness of eye and mind, the issue of that shot depends. It is not like shooting at grouse or partridges, or other kinds of game, whose flight is limited and at which you may soon get a second or third shot, without much trouble or a vast deal of walking exercise upon dry ground. Once miss a red stag uproused from his lair of heather, and he will take especial care not to afford you a second opportunity of balling him—hit him through the body or stomach, and he will still lead you a dance through peat bogs and over craigs until spent; and then when brought to bay by his enemies, the deer-hounds, beware that he does not retaliate, by sending his spike through some part of your body, as you have sent your leaden missile through his. For choice we would prefer encountering a bull than a stag in his fury. We might evade the bull's onslaught by stepping aside and catching him by the tail as he passed, and thereby hold on; but seizing a deer by the tail is not

very easy of accomplishment, reminding one of the parson who wore a spencer. It is slippery work enough holding an eel any how, but we should like to see the man, and would travel a long distance to see him, who could hold a red stag by the tail for one minute.

By the way, writing of catching bulls by the tail reminds us of a bull tamer who went about the country to farm-houses, offering his services to reclaim and subdue male animals of the bovine race disposed to show little deference to their masters, rather we should say, owners. The individual who took upon himself the office of bull fighter was a strong, athletic young fellow, agile and active, with a deal of sinew and no lack of nerve, and his operations commenced on this wise:—throwing off his coat and waistcoat—vest perhaps is the fashionable term—he essayed to go forth to meet his antagonist with a staff in place of a sling in his hand, in one end whereof was a goad inserted. If there was a tree in the field the bull tamer availed himself of it, to facilitate his attack: imitating the bellowing of the bovine, and standing a short distance from the trunk, so that his figure might be easily seen, the infuriated animal made his rush, when Jack, slipping aside behind his shelter as quick as lightning, caught the bull by his tail, *en passant*, to which he held on by might and main with his left hand, bringing his right into play about the animal's hind quarters, and using the goad more dexterously than discreetly. The bull fled roaring all over the field, his tormentor sticking to him like a leech, until, wearied with their exertions, both rolled over into the ditch, Jack uppermost, who bestriding his conquered foe, dealt him a few finishing strokes, and then, like a victorious cock, stood crowing on the bank, to see if his opponent felt quite satisfied with the issue of the conflict. We have been assured by credible witnesses, that a bull thus served out ever afterwards manifested the highest respect for any one in human form, whether man, woman, or child.

Thinking of bulls and their vagaries, reminds us of another little incident which occurred in our scholastic days. A gentleman of our acquaintance who was wont to enliven our congregation on the Sabbath by playing upon an instrument of ten strings—more or less, at this remote date, we cannot say precisely—called a bassoon, was invited to attend an orchestral meeting at a neighbouring village some four miles distant; after which it appears he indulged in John Barleycorn's fermented liquor, until he became rather the worse for it, and in this happy state essayed his return home by a footpath on the verge of a deep, flinty parish road, some ten feet beneath him. It so happened that in one of the enclosures through which he passed, a bull, attended by his harem of cows, took exception to our musician's zigzag mode of swaggering through his meadow, calling him to account by a loud note of his gamut.

'Halloo!' quoth our bassooner, 'that's it, is it? double D;' and forthwith unslinging the instrument from his back, he struck the corresponding chord; at sound of which the bull rushed down incontinently upon our intoxicated musician, and sticking his horns

into his cushion, sent him flying with his bassoon over the low trimmed hedge, into the regions below, where he was picked up, some half-hour afterwards, by a farmer returning home in his gig from market.

After all that can be said or written upon deer-stalking it is but a solitary sport, although involving great exertion of body and mind, and not to be compared with the hunting of the same kind of animal on Exmoor Forest or elsewhere. It is, however, very satisfactory to know that all your time and toil have not been spent in vain: when the noble beast lies stretched upon the moor or heather-clad hill-side, you can exclaim exultingly, *Finis coronat opus*; and a haunch of red-deer venison in proper season is just, according to our opinion, 'a dainty dish to set before a king.'

Fox-hunting comes in at the opportune moment, and at that season of the year when Englishmen are said to suffer most from *ennui*, or meditations on *felix de se*; and where upon the face of this terrestrial globe—where throughout the vast regions of the earth—can such a scene be presented to our view as that which enlivens the eye and gladdens the heart of true British sportsmen on the 1st of November? Throughout the length and breadth of merry England—from east to west, from north to south—every county sends forth her representatives of the noble science, to meet together on the opening day of the fox-hunting season. If great was Diana of the Ephesians, how much greater is Diana of the Saxons. We have our Dianas too, who grace the meet, equalling if they do not surpass in beauty of form and feature the fabulous accounts recorded of the goddess herself. We have heard of ladies going out shooting, gun in hand, to bring down grouse or partridges, but we question whether such feats tend to increase our admiration of the fair sex. Their *forte* lies in using Cupid's arrows rather than double barrels or breech-loaders: but Diana on horseback is a very different goddess to Diana on foot, and a much more loveable divinity. We hail with joy and satisfaction the appearance of our graceful countrywomen at the place of meeting on our opening day, and every other day throughout the season when they may condescend to confer honour upon our sport by their participation in it; and we frankly and freely acknowledge, that but for their sanction and support, fox-hunting would not now be what it is—the sport of the nation. Disguise it as we may attempt to do, the fair sex give animation and a tone to every scene they deign to honour with their presence. They have been accused, nevertheless, of very wayward practices—the character of Helen has been traduced as the cause of the Trojan War; innocently and innocuously she perhaps was so, since beauty sometimes proves a curse rather than a blessing; but we acquit her entirely of bloodthirsty propensities. Men have been ever jealous of favours bestowed upon rivals which they have considered due only to themselves, and women play a dangerous game when they attempt to please all their admirers.

It is certainly a sight for foreigners to wonder at if not to admire,

this vast gathering of fox-hunters upon their gala day; men of all classes—of all grades, from a duke mounted on his five hundred guinea hunter, down to donkey riders, are there, with cheerful looks and light hearts, to meet the fox-hounds. There sits the Master erect in his saddle, like a king upon his throne, attended by his officials in bright scarlet, to receive the homage of the field, and the hearty welcome of his friends. Is not his a proud position? Has he not just cause to feel proud of that power, which he exercises for the amusement and recreation of hundreds of his neighbours, as well as for the gratification of the general public? Etiquette, however, must be observed in every hunting field, which prescribes certain rules and regulations, but exclusiveness is a distinction little known and less practised by fox-hunters or masters of hounds. The advent of a stranger into their circle does not raise the eyebrow, or call forth the curl of a supercilious lip amongst the members of the hunt; neither does a freezing look from the Master meet his inquiring gaze. His motto is—‘I advertise for all and welcome all,’ and we venture to affirm, that the larger the assemblage the greater his satisfaction. It is the surest proof of his popularity, and the highest tribute of honour that can be paid to himself and his establishment. All, however, seem destined to pay for popularity in some way or other. Royalty has no exemption. Two or three hundred horsemen, clattering and clustering upon the heels of his hounds, are not conducive to the sport which the Master is so desirous of showing, and then justly may he exclaim, ‘Save me from my friends!’

There is no pleasure in life without its alloy. The Master of a fox-hunting establishment has his cares and anxieties, as well as his enjoyments. After everything has been done as it ought to be done—a kennel of well-bred hounds provided, huntsmen and whippers-in of first-class abilities, and horses in perfect condition, able to carry these men over all opposing difficulties, there remains the chapter of accidents to be encountered. No man can command success in any undertaking, although he may make use of the best means for obtaining it. A Master of fox-hounds cannot expect success in hunting a country unless he is intimately acquainted with that country, and in friendly relations with every occupier of coverts and every cultivator of the soil within its boundaries. There lies one of his greatest difficulties—to be all things to all men: and is not this of itself a barrier to gentlemen of independent means, as well as of independent character, entering upon the hazardous experiment of ruling supreme over a sometimes divided and dissatisfied constituency? To any save a fox-hunter of indomitable spirit and resolution, the attempt would appear hopeless; but difficulties excite only in his breast a determination to overcome them. His *amour propre* would be roused. He would feel bound to prove to those who had shown their confidence in his capabilities, by either raising him to the high position he then occupied, or had been instrumental in upholding him there, that they had not been deceived in the man of their choice.

It has been said that a man can marry any woman he fancies provided he sets about his wooing in the right way. St. Paul entertained a similar opinion of mankind, knowing well of what materials they are universally composed. The *suaviter in modo* style of attack generally succeeds; and a Master of influence and position in any county, if he sets about canvassing votes for the preservation of foxes in a gentlemanly way, will rarely find a dissentient voice even in the enemy's camp; but if, failing there, he will never find the fair sex fail him at a pinch. To be successful, he must bring all his energies into the cause he has espoused; from inclination he must feel wedded to it, or he will not succeed. He must regard his occupation as his particular business—for fox-hunting is a business, and must be conducted in a business-like manner; although it is no very easy matter to provide amusement and sport for a half or third part of a county.

It may be taken as granted—as an incontrovertible fact—that the Master whose heart and mind is in the chase, will do all man can do to satisfy his supporters and the field generally; literally, he has no other object in view—it is the *summum bonum* of his ambition—yet may he fail. It is not invariably the case that *fortes fortuna juvat*. With a splendid pack of fox-hounds, with men and horses to assist them, the first of November may be little better to him than a blank day. Foxes enough may be found—perchance too many for sport (we never, however, complain of finding too many foxes), or there may be no scent to hunt them: this we have often realised. The first of November is too early a day to expect a good run, save by accident. A hundred to one you get upon a young fox instead of an old one. He gives you a gallop and is eaten. Another gives you a dose of wood work before he succumbs. Your field, or rather the ignoramuses who come out to be seen on horseback, grumble, and call it slow work. Some people are never satisfied, and there are men who never could see a run if their lives depended upon it.

Having reached the end of our tether, we are suddenly pulled up like hounds at a check, but may resume our run on paper in another 'Baily.' For the present, adieu, Brother Fox-hunters. '*Florcat Scientia.*'

DESPERATE REMEDIES.

ON BLISTERING AND FIRING.

'WITH brains, sir!' We may perhaps be pardoned for replying in the words of one of England's greatest painters to those who read our observations in the last number of 'Baily,' and who write to ask how we treat sprains and colds, &c. Laudanum and arsenic in the hands of a skilful man are valuable remedies, but used as nostrums by the people destroy life. It is not our object to dictate

to the man of science so much as to caution horsemen against means reputed simple and harmless which occasion perpetual mischief.

The tendency of the age has been to induce all who can ride or groom a horse to imagine that the medical knowledge required to prescribe for a horse is slight. We cannot forget a great amateur of horses who showed us a beautiful stud some three years since, and said, 'My animals never ail anything; and should any turn 'sick or lame, I dismiss my coachman.' What a marvellous servant this gentleman must have expected for a couple of guineas a week—a good whip, horse doctor, and instructor of horse-shoers all rolled into one. He was perhaps not so far wrong after all, inasmuch as he discharged the man if any occasion arose for anything more than the exercise of judgment in the management of horses which were bought by a fine judge, in a sound condition, and kept for moderate use rather than for hard or fast work. Horses should rarely sicken under such circumstances; and so long as stablemen are expected to be diligent and discriminating in relation to the feeding, watering, clothing, and general management of a stud, no one can complain. The error lies in expecting them to do more. The man of judgment and knowledge must step in when disease and lameness appear; and those who 'are most able would rather throw physic, blisters, fleam, and firing-iron to the dogs, and by the most simple variations in the hygienic treatment of animals restore to soundness without blemish or delay.

Let us illustrate our meaning by the case of a sprain. Not unfrequently, when a horse sprains any of the joints of the fore legs, it is due to the irregular position or shape of the foot brought on by unskilful shoeing. Place the animal at ease—enable it to stand level and quiet—fix the injured joint—adopt what the human surgeon would call an immovable apparatus, in the shape of a bandage or other simple contrivance—remove in time, and use well-regulated motion, and the animal is cured. What surgeon would excoriate and tumefy the human wrist if a man fell on his hand and produced that most painful of all sprains which implicates the complex joint between the fore-arm and hand? The blister does not strengthen the ligaments. It does not aid nature in the comparatively slow process of repairing a bruised articulation. All that is required is the adoption of simple means for the relief of pain, and keeping parts in a condition favourable to nature's own healing, which occurs quite independently of man's supposed power to cure.

We can refer to two cases under treatment at present in proof of the great evil of the injudicious use of blisters. A gentleman left London for Paris some two months since, leaving a pair of horses under the charge of a very expert coachman and groom. Both horses were exceptionally fast and good movers—both high metted and pullers. The one horse sprained the near hind fetlock and flexor tendons. Anxiety to expedite recovery led to the application of a smart blister. The injured part became enormously swollen and tender. Warm fomentations and poultices had to be

applied. The animal suffered excruciating pain, and had to be slung. The muscles of the thigh on the affected side began to waste: a veterinary surgeon opened an abscess on the inner side of the leg above the fetlock, and some days elapsed before the horse could prop himself up on three legs. The pain continued almost unabated, and persistent resting on the toe led to rigidity and partial contraction of the tendons. Thus suffering, the horse wasted fast, and six weeks after the accident we were asked to attend him. The shoes were removed, and a course of friction, fomentations, and bandaging for two or three hours daily has produced such a change in a week, that whilst the animal was admitted into hospital to all appearance worth little more than knacker's price, in a month he will resume work. There can be no doubt whatever that had the original sprain been treated in any other than the almost universal plan he might have been at work within a fortnight from sustaining the injury.

The second case is almost identical, only the accident was more recent and the blister discharging when admitted under our care. Nevertheless, the heels were raised, and the limb had lost its natural flexibility. The soreness of skin and tumefaction have been overcome by emollient applications and bandages; the joint has been placed in a position of perfect rest; and in ten days the animal will be at work.

The season has arrived for cases of pleurisy, rheumatic influenza, manifested by stiffness of gait, hot and swollen joints, with severe fever and great depression, and attacks of bronchitis. Rubefacients, in the shape of turpentine and mustard, besides active blisters, are being used by those who indulge in internal doses of aconite, belladonna, and other sedatives or narcotics. Deaths are not few; and the aggravation of symptoms we have noticed, from the irritation produced by mustard or cantharides, has been most marked. Without blistering, and by the judicious use of mild laxatives, warm-water injections, and the most unremitting attention to the animal's comfort, the fever subsides, and not a case goes wrong.

We might fill a volume on this all-important question, but having said as much as our space will permit on the danger of blistering, we may introduce to our readers the most desperate of remedies in any but the most skilful hands—the actual cautery.

Firing is one of the most ancient of the farrier's prescriptions. It has been one of the most universal methods adopted for the treatment of disease and injuries affecting the limbs of horses. Nay, more, we have had the advocates of firing for abdominal disease, and even throat affections. We still hear of firing as a sovereign remedy in roaring.

The hot iron acts by destroying—killing—wherever it is applied. The wounds made contract, and take some time to heal. During that period the disease for which the remedy has been applied has time to abate, and the animal recovers, with indelible scars fashioned according to the skill of the operator, and, some think, with a per-

manent bandage around the injured parts. As in the case of blistering, it is unquestionable that as the skin-wounds heal after firing a healing action is often favoured in deeply inflamed or ulcerated structures within. Nevertheless, some of the ablest veterinarians, in resorting to firing, especially for articular disease, advocate burning through the skin, so as to attack the bone and secure a deposit which permanently stiffens and strengthens a joint. At times in cases of spavin such a practice is attended with success, but even then the scoring over a wide surface of skin is totally uncalled-for, and one or two points of the budding iron suffices for every purpose.

Much can be said of the folly, and even of the barbarity, of firing a colt for curby hocks, a racehorse for a break down, and any animal in the common operation of docking. For the nonce we must rest satisfied with the little we have said, and trust very shortly to recur to so important a subject.

THE CHRONICLES OF HEATHERTHORP.

IV. SHOWS HOW MATTHEW CRISP PLAYED THE PART OF A TOUT, ADEQUATELY ACCOUNTS FOR DR. SUTTON'S SUDDEN DEPARTURE FROM HEATHERTHORP, AND STEALS SUNDRY LEAVES FROM THE PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF MISS WILSON.

EVEN in these days of realistic descriptions it goes against the grain to own that one's hero is mean; nevertheless, a stern regard for truth demands such an admission. The sturdy old fellow who in 'auld 'lang syne' had officiated as a kind of sporting dry-nurse to the hero of these 'Chronicles,' and who, because he had taught him the A B C of woodcraft, horsemanship, and cricket, was prouder of him and loved him better than anything else on earth, was almost of my opinion. He too had caught the Doctor in the commission of what he considered an act of meanness. Not that he would have hinted as much to a living soul: and he would have felt excessively disposed to knock that man down who dared suggest anything of the sort within his hearing. As it was he went to bed oppressed with serious misgivings, and rose next dawning with a face too long almost for the bit of cracked mirror he shaved by. He could not drive the previous night's conversation out of his mind, and (his wont when deeply moved) he set about talking it over with—himself.

'What need he fash hissel about this Woodridge; is it for him to care about the jackanapes' style, I'd like to know? If anybody had told me Mr. Arthur would ha' done it—why I'd ha' said they lied, that's all. What's twenty-five sovereigns?—well: may be plenty to lose—yet, hang it—I have put something away for my keep when I am thrown up and not able to earn it—and I'd ha' stood half the bet myself'. But he's too haughty to let me.

'There's a woman at the bottom of this; a woman with ways that

'd make a Methody parson forget his class; and Mr. Arthur's just mad. He tramped the room last night like a tragedy-actor.

'Then all his long-winded rigmarole! As if I could not see through it. It's the knotted end o' the lash that makes the whip crack; he kept back his orders about this Woodridge to the last.'

Crisp's stable-duties terminated, he departed on his mission, designedly halting at Essom's the barber's. He found that brisk little sportsman in the best of spirits.

'Ah! Crisp, is that you? Odd: I have just this moment had the honour of a call from your master, who has promised to play with us in the match. What d'ye think of that, eh?'

'H'm,' inarticulately replied Crisp.

'We shall have a glorious battle,' continued the enthusiastic hon. sec.,—'an engagement worthy of heroes; and, by Jove, we must beat them, too. We are ancient enemies—Shipley and Heatherthorp, and have fought for dominion, for, let me see—six years running. Up to the present it's a tie.'

'H'm,' negatively remarked Crisp.

'Sir Harry Sursingle has given his patronage—which is pretty good as far as it goes—and has promised to bring a numerous party from the Manor—which is considerably better. Old Wilson is sure to come, for one of the Shipleyites, a rather clever gentleman-player called Woodridge is visiting at the Place. And it's any odds on old Tim's pretty daughter, "the Belle of the Riding," likewise coming to see the young fellow distinguish himself.'

'H'm,' grimly observed Crisp.

'But I say, Mathew,' queried Essom with a merry chuckle, 'what will the cor-rect people say when they behold the Doctor performing in flannels?'

'And who are the cor-rect people, pray?' inquired Crisp.

'Why you know,—the saints, the pharisees, the brethren. Old Barjona told me only yesterday "he considered Doctor Sutton to be a notably discreet member of his profession,—a youth by no means prone to indulge in the sports of the profane." (Which was a dig at me—ha! ha!) Miss Priscilla Cardmums, who is, by-the-by, rising forty, collector and treasurer to the dispensary, manager of the soup kitchen, and the Lord knows what besides—'

'Well,' interrupted Crisp.

'Oh nothing,' rejoined Essom, with a comic air of assumed indifference—'only she *has* informed her especial friends that "Doctor Sutton's devotion to the noble charity (meaning the dispensary) of which she is such an unworthy instrument, is a rare and beautiful instance of Christian self-abnegation." Then there's pursy Wobbleton, the pious brewer, he—'

'Sh—aw!' exclaimed Crisp, an expression of scorn overspreading his gnarled features, 'Doctor Sutton can bear it all, Mr. Essom, and have an answer ready for them too if it's required.—But I am for—'

‘getting my errand. He wants a new bat. Who provides you ‘cricket materials?’

‘The umpire, Golightly: anybody will tell you where he lives,’ replied Essom.

It may be questioned whether, if at that moment Mathew Crisp had picked up one of the notes issued by the Governor and Company of the Bank of England, the feat would have given him sincerer pleasure than the information he had just obtained. Crisp and Golightly had been chums years ago: had together played in famous money matches ‘a pound a man;’ and together emulated the bibbing bouts of Tam o’Shanter and Souter Johnny.

‘Jack Golightly,’ muttered Crisp when fairly out of the barber’s hearing. ‘Then it’s a case of touting made easy. A strong scent, a straight run, and a speedy kill.’

The inspirer of this fervid metaphor lived in the heart of a queer tumbledown wynd or court which had one entrance from the hilly high-street and another from the Wimpleside. By profession (there are no trades nowadays) he was a shoemaker, that is to say, he eked out a livelihood by cobbling cricketers’ shoes, sewing cricket balls, ‘lapping’ bat-handles, and repairing pads. In short, he was a highly useful, if not a precisely ornamental artist in leather and caoutchouc. By inclination, appointment, and unquestioned right he was umpire, I might almost say parent, of the Heatherthorp team, but when not engaged with the lapstone or in the cricket ground, he was either poaching, educating greyhounds, following the Heatherthorp Hunt—a-foot—plunging in pursuit of the wily otter, or defying snowflakes and bitter nor’easters in his search for seafowl among the sands and marshes of the Wimplemouth. Five years Crisp’s elder, Time had dealt gently with him. His hair was white as a grebe’s wing, but his clear blue eyes yet possessed the sparkle of youth. He was still as straight as a young larch, and though he could not vault over a five-barred gate with the activity of his ’teens, his robust limbs had more nimble endurance in them than folks imagined.

Guided by a curly-headed lad who appeared delighted with the task (for the umpire was extremely popular with the juveniles—Young Heatherthorp regarding him as the incarnation of cricket wisdom), Crisp, after successfully avoiding painful contact with a miscellaneous accumulation of live-stock suggestive of field sports, passed under a lintel ornamented with a caged skylark who was carolling gloriously upon a fresh sod, and found himself face to face with his ‘ancient.’

‘Why Jack!’—

‘Why Mat!’—

And thereupon the floodgates of their eloquence opened, and a stream of homely North Riding, pure and undefiled, confluent gushed forth. The worthies had not met for something like a dozen years, so when each had satisfied the other of his movements during that period, both must needs revive old recollections, and, in spirit, handle the bat, ‘and show how fields were won.’ No more work for that day. With the sun shining as it always shines in May madri-

gals, and rarely in reality during the ficklest of months,—knowing there was honest ale to be had ‘within easy walking distance’ (as the advertisers say), it was natural the veterans should simultaneously fall mightily athirst. Copious were the amber libations, all a-foam, which they poured upon the shrine of Friendship. What though the floor they trod was sanded, the table they sat by nothing but naked deal, the drinking vessels they lipped merely common delf, the weed they inhaled a German production, and the churchwardens they smoked—long as a Doncaster hotel-bill in the Leger week—of the most primitive fashion, it was an out-and-out Yorkshire encounter, rough and hearty, and could not have been pleasanter had it occurred in a palace. When the tales of their youth began to flag, Crisp, remembering business, considered it high time to open fire.

‘The Doctor,’ began he,—‘I suppose you know he plays for ‘Heatherthorp, John—bade me get him a new bat : one that’ll drive, ‘you know.’

‘Ay,’ cynically answered Golightly, ‘and when he’s got it, he’ll happen want a pair of arms to drive with.’

‘Bide and see,’ rejoined Crisp. ‘However, you must pick ‘him one that’ll suit. And now, tell me, Jack, what kind of a ‘match is this likely to be? ‘Yen barber fellow is up i’ the skies ‘about it, and says you’ll win; but I was told i’ Shipley’—this was an atrociously wicked fabrication—‘that the public will be sure to ‘lay seven to four against you, when they see the Shipley team take ‘the field. And they do likewise say i’ Shipley’—this was fabrication number two—‘that a swell colt of theirs, a Mr. Woodridge, is ‘a wonder.’

Golightly smoked on with an expression of ineffable contempt while Crisp was romancing, and then drily observed—

‘Mat, have ye lived and knocked about all these summers and ‘winters, ‘ithout knowing that Consate is the worst player that ever ‘handled a stick? Shipley!’

‘But look here, Jack,’ interrupted Crisp, deprecatingly.

‘Don’t talk to me,’ replied his crony, thoroughly roused, ‘about ‘their clever Mr. Woodridge. I’ve seen him play. He came down ‘to the ground yesterday and got me to fetch him a bowler and a ‘couple of scouts for an hour’s practice. I fettled him with a bowler : ‘one of *my* colts.—He knocked the ball all over the shop.’

‘Then he can hit,’ observed Crisp.

‘Hit! a’ course he can; and so can any bit lad when the bowl- ‘ing’s made to order,’ replied Golightly. ‘Didn’t I tell ye I *fettled* ‘him with a bowler? He was bound to hit. He asked me if this ‘colt o’ mine, Ashton, was our best form!’

‘And what did you say?’ interrogated Crisp.

‘Say,’ replied Golightly; ‘why, yes, a’ course. What should ‘I say? And the lad Ashton is our best form—when he likes. ‘Only you see we had a conversation together, and he didn’t like!— ‘I think it served Mr. clever Woodridge right for wanting to spy ‘into the enemy’s country. What think ye?’

‘Cert’nly,’ replied Crisp; ‘but tell me, how does he play?’

‘I can tell ye how he doesn’t play—and that’s with a straight ‘stick,’ responded Golightly, contemptuously. ‘He either waits for one to leg, or steps in to a short-pitched one. He’s over-partial to leavin’ home for me. I am a long way out of my reckoning if he can stand before some of our bowling.’

Crisp had now done his touting most effectually, and while the shades of evening were falling gradually over the town he trudged off in the direction of the Doctor’s residence. The news he carried was of so weighty a nature that it got into his legs, which moved about in a curiously undecided manner. But though his brain might be overweighted his heart was light, and he lifted up his voice in song. Sinister must have been the final hob-nobbing of John Golightly and Matthew Crisp, else, why should the gentle Crisp inform the peaceable inhabitants of Heatherthorp, in stentorian tones, that snaring of a hare was his delight on a shiny night in the season of the year? He knew he was rather ‘gone,’ and had sense enough to put his head under the pump before venturing into the presence of his master.

The interview was brief, for the Doctor speedily discovering the cause of Crisp’s unusual garrulity, possessed himself of the information he brought, and dismissed him.

Our hero was up bright and early next morning, and leaving a note for his assistant, Robson, intimating that he would be absent for a few days, surprised the driver of the Sursingle bus by climbing into one of the box-seats of that extraordinary vehicle, about three-quarters of an hour before the up-train was advertised to leave Heatherthorp station. The impression left with Thomas, the said driver, with old Barjona, who was doing his regular morning constitutional, and with early-rising Heatherthorp generally, was that Doctor Sutton had been suddenly called away to an important consultation; but impressions of this nature are more frequently erroneous than not, and in the present instance they were very wide of the mark indeed.

To what straits, and into what eccentricities, will not love, morbid sensitiveness, and incipient jealousy reduce a Christian gentleman! He was intuitively certain his absurd wager with Woodridge had been made the subject of more than one conversation at the Place; he ground his teeth when he thought that perchance he and his vagaries had given rise to gentle laughter, and—what pray? He might be wrong, but he felt Woodridge was his rival, and no rival should crow over him, therefore he must win his bet, if possible; even now he was on his way to ‘a public trial’ of his cricket capabilities. In plain English, he had induced a friend to include him in the Eleven that was to play at a town some hundreds of miles south of Heatherthorp, and where he would appear incog.

And how fared it with Kate the while? Pleas of pressing professional engagements had served to excuse the Doctor from visiting the Place, so she had not seen him since ‘the evening of

‘the bet.’ This was one annoyance. Crisp, too, kept out of her way, which was another—for she was only a woman, and Bluebeard’s wife will never die. Besides, her father had dropped a hint or so about Mr. Woodridge which she could hardly fathom, but which, nevertheless, gave her a good deal of uneasiness.

This is what she wrote to her dear friend and confidante, Miss Sylvia Vandervelde, daughter of her father’s esteemed partner now visiting relatives in the gay city of Hamburg :—

Wimpole Place,

May, — 18—.

‘MY DARLING SYL,

‘I HAVE such a budget of news for you, and serious news too, not gossip, that I scarcely know where to begin. I wish I had your knowledge of what your very German brother would call the philosophy of the human heart—I mean the male human heart of course. But I have not, so it’s no use wishing. You remember what I told you about that handsome Doctor Sutton who saved my life. Since my last letter he has been a great deal with us; papa likes his society exceedingly; they are on opposite sides in politics and indulge in after-dinner arguments; and I, who am no politician, like his society, too. There, that’s the truth, Syl. I know what you will say. Your dear friend, Di Vernon (or Lady Gay Spanker, which am I?) has at last met with a congenial spirit. Nothing of the kind. Doctor Arthur Basinghall Sutton—you see I know all his name—though not quite such a chevalier des dames as that consummate master of the arts of conversation, and charming tenor, your favourite Reginald Woodridge, is quite a handsome fellow, and his manner is exceedingly captivating. And then he can be sensible without being priggish; gay without being flippant. Don’t say I am sketching a paragon, my dear, for I am not; though I am, perhaps, sketching something as rare—a thorough English gentleman.

‘The other evening Woodridge and he met, and—you will scarcely credit it, Syl, but at one and the same second I knew that he loved me and that he was jealous of Reginald! Not that he has ever spoken a syllable to me. I don’t think he would dare, unless he were sure of papa’s permission—though a papa would matter little to me, if I were a man! He has not even presumed upon the great claim he has to my regard in having saved my life. But on this particular evening, when the gentlemen joined me in the drawing-room, he looked as savage as your brother Albrecht’s mastiff. I was vexed at him when I believed I had divined the cause of his annoyance, for I wanted Woodridge to see him at his best.

‘Well, will you believe it, my dear Syl, we have not seen the Doctor since. I made papa ask him to dinner, but the aggravating thing returned a polite refusal, pleading professional engagements. I had a good cry when his note came. I now hear from my maid

'Burroughs, who was told it by the druggist, who had it from Robson, that he has left Heatherthorp to attend some stupid consultation.

'From what papa told me this morning at breakfast it seems that Woodridge and the Doctor nearly quarrelled over their wine on the evening he dined here, about a cricket match; and they made a wager about it, quite angrily papa says. Is not all this annoying, dear Syl? And then papa himself has been worrying my life out about Woodridge. What can he mean? At one time I thought he meant marriage; but that would be too absurd.

'Do write soon to your affectionate, but perplexed friend,

'KATHERINE WILSON.

'P.S.—Is it true that two seasons ago at Scarbro', where you first met Woodridge, his "attentions" to you were most pronounced? Tell me the truth, there's a dear. And tell me what you would do if you were in my position.

'When are you going to leave that horrid Hamburg?'

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

month of October, which the Latins described by the epithets *imbric* (umbrellary), *nocturnus* (macintosh-compelling), and *luculentus* (productive of wet nights), was, I think, as far as Paris is concerned, better named by our Anglo-Saxon ancestor, who distinguished it by the title of *Winter-fyWich*, or 'winter-season beginning', for so, in fact, it is to the present day. This year 1867 is an Exhibition, and consequently an exceptional year, and people did not return to their usual haunts as regularly as they are wont to do. Generally the Paris man, when his return to his metropolis is concerned, is as punctual as the collector of impositions (you call him a tax-gatherer, but he is just as big a bore here by his local name), or as the late Earl Fitzhardinge, who had a fixed day for everything every year. Such a day buy horses; such a day try on coats; Monday, 8th, toy-boats; Tuesday, 16th, speak about sports; and so on. But this year dissipation kept people in Paris till time to go to London, and so they were naturally later out of town than usual. The Autumn Meetings, too, produced no great racing; and I think, without interfering with the many-eyed 'Argus,' I may safely predict that no two-year old *Châtauneur* is now eating his corn at anybody's expense in France. There has been plenty of racing, however—fields larger, and odds shorter, than ever! But the weather has been queer and wet, and the attendance consequently shy and fishy—in its element, in fact. I regret that circumstances over which I had no control compelled me to attend more to the performances of aged dictionarists than young horses, and perhaps I saw more in-and-out running than if I had stuck to the legitimate business of Longchamps and Chantilly. France is getting rapidly overrun with small races. Not many days ago I was in the extreme south of France, and on going down to bathe, I perceived the 'correct card' of two meetings stuck up on the wall on which are daily recorded the state of the weather at Timbuctoo (always deeply interesting to an European of sedentary habits), and the price of the Rentes in Paris, about equally amusing to a bather, who is going down to his swim with the conviction that he certainly is not in one with any of the arrangers of 'good things

(and they exist on the Bourse as on the Turf, only *bigger* robberies, and so 'better things') in Paris. 'By Jove!' I said to Diver (he was in the Marines, you know, and got the Royal Humane medal for saving a sea-calf from an alligator), 'there are two race meetings! Better than bathing, old boy, isn't it?' Neither he nor Header (he was in the R.N.) seemed to think so, but, like good fellows, they agreed to go. 'Above all, let us take lunch,' said Diver, R.M. 'And,' added Header, R.N., 'just see what collaring there is 'in these confounded *shandaryduns*.' All was arranged; but, alas! we found that all the races in the *département* were published in the chief town, and we were sixty miles from the performance of a programme, which, however—and there is consolation in everything—consisted chiefly of 'races in harness at 'the trot.' So much for my country meetings. Poor Monsieur Fould died when I was travelling in his neighbourhood; and I can assure you that his loss is as great to dependents as it is to the Turf. I need not say here how great that loss is to France. He and the Duc de Morny were of the Bentinck school of the French Turf, and we could have better spared a bigger speculator. During the recess business has carried me, as I told you in my last month's infliction, to Paden, and from Baden to Pau and Biarritz. Now I seriously advise the readers of 'Paily,' if they ever wish to perform that journey, to harden their hearts, tie up their heads, and make up their minds even for the duplex-damnation movement of a journey from Baden-Baden to Paris, and then go direct to the Orleans station and start for Biarritz, so shall they save time and temper (I will say nothing of money), and escape a wear and tear which will bring a strong, able-bodied pleasure-seeker to the level of a dummy. I went *viâ* Genoa, which is too sanctified (they have done away with the pleasant little table at the Maison Fazy, where you could win a few napoleons—or lose them) for me, and Lyons, which is too dull for anybody, and from which the very ghosts of those chiefs of the kitchen—those blue ribbons of the spit and of the gridiron—have fled, and 'gone stew' in, perhaps, the infernal regions, where, by chance, they are now doing devils for supper. Devils, to be eaten by whom? Fortunately Pau intervened on our route, and a pleasanter interruption does not often occur in the journey of life. Imagine, after thirty hours of 'disconnected' railway, with ten minutes allowed every three hours indigestion, finding oneself at the Hôtel de France at Pau, your courier having cunningly telegraphed for beds, and hinting, at the same time, that the bare necessities of life had better be on the table at half-past nine (train due, you observe, at nine). Purgatory to the land of, not Promise, but Performance! For my part, I like game, especially ortolans; truffles are pleasant, but wrong. 'Thank you, I really think I *will* take a 'little more;' a good rôti and salad, a few glasses of the vine of the country (Pau is near a very pretty vintage), and 'so to bed content,' as *feu* Pepys would have said. When I opened my eyes at Pau, the first thing I did was to open the shutters; the second, to bathe my eyes in the beauties exhibited by a kind nature before the windows of the Hôtel de la France; the third, to bathe my body in the river; the fourth, to order breakfast; and the fifth, to ask if there was any fishing, shooting, or hunting to be had in the neighbourhood. I find that there is fishing, but only good in hot weather, as Lot's wife would have found (even after her transformation) that the river was too cold, and she, I fancy, was then prepared for cold immersion. There is shooting, but you must work for it, and hunting, which, I hear, is really good. Listen to me, gentle rider; there are fences! Now hunting without fencing is as poor an amusement as fencing without foils. From Pau we proceeded—

and deuced slowly too, I can tell you—to Biarritz. Biarritz is a sort of refined Bognor—Bognor, that is, as when I remember it, and when it consisted of fifty-one weeks of lobsters, and one week of racing swells. Very charming, and not too cheap. You have to bathe in your best clothes here; and ‘any mermaid curling her hair, except on the rocks set apart by the Alcade, will ‘be punished as the law directs;’ but if you give way to laws and regulations life at Biarritz glides calmly away in the undress society of those charming princesses, duchesses, and untitled ladies which the illustrated papers delight to render hideous. I eat shrimps for breakfast at Biarritz, and they, as you know, take time, compose the mind, and prepare you for the judicial examination of a question.

‘Any shooting, fishing, or hunting here?’ The person addressed was M. or N., as the case may be. Answer:—‘Fishing? Yes, at Cambo.’ Such a pretty river, such scenery, such, I was going to say, decorations! I was too late, but I hear that a company (let us trust, in the future interest of fishing, that it is not a ‘limited’ company) is about to strictly preserve this river, where not only trout, but salmon are said to abound. You can shoot in the neighbourhood of Biarritz. This I speak about with some certainty. The eyes, we are told, are less credulous than the ears; but then, look at the month! And did I not ‘dismiss down that faithful’ member, quail—ortolan—partridge—pheasant! They must have been killed near, for they were not ‘high.’ Hence there must be sport at Biarritz.

‘But the fact of there being game at Biarritz is really no reason that you ‘should keep “Baily”—“Baily,” sir, for which I pay, sir. Well, *owé*, sir, ‘if you are so damned particular, though my banker has orders to what you ‘young fellows call “stump up.” Keep “Baily” out of Paris Sport and ‘Paris Life?’

My dear sir, you are quite in your right, as they would say in their nasty French language here; you are right, too, in fact and in English, and so we will go back to Paris, its dissipations, its luxuries, its pleasures, its vices, although you, a respectable country squire, with two months in London during the season, really should know nothing of such things. Think, my good sir, of the future of your son and heir, who is nearly ripe for plucking at Cambridge. Never mind! We will go back to Paris. It is not a bad nor a dull city—a little too dark and dissipated perhaps, but gas and tracts, clean living and early hours, will restore it ‘to its place among nations;’ that is to say, the wickedest capital of the most debauched country in Europe.

We are, of course, in the agonies of the conclusion of the Great Exhibition season. Now, my worthy reader, take a fool’s advice for once, and never you go near ‘Exhibition-ville’ in whatsoever latitude or longitude that city may be. You, I am sure, as a reader of our esteemed ‘Green Back’ circulated monthly, and worth what it represents itself to be, which I am taught to believe has not always been the case with every kind of ‘Green ‘Back,’ will believe that we only wish to preach the truth, and so you will avoid Exhibitions as you would plagues, by which I do not mean children, for those, you know, you cannot always avoid. To the readers of ‘Baily’ I fancy a city full of ‘Excursionists’ must be an awful bore; I only know that it is to the dwellers in the land! When we speak of ‘Excursionists,’ we do not mean ‘trains there and back for nothing, and a great discount if a quantity ‘of tickets are taken’—nothing of that most legitimate thing, I assure you. I mean the ‘genteel parties.’ Now, I fancy ‘genteel parties’ are the most awful bores. Never having been used to genteel people myself, I am perhaps

rather shy of them ; but this I know from having been thrown among them sometimes at hôtels : they ask for the most, and wish to pay the least of any corporate body of locomotive travellers I have ever met.

‘When a man travels he must not look queer

If he finds a few things which before he saw ne’er,’

is, we all know, a law laid down by Mr. Charles Mathews, who, I rejoice to say, gave us ‘the light of his countenance this year at Baden, where he shone amongst us like a star—like a star, of course, who was abroad *en congé*. I wonder if he remembers the story of the squibs and crackers. An archduke some years ago was a year older than he was A.D. the year before. M. de Matthieu, as they would call him, was dining with some friends, and the question of a little fête for the Grand Duke was raised. We sent out ‘circular notes’ to buy fireworks, with which to explode in the Grand Duke’s honour. We consigned our investment to the gardener, and when the hour of celebration came there were no effects. The crackers cracked subterraneously ! There was the deuce and all of a row about this wasted capital ; but at last we found out that M. le Jardinier had planted the rockets, like trees, under the impression that they would throw out roots. The result was smoke, dust, *et praterie nihil*.

This reminds me of once in Sussex going to buy fireworks for some children in the month of September. ‘Well, sir.’ ‘No, sir,’ said the general dealer of Lobstertown. ‘No, sir, indeed, sir, which I would not deceive you, ‘and which is a good and general customer ; but fireworks, sir, no, sir ; the ‘magistrates, you see, sir, and then, sir, it is only September. I don’t wish ‘to deny, sir, that the first week in November I may not go the length of a ‘squib.’

But we must return to the point. English people must not expect to have Great Britain on the Boulevards. You send us over a lot of—shall I use the term?—duffers, and expect us to welcome them here as the fine flower of English aristocracy. You are *bêtes*, my friends. Paris can discover an English gentleman without any passport, official or social ; and, indeed, Paris society is by no means the fool which it looks. Apropos of Paris life, we have just had one of those episodes which are peculiar to society here ; they used to be common enough in England, but there duels died out with pig-tails, top-boots, really late divisions in the House, French hazard, and other iniquities. Here the test of the ‘duello,’ the appeal to the ordeal of steel, still exists. Now, I am far from being sure that quite doing away with it is so great a benefit as is supposed. Just imagine, for instance, that a tall bully rears his foot and kicks some poor little dwarf, what the deuce is Dwarf to do ? He cannot box—to ‘shin’ he is ashamed ; but if Dwarf parades Giant the next day at fifteen paces, he is raised by the perilous logic of lead to a level with Giant. I do not go so far as a friend of mine, who, coming back from India, and hearing that duelling was abolished, exclaimed, ‘Duelling ‘done away with ! Then no small man’s wife is safe !’ I do not go to that length, but I confess, under the regulation of good seconds, duelling may not be quite an abomination ; but I think it is overdone in France. It is very well to try a man’s courage, but you must not overtry him. Look at this, for instance. Colonel A—— writes a private letter to his intimate and sincere friend, M. de B——, in which he speaks very harshly of a common acquaintance. Colonel A——, who is ‘Grand Seigneur’ above all says, ‘Show this ‘letter to C—— (common friend) if you like, but to no one else.’ De B—— shows it to dozens of others, but not to C—— ; then denies that he has done

so—is proved by C—— to have done so, and so C—— has first to fight him for his treachery, and then A—— for writing the letter. A little more, and one would after a fatal encounter have to call out the heirs, and failing them, the exors and assigns, and so the quarrel would be as hereditary and of as long descent as a Corsican Vendetta.

We have got our last Imperial visitor here for this year. That great gentleman, Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, is here, and he is to be entertained like a gentleman; he is to see the Exhibition as much or as little as he likes. He is not to be taken in state to the play; he is not to be made to dance off the soles of his Imperial pumps; and he is to have several good days' shooting at St. Cloud and Compiègne. Perhaps he will go to Vincennes steeple-chase and perhaps he will not, which is more likely. If his K. K. Majesty went and wished to back the favourite, I am sure that Mr. Gideon would oblige him with the chance of gaining one of those 'monkeys' which he caught in his trap lately on the hunting-grounds of Chantilly. The Exhibition dies out on the day which gives this precious effusion to the public—dies and makes a good many signs, but it has sent us swells. I could give you a list of illustrious foreigners now in Paris, which would raise the envy of the 'Post' and the ire of the 'Inspector.' Duchess of Cambridge, Lord and Lady Spencer, Lady Herbert of Lea, Lord and Lady Hopetoun, Duke and Duchess of Manchester (these four are all hunting-ward bound); then we have foreigners without number—Hungarians, Poles, Russians, Spaniards, Portuguese—a man, I had nearly said *the* man from Monaco, Turks, and I dare say Infidels. All rush about everywhere; and, I confess, get in the way of the resident, who execrates the Exhibition and all its workers, if not its works. Apropos of works, we English may be proud of our display. You have only to wish to buy glass from Dobson, china from Copeland or Minton, pianos from Broadwood, coral from Phillips, carriages from Peters, to find out that they are all 'sold three times over.' They may not all have got gold medals, but as the public has decorated them with the 'order' on the banker, I think they may retire into private life both wiser and warmer men. Earl Granville is here, and is to preside at a dinner of all nations, eating, too, of the dishes of all nations' cooks; and Lord Houghton, who presides over the expiring Exposition. When that is over, we shall return to the normal state of Paris; and I shall have, I trust, a quantity of highly improper anecdotes and quaint scandals for the readers of 'Baily' in December and January. 'Unfortunate Miss 'Baily' will then mean one who does not take in regularly that magazine, which is not so green as it looks.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—October Olla Podrida.

OCTOBER, once celebrated for its nut-brown ale, but now more marked by its Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, and the one in which attorneys make 'declarations' of their clients' intentions, and game preservers sign death-warrants for their pheasants, has passed away; leaving behind it reminiscences anything but pleasant to those who indulged in the game of speculation. Newmarket has been the grand scene of operations, and 'The Cesarewitch' and 'Middle Park' the features of the really First October Meeting, the most disastrous the plungers ever have known since the raising of their corps, and which is now almost disbanded by the series of reverses which they have sustained, and which benefited

only the Ring and the Stamp Office. This is hardly to be wondered at when we reflect upon the present style of betting, when a life interest is staked on a Maiden Plate, and a reversion risked on a Consolation Scramble. It is this state of things that has brought the Turf to its present position; and as long as the toads try to swell themselves to the proportion of the bullocks, so long will heavy fathers indulge in dramatic soliloquies on the evils attending it, the pursuit of racing under difficulties, and read the Riot Act to their Young Rapids, who fly for refuge from their homilies, to the Alsatias of Clifford Street, Jermyn Street, and Waterloo Place. Short sermons like short races being now the order of the day, we must quit the Pulpit for the Heath, and watch the progress of the fray, which was destined to be fraught with such disastrous results to the gentlemen sportsmen, who commenced the proceedings by a match between two of their own class. Until recently Gentlemen Rider races were confined to Bibury, Warwick, Brighton, and one or two other pleasure Meetings, and were supposed to be tabooed at head-quarters. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela*, and this autumn they have frequently been introduced into the list. Accustomed as the Newmarket folks have been to jockeys no bigger than Fordham or Custance, the sight of Lord Westmorland and Captain Hawkesley on The Star and Mrs. Stratton must have taken them by surprise, and given them the idea of some of those huge Brobdingnag figures for which the Drury Lane Pantomimes are so celebrated. Nevertheless they turned out to be living realities as the betting proved. As Lord Westmorland was known to go as straight as a crow across country, and his opponent only imagined to be equal to a march with his ex-corps from the Regent's Park to the Knightsbridge Barracks, the Peer was made the favourite, and made the most of the running, but the Commoner waited on him very patiently, and coming with a sort of electroplating Fordham rush at the finish, won by three quarters of a length. The Ring cheered the performance because they won by it, and the whole affair was a relief to the Court-like formalities of the Heath. In a Sweepstakes of Three Hundred Sovereigns which followed, the public had a sort of 'inspiration' to back the slashing daughter of Canezou, consequent on her victory in the previous week; but Clemence, an equally high-bred filly, did justice to her lineage and Mat Dawson's training, by upsetting the odds, winning the race, and foreshadowing the great event of the morrow. The only other feature in the afternoon was the defeat of Leonie by Suffolk, who had been quite transmogrified since the last time he ran, when he seemed to have lost all his action. But it now came out the plate on one of his fore-feet had been put on too tight, and which gave him the appearance of walking away lame, so he was at once reinstated in his old position in the Derby market. A Sweepstakes and a Handicap being won by Mr. Savile, rendered the Cesarewitch such an apparent certainty for Sealskin, that he speedily became second favourite, and all the fair sex determined, in deference to the weather, to cover themselves with him. The following day brought us on to the most extraordinary Cesarewitch we have seen of late years, and which was only subsequently equalled by the Cambridgeshire, which was a worthy companion to it. So many and important were the changes in the Russian handicap that it is a task of no small difficulty to detail them, but nevertheless we will attempt it. Honesty was the first estimated when the acceptances were declared; and although it may have been hard for his owner to have been forestalled, still, for the sake of the *morale* of the Turf, we confess we should like to witness a few more demonstrations of the same sort that were made by the Duke of Hamilton. Then the noble army of backers found out before Mr. Chaplin that Blinkhoolie

was a rattler, and the lists soon experienced the effects of their belief. Woodyeates without a Cesarewitch favourite would be like Leadenhall Market without a turkey, or Billingsgate without a turbot; and Armourer, although a mere journeyman in the opinion of William Day, was made out to be a first-class workman, especially when 'challenged' to show what he could do in private. Still many would have he had not recovered from the hard knocks (Knox) he had, and all sorts of terrible examples were talked of being made about him to the British public. At last Manchester came to the rescue when matters were *in extremis*, and the Armourer went to do his duty for the Household Troops. Lothario, the only bad-named horse of Baron Rothschild—for after long years he is still a 'maiden'—was made out by Turf analysts and the Newmarket trainers to be a rattling good thing, and 'real jam' for his backers, until on his Sunday morning gallop he pulled up lame, and dispersed these hopes to the winds. Montgoubert was the representative of Paris, and Young Express of the Cape of Good Hope, which made some people entertain an idea he was got by Cape Flyaway. Julius who had all along been supported by the Duke of Newcastle, was taken up as the first instead of the second barrel of Mat Dawson, as with it both his Grace and Sir Robert Peel did dreadful execution in the Ring. Meanwhile the to be, or not to be, of Blinkhoolie was determined by Mr. Chaplin, who generously consented to take the hedging money of the public, which he afterwards was enabled to deal out again to the same body at a profit. Westwick, who in the palmy days of the Whitewall stable, would have carried some thousands on him, now only bore French and four sovereigns of John Peart, who could not resist the inviting opportunity of risking that sum on the chance of securing 'a monkey' to amuse himself with during the winter, and which would have been perhaps more welcome than the early violet in the spring. Sed Diis aliter visum est; and after a rattling run race Westwick was the only neighbour Julius had at the finish, and which he had all to himself. Never was Cesarewitch easier won; and Julius was in the enthusiasm of the moment dubbed Faugh-a-ballagh the Second. Still when the quality of the two fields is taken, and if the racing dentists of the day were not in 'a fog,' when they examined him, of which there were grave doubts entertained at the time, the Sussex horse must certainly be pronounced the better of the twain. Nevertheless the Cesarewitch could not have gone into better hands, and it is rarely a victory has been so well received. Honesty, who was believed capable at one time of walking in, and who was seized with a species of stiffness in one of his hocks, and which lasted so long he was almost dragged out of the stable, ran sufficiently well to justify the original hopes that were entertained for him. In any other stable his fall would have been as rapid as that of Phaeton, but Mat deceived the professional horse-watchers so well, that the Ducal money was hedged before the murder came out.

It was afterwards suggested by 'Argus,' and not inappropriately, that the Duke of Newcastle, to still further perpetuate the victory of Julius, should add Cæsar to his name, so that for the future he should be known by the designation of Julius Cæsar. Whether the alteration will take place, and be registered at the College of Arms in Burlington Street, yet remains to be seen, but the idea has at least novelty to recommend it. Sealskin, we had almost forgotten to remark, never could act on the ground, although it had rained for four-and-twenty hours previously, in answer to Gilbert's prayers, which he, with the rest of his backers, put up for a [downfall, and Fordham said he never fairly extended himself. Blinkhoolie inflicted a heavy blow and sore discouragement on Mr. Chaplin and Captain Machell, both of whom had

implicit belief in his easy victory ; but having come to the insurance office early in the morning, they took no harm by the issue. For a time he ran very faulty, but, strange to say, staying, which was considered to be his strong point, turned out to be his weak one, and he tired at last to nothing, his boy letting his head go ; and it was only by sufferance, we suspect, he was fourth. As may be suspected, the result was a disastrous one for backers, and when the list of killed and wounded was reckoned up, the return was more serious than had ever been calculated upon. However, when they thought of Lady Elizabeth on the morrow, they said the money was only temporarily lent ; so they ate, drank, and 'shook their elbows' as gallantly as ever, and utterly oblivious of their presence being respectfully requested at Albert Gate on the following Monday, between the hours of three and five. Wednesday will long be remembered as one of the most important in the annals of Newmarket, for it opened with an exhibition of Mr. Blenkiron's princely liberality, and closed with the exhibition of an insult to him, apparently so marked and uncalled-for, that on first reading of it in the 'Calendar,' we imagined the report of the Meeting must have been incorrectly given, and hundreds shared our views. It seems, however, no mistake was made, and 'the Hansard of the Club' was, as usual, correct, and Mr. Blenkiron and his friends left in entire ignorance of the manner in which he had been treated, no confidential communication even being made to him on the subject. Of the earnestness of the Admiral and his fellow-stewards that the measure should be carried, we believe there cannot be the smallest doubt ; but the former, in his usual hasty style of doing things, failed to consult those without whose aid his proposal could not have been carried, and the result was fatal to the continuance of the Middle Park Plate beyond the ensuing year. The Admiral, it is said, was dreadfully annoyed at the proceedings, because he understood they were more levelled at himself than Mr. Blenkiron. Still he might have taken care that the announcement which was made to that gentleman, and the public simultaneously, was couched in language calculated to assuage the annoyance he must necessarily have felt at being put up like an image merely to be pelted at. Now, considering the sport Mr. Blenkiron's donations have produced, anybody with sense enough even 'to get out of the way of a gig,' would have thought such a cheap way to get out of the obligation which the Jockey Club was undoubtedly under to him, as the presentation of a Pass for the term of his natural life (he certainly would not require one at its expiration), would have been gladly seized upon by that body. But no—the proposal, ridiculous and absurd as all must admit it to have been, was rejected in the most unceremonious manner, and no other mode of recognition, such as asking Mr. Blenkiron to sit for his bust or his portrait, substituted. It was urged, we believe, by Lords Glasgow and Winchelsea, that as Mr. Blenkiron's thousand was merely given as an advertisement for his yearlings, the Club were not further called upon to take any further steps in regard to his donation. But as neither of those noblemen are purchasers of Mr. Blenkiron's young stock, and for very different reasons, it was surely ungracious for them to look a gift horse in the mouth. But they fully maintained their character as obstructives, and brought fresh obloquy upon themselves. Still a measure which, proposed by the Stewards, could not be looked upon in any other light than a ministerial one, ought certainly never to have come to a division, but have been tided over until a more convenient period, or altogether withdrawn. Then a vast amount of discontent would have been avoided, a two-year old Derby preserved in the Calendar, and the feelings of an honest merchant and thorough-bred sportsman spared the infliction of an

unnecessary insult. We have dwelt on this subject longer than is our usual wont, because of the excitement the affair has occasioned in the racing and breeding world, and the absence of all official information, which might remove the impressions to which the affair has given rise.

The weather on the eventful day, the day on which the 'Battle of Hastings' was fought, was sufficiently bad to almost account for the Government fiasco to which we have just alluded. The Outlands were only remarkable for the reappearance of Viridis, and the reappearance of Cannon in the Duke of Beaufort's colours, a sight which gave the greatest pleasure to John Day, who had done all in his power to heal the sore which the Duke felt about the pace for the Derby. As luck would have it, the mount was a successful one, and the relations were thus more strongly knitted together, almost, we may say, in a Porter's Knot, as a glance at the return list will show. The Bedford Stakes followed, for which Ouragan and the Earl went into the Ring, and after a tremendous set-to between France and England, the former was declared the victor, and the enemy was declared to have sheered off with a heavy loss. Then after an interval, in which Lord Glasgow won a match, which, when it was first seen in the papers, was deemed to be a mistake, the Middle Park Plate was served up, and a most aristocratic party partook of it. The eagerness to get the titbit was most desperate, and every one was liable to the charge of greediness; but Mr. Clarke, who may be said to have acted as carver, felt compelled, out of justice, to deal it out to Green Sleeve, the beautiful daughter of Beadsman, who in his opinion had just the slightest possible advantage over her half brother. Lady Elizabeth, to the great disappointment of her friends, was too late, from not having started early enough, and being unable to get through her companions who were jealous of her superior claims. But badinage apart, it is years since Danebury sustained so decisive a blow as was inflicted on its fortunes by the defeat of the slashing daughter of Trumpeter. John Day, who had remained at home to the last moment, and who had John Powney to assist him in the trial, and confirm its correctness, was flabbergasted at her being beaten, although he must have heard enough of the merits of Sir Joseph Hawley's lot, to convince him there were 'rocks ahead,' of which his animal must steer clear. Still when we consider how often Lady Elizabeth has been called on during the season, her having to lower her colours cannot create much wonderment, especially when her seven pound extra is taken into calculation. Report gives her out to be the same as Lord Ronald, and as we conclude he would just have the call of the field if he had been engaged in the race-course, the Marquis might well be pardoned for putting down his thousands as he would stamps on his letters. If however, he lost his money, he did not lose that which was perhaps of more consequence to him, viz., his appetite, and cheery as a lark, in pugilistic language, he came up smiling, only to receive more punishment in the next round in which he took part. This engagement was the Newmarket Oaks, in which Midwife very unexpectedly delivered the Ring from the payment of the large sums they had guaranteed to pay him for his Seville Orange, whose distance may be said to be what Miss Braddon would designate the 'Lady's Mile.' That Friponnier should have beaten Hermit for the Bretby was no surprise to those who saw him, neither did the defeat of the latter on the subsequent day by Longchamps create any sensation, as it was clear he was used up by his preparation for Doncaster and his exercises there, and that he sighed for his 'long vacation,' which he had earned as deservedly as any Oxford student or Lincoln's Inn barrister.

Friday will long be remembered as a red-letter day at Newmarket, for the

most sensational match since that of Voltigeur and the Dutchman came off. The contending animals were the winner of the Cesarewitch and Lady Elizabeth, and the weights were calculated to as great a nicety as if the concoctors of them had been preparing a prescription to be made up for a patient *in articulo mortis*. Amidst breathless silence Mr. McGeorge slipped them like greyhounds at Alcar or Ashdowne, and they ran like them, as fast, and when there were as many doubts as to which was the best of the twain, and amidst shouting so loud the Clerk of Ely Cathedral was compelled to stuff his ears with cotton, as they used to say of dying culprits at Newgate in the olden time, Mr. Clarke ordered the number of Lady Elizabeth to be hoisted, and Danebury went its way rejoicing. As to the merits of the pair at the weights, opinion is still divided as much as before. The lullii contend their horse ought to have won, if Daley had come through with him instead of easing him for the finish; while Fordham, who rode as desperately as if he had felt a garrotter's claw on the point of claspings his neck, urges that it is confirmation, strong as proof of holy writ, that if he had not been disappointed he should have won the Middle Park Plate. But against this argument there is to be mentioned that Green Sleeve beat Virtue, the second, but actual winner of the Champagne at Doncaster, so it would look as if the form was correct. The remaining items require no comment, as they doubtless remain fresh in the memory of those who are interested in them. And, therefore, we will merely add, the settlement was the only question that remained for consideration, and while backers were writing to their stiff merchants, layers were searching the columns of the newspaper for investments for their winnings. It is true they were aware they could get higher interest at Tattersall's than in Threadneedle Street, but the latter was their favourite for choice, and we think not without reason.

The intervening days between the arrival of the Newmarket Special, and the gathering of the tribes at Knightsbridge, were busy ones for the Plunging Brigade, and the Hansoms were kept employed until a late hour in the search after drawers, acceptors, and indorsers. Money rose rapidly in value, and the difference between City and West End prices was something between eighty and ninety per cent., and they may be said to have left off with a rising tendency. The leviathan account created no uneasiness, for had not 'the 'Fould of the English turf' guaranteed it should be paid, and when was he ever known to fail in an engagement? But it was feared there would be hitches in some of the minor ones, although the Stamp Offices had been cleaned out, and fresh demands compelled to be made upon Somerset House. The apprehensions were, however, groundless; and although the great houses of Davis, Calisher, and Morris never did such an enormous amount of business before, and were obliged to send numbers empty away, the Ring were in such high spirits, and so amiably disposed, that a stranger might have imagined he had been in the Bankers' Clearing-house, instead of at Tattersall's, after so awful a week. The few vacant days between the settlement and The Houghton were devoted to the Welsh Circuit, or, rather, to Cheltenham and Hereford; but the sport was of the tamest description at the first-named place, and attended with many disagreeable features, which it may be as well not to reproduce; and Hereford quite took the shine out of it, thanks to Lord Bate-man's patronage.

The Houghton Meeting, which was to restore so many fallen fortunes, pay off so many mortgages, and furnish so many hunting studs, proved the finest week that was ever recollected at Newmarket for backers in an atmospheric

point of view, but the very worst in a financial one. This was much to be regretted; for bad weather they might have provided against, but for a bad run of luck they could not make head; for Clifford Street had closed its doors; Jermyn Street was deaf to the voice of the charmer; and in Waterloo Place—once a sure find—the sinews of war were strung up. Still the plungers, seeing that all retreat was cut off from behind, hardened their hearts and advanced on the foe, which, represented by Messrs. Steel, Morris, Hulton, and Nicholl, and their staff, were quickly ready, in the language of 'The Drill Book,' to receive cavalry. The encounter was a sharp one, but victory was at last declared to be on the side of the layers, who, during the week, had so much the best of the game, that one of the leaders is said to have exclaimed, he was tired of winning; a singularity of taste for which we were hardly prepared. The Cambridgeshire, which followed, produced its double share of excitement from the incidents connected with it, and which will serve to while away many a winter's night at Newmarket. Friponnier was one of the first heroes of the piece, and he was laid against so steadily by Mr. Stephenson, who was so unconcerned about his operations, that many imagined he had 'the scratch' in his pocket, and all foresaw, that if Fripon could carry the money and win with it, he would be priceless as a Life Guardsman's Charger. The cause was stated to be the old one of forestalling, and the desire to cure it, by means of a severe remedy. But the whole affair brought to our recollection the scene of Hetman Platoff being struck out at Doncaster for the St. Leger, after Mr. Ives, the Commissioner of William Scott, had shown the latter his book, and told him of the hints he received about covering money which he had laid against him, and which, although amounting to some forty or fifty thousand pounds, a mere milk-score in the present day, was at that time thought to be equivalent to the Bank of England. 'So they talk about making me cover, do they?' remarked William Scott to the gentleman already alluded to, as they met in the Rooms after the first day's races. 'Yes,' was the reply. 'And you know I am unable to do it? Very well, then,' rejoined William Scott, 'we will very soon show the beggars how mistaken they are, and I will put you out of your misery at once. Give me a piece of paper and a pen,' and these being handed to him, he at once wrote—'Hetman Platoff is struck out of the Doncaster St. Leger at 5.35, W. Scott.' And, fastening the announcement to the glass by the aid of some wafers, he put an end to the mutiny of the backers in as quick a space of time as Sir Charles Napier. Of course there was the usual amount of grumbling, but the operation was 'un fait accompli,' so the Hetmans had no other resource but to part with their money.

We do not say for a moment Mr. Stephenson enacted the part of Mr. Ives, but many entertained the idea, and could not be argued out of it. Then The Knight of the Garter had a large number of friends, who gave out it would be 'a Collar Day' with him in two senses of the words. But they were deceived, and Captain Machell's horse proved anything but a true knight, and ought to be degraded to a lower order. Lozenge was a great favourite in the north, and every mouth was full of him; but at Newmarket they made wry faces when they were asked to swallow him. Four sovereigns was his value in the eyes of the Admiral, and Sam Rogers, from whose stable Mr. Fulke had removed him, thought he would be dear at that price. But change of treatment produces strange results, and young Hayhoe, taking the advice of John Peart, who knew what Lozenge was at Whitewall, persuaded him not to work him to death, but to dodge and canter him about. By so doing he came out big and fresh instead of being as light as a sandwich and as cripply as an epi-

cure, and going like a cricket-ball on the best of the ground, he defeated the ambition of the well-named Wolsey, after two as tight fits as ever was seen. To describe the joy of the Yorkshiremen and the annoyance of the Newmarket folks would be difficult, for the latter to feel they had the Cambridgeshire in the town without knowing it was a bitter pill, not to say Lozenge, for them to get down. Mr. Clayton, the owner of Lozenge, is a young gentleman who has not been long on the Turf, and coming of a good sort, and belonging to one also, and having no Lord Burleigh mystery about him (no offence, mind, Mr. J. B. Angell), his success was very well received. The chief winners were his immediate friends, and they will not have done badly if they only receive what is due to them.

About Honesty, there were all sorts of contending reports, by Honest-minded people, who would have it he could have been second or third to Julius, had not the strong arm of the law interfered. Such an inference, it is needless to add, was absurd, as he was literally dragged out of the stable to start on that occasion. The Duke of Hamilton, who bets far less than is generally imagined, had scarcely anything on him; and up to the last moment Honesty's fate trembled in the balance. At last it was determined he should be exposed to the multitude, when the disposition of the public spoke well for their morals. Actea was warmly patronised to the last, although it might have been recollected she had not won a race this year. And to turn over a new leaf with the Cambridgeshire was rather a novel proceeding, after having once won it. Laneret was the lion of the day, and his winning pronounced to be one of the 'morals' of the season. Always highly prized by his owner, who bought him in as a yearling at a thousand guineas, when a draft of his stud was put up to be sold, he had always had a first-class reputation, and had he not gone amiss last year, just before the Derby, he would have been a very officious neighbour to Lord Lyon. After that he went all wrong again, and had to go to the seaside for a change; and after having tried the mild air of Sussex, which not being bracing enough, he was ordered to try what Yorkshire would do for him, and it so improved him that the wags said it enabled him to carry an extra stone for the Cambridgeshire. Saccharometer was the animal he was measured with, and who made his party so sweet, and, when he won the Cambridgeshire Trial Plate by ten lengths, the grand prize of the morrow was said to be already within his grip. But the fates decreed otherwise, and having to work his way on the lower ground, the long grass on the top of the course stopped him, and he could only get third to the dead-heaters; but the honours of a place were by no means so barren as the reporters sometimes describe them to be. Altogether the Handicap was well-constructed, and wound up the Autumn series very successfully, although the plungers caught it over the face and eyes. Then came a serious *contretemps*, in which the Prince of Wales's groom ran across three horses, who were running in a Plate, contrary to the form of the Statute in that case made and provided, and the whole lot came to grief; and the afternoon's sports concluded with a grand exhibition of chivalry in which the whole strength of the Newmarket Company took part, and in which Donnybrook Fair was reproduced with new scenery, dresses, and decorations. That the *mêlée* originated in a mistake there seems no reason to doubt; but how it assumed such proportions as to outgrow and resist the resources disposable at the Jockey Club's orders is difficult to comprehend; and when we state that Messrs. Benyon and Templar had to run the gauntlet of several hundred horsemen, like a sailor going round the fleet to be flogged, it speaks volumes for their speed, and the Indian Stag or

Peckham Deer could scarcely have done more. Then there was the thrilling incidents of their reaching the Birdcage, the belief they were saved, the interference of Lord Canterbury, who would have it, as they had not been balloted for, they could not come in, the accusations of being Welshers, the startling recognition by Sir Joseph, and the cry from the horrified spectators, 'They are saved! 'they are saved!' Then came the attack on the Birdcage, and total rout of the assailants. All this would require the pen of the late John Fenimore Cooper to have adequately portrayed, so therefore we merely reproduce the leading features, leaving our readers to fill up the background. As may be imagined, the outbreak occasioned the greatest sensation, not only on the Heath, but also in Newmarket and throughout the entire country, which had been put in possession of the intelligence by telegraphic agency. But the authorities were equal to the emergency; and at a council of war, which was held immediately after the races, to devise what further steps should be taken for the protection of the Club and their friends, the Admiral, who evidently laboured under deep emotion, was understood to say, unless he had seen with his own eyes the sad spectacle of this afternoon, he could never have believed it to be true, and regretted that increasing years prevented him taking that part in quelling it he would have adopted in his hot youth, and grieved to think of the inroads of the Manchester and Yorkshire Vandals on the Promised Land; and he concluded by stating his belief that he could yet hold the Heath if there were an increase in the forces, and which he then submitted for their consideration. Then Lord Winchilsea, who, finding the disturbance had no origin in betting transactions, found he could conscientiously place his services at the disposal of the Club, which had already benefited so much by the adoption of his counsels, suggested a system of warning off worthy of an Irish landlord. The Earl of Glasgow, wholly rejecting the plea of age, which he might very fairly have advanced, also came forward and offered the Club, if they could raise a National Guard, the use of his magnificent stud to mount them; and if their appearance did not quell the rioters, their pedigrees, he contended, would have a great moral effect on them, in which we entirely coincide. The estimates were then voted, but whether the other measures will be adopted remains to be seen; but we are given to understand it is the intention to raise 'A Welsh Brigade' for the protection of the Club and the preservation of order on the Heath, founded on the same principle as the National Guard of the Pope, which consists of some of the first French and Italian nobles, and is extremely popular. We have been favoured with the names of those who have received Commissions in this favoured Corps, but as they have not yet been gazetted we are unwilling to wound the susceptibilities of Burlington Street. Still we can go this far, and state that the selections will reflect credit on the Admiral, who has evidently thoroughly understood the claims of the several applicants.

Our Hunting Intelligence is rather meagre, but next month we hope to make amends for it. The Queen's have commenced with a promise of a good season, and the North Warwickshire have had some good things. Mr. Scratton of the South Essex has had the well-deserved compliment paid to him of

having his Picture presented to him; and a new attraction is held out to the Meltonians in the shape of a popular Evangelical Preacher, whose qualifications are united in an advertisement with those of a Hunting Box. Whether the Reverend Gentlemen delights in long or short runs, we are not in a position to state; but no doubt a good twenty minutes from his pulpit, is relished as much as from Kirby Gate. From Yorkshire we learn the late harvest did not allow Masters of Hounds to begin cub-hunting as soon as their natural thirst for blood made them desire; and the want of rain has made scent very scarce, and we have heard no very great accounts of brilliant mornings in the woods. The North of Yorkshire is all alive. Mr. Cradock has, at the earnest request of his neighbours, got together a pack of hounds to hunt the country, well known formerly as the 'Raby Country,' where for ages Dukes of Cleveland delighted in fox-hunting. Mr. Cradock is very keen, and has done his best to form a pack, and young Dick Christian is his huntsman. They have commenced well, and been lucky in killing their foxes. Mr. Gilpin Brown and 'Billy Williamson' are useful friends, constantly at hand with advice, which their age and experience enable them to give. The Bedale Hounds have, we hear, killed a cub or two. There is a little bustle going on amongst the landowners, and a dinner at Bedale, for Mr. Milbank to talk fox-hunting, is to commence the season. The opinion is that the landowners had better fill their covers with foxes before they give way to after-dinner swagger. Lord Middleton has had some good sport, but poor Ben Morgan, as usual, has managed to tumble and break his collar bone. The Bramham Moor Hounds began proceedings on the 5th of September, and are deluged in blood. Turpin, the new huntsman, is very painstaking, and the splendid condition of his hounds is a proof to those who ever noticed a foxhound of the manner in which he must have studied the art of feeding and training during the summer. We hear that these hounds did good work all through the dry, hot weather in September and October, seldom coming home without 'blood.' The Master is full of hope, and declares that, 'if the rain will come down freely, he will have the fox first, the 'hounds pretty close at him, and the Leedsers in the rear.' These hounds have killed twenty-one brace of cubs. The Bramhammorites are a happy lot; no vulgar swell desiring the hounds not to 'disturb his covers.' Captain Fairfax, the 'Grand Grenadier,' has been bustling about with his harriers on the moors near Harrogate. Alas! he has too much dash about him for a hare hunter. His style of riding and decided rush at the timid animal soon ends the run, and throws over all the science. If the Guards are called out to pursue a Fenian, 5 to 4 Captain Fairfax handles him.

Our Stud news is likewise very limited this month, but in our next issue we will bring up our leeway. Asteroid has gone to take up his quarters at Danebury, while Beadsman and FitzRoland have the copyright of Sir Joseph Hawley's mare. Chevalier d'Industrie, over whose good qualities we have so often indulged, has woken up and found himself famous, thanks to Friponnier, and Citadel's yearlings indorse every word we have said in his behalf when we alone justified the award of the Islington premium. And

here we willingly avail ourselves of the opportunity that presents itself to state we were in error in supposing, or rather giving currence to the report so prevalent at Doncaster, that Mr. Jackson objected to Mr. Williamson as referee in the proposed match between Gladiateur and Blair Athol. It seems Mr. Jackson, on the contrary, was perfectly willing that Mr. Williamson should be appointed, but the objection to him was made by Mr. Mannington, on the part of Mr. Jennings; and as Mr. Payne, who was talked of, declined to have anything to do with the matter, the dispute as to which was the best-looking horse of the pair could not be decided. This explanation, which Mr. G. Holmes, of Beverley, has kindly forwarded us, will so completely do away with the impression which was formed at the time that the match was not a *bond fide* affair, that we can hardly regret having alluded to it, and Mr. Jackson stands fully acquitted of any attempt to shirk a decision.

Our Obituary is rather a long one, and includes Lord Fitzhardinge, an excellent nobleman, who united in himself the qualities of a gallant and skilful Admiral, a painstaking and clever Civil Servant of the Crown, a first-rate Master of Hounds, and one of the most daring horsemen that ever wore a scarlet coat. These are rare qualities, and but few individuals have been blessed with them. He died at an advanced age, and, we may add, more beloved than any of his predecessors. Mr. Frank Dowling, of 'Bell's Life,' has also gone the way of all flesh, consumption having claimed him for her own. He was clever in his vocation as general manager of 'Bell's Life,' and brought off with tolerable success the great prize-fights which were committed to his charge. But his kind-hearted disposition sickened at being brought in contact with the ruffians who are now to be found in the Ring, and he gradually weaned himself from them. For details of the career of the remainder of departed worthies we have not space, and they cannot be said to require further notice than that which was bestowed upon them in the newspapers of the day.

The Old Shekarry we took leave of on his departure for Abyssinia, in which expedition he is likely to play an important part from his knowledge of the country and its languages. And we are sure our readers will share our satisfaction in being able to state that the first fruits of his Sporting Adventures will be detailed in the pages of 'Baily.'

The mill between Mace and Baldwin, which did not come off, we only saw adequately described in one paper, viz., the 'Era,' where the editor truthfully and wittily designated the Meeting as the 'Mull for the Championship;' and certainly Pierce Egan himself could not have hit upon a happier phrase.



Vivian

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

LORD VIVIAN.

AMONG the Noblemen who have joined the Patrons of the Turf of late years, and have occupied some share of public attention, may be named Lord Vivian; and the fidelity of our Portrait, we imagine, scarcely renders it necessary to designate it further in our accompanying sketch.

Lord Vivian, who was born on the 24th of December, 1808, is the son of Lord Vivian, one of the most distinguished of the Duke of Wellington's generals, and who, as Sir Hussey Vivian, was remarkable for the gallantry he displayed in the several actions of the Great Duke, who regarded him with the strongest attachment, and, on his accession to power, made him his Master-General of the Ordnance, recommended him for his Peerage, and looked on him as one of his right-hand men. Indeed, it has been generally allowed that, with perhaps the exception of the late Marquis of Anglesey, there was not a finer or more dashing cavalry officer than the late Lord Vivian. The subject of the present sketch, who, it must be admitted, bears about him the stamp of a soldier as well as of his ancestry—for he is descended from the oldest family in the county of Cornwall, which can trace its lineage as far back as the Roman Empire, as Tacitus makes mention of a certain Vivianus Annius—was born, as we have said before, in 1808, and, as became the son of such a father, was dedicated to the profession of arms. Having been educated with that view, he entered the army, and served some years, and, after having attained his majority, he retired upon half-pay. The first race-horse with which the name of Lord Vivian was associated was Sabreur by Voltigeur, out of Ada by Polygar, a mare ridden by Lady Vivian as a hack for fifteen years. This horse, which he bred himself, he trained with Lord Zetland, under certain arrangements as regards stakes. And with him his Lordship, when he brought him out, ran a dead heat with Sparrowhawk, and was only beaten a head by him in the deciding one for the Aske Produce

at Newmarket. At York August, however, he had improved this form very much ; for after beating Donner und Blitz for the Three-year Old Produce, Sabreur came and beat 'The Wizard for the Great Yorkshire Stakes, when odds were laid with freedom on Mr. Nicholls' horse, and his defeat seemed to be impossible. This victory naturally called attention to his chance for the Doncaster St. Leger, for which he started second favourite in Thormanby's year, but only got fourth, the difference in the length of the two courses enabling 'The Wizard to revenge himself upon his former conqueror. This defeat he, however, nobly wiped out and obtained reparation for, when, within forty-eight hours afterwards, he was again stripped for the Doncaster Cup, in which he beat Thormanby, the winner of the Derby, High Treason, the second in the St. Leger, and four others in a canter, making himself out to have been the best horse of his year over a distance of ground. Winding up with this 'blaze of triumph,' Sabreur retired from the Turf, and was afterwards eagerly sought for the foreigners, and sold to go to Hungary, where his very name would make him popular. This was the only horse Lord Vivian trained in the north ; and coming south, he joined Isaac Woolcot's stable, where he remained some time ; but his team, consisting of Tumbler, Dick Turpin, Bouquetiere, Stephen Langton, and horses of that stamp, are hardly worth recalling, from the indifferent manner in which they have performed ; and they have since been removed to John Dawson's, at Newmarket, where they are associated with those of Count Bathyany. In summing up Lord Vivian as a racing man, we cannot help considering him as a real acquisition to the Turf in more senses than one ; for besides having been brought up in the strictest school of honour, he has not suffered himself to be cajoled or frightened out of opinions which he may have formed on a case, however unpalatable those views might have appeared to those who dwell in high places. And very properly considering that England is a free country, and that a Nobleman has a right to an opinion of his own, he has shown a degree of independence, in his conduct on the Turf, that is worthy of imitation by other owners of horses, of the same social position as himself. And should he ever take office, by any change of Administration, we are satisfied Lord Vivian will not disappoint expectation. Lord Vivian, we should add, is also a fox-hunter, and rides to hounds remarkably well for a welter weight.

His Lordship has been twice married : first to Arabella, daughter of the Rev. John Scott, of Ballygannon, in the county of Wicklow ; and secondly to Mary Elizabeth, eldest daughter of the late James Rauton, Esq., of Plasgwyn, Wales, by each of whom he has had issue.

FROM DAWN TO SUNSET.

IN the evening of our days when the shadows fall apace, and the sun of our youth has set, and the star of hope sheds the only beam which is to guide us towards that 'apathetic end' which is fast closing upon us—in the evening of our days comes the season of reflection, fed by regretful memories, nurtured by brilliant retrospects, cherished even to the end as the only source of happiness to those who have ceased to exist in the present, but to whom the past is an open book to ruminate upon in the last weary hours of a waning life. In good truth, this is a wholesome season for me to moralize, eking out my weary life here 'on the stones' in the ceaseless 'roar of London'—I, once the noblest of the brute creation, and the *preux chevalier* of a peerless race. Alas, how changed! The keen winds of spring, the hot breath of summer, the autumn's rain, the winter's snow, each in their turn beat upon this unheeding frame, this shattered wreck, this worn-out shell of what was once bright and gay; and if, as the poet sings, 'A sorrow's crown of sorrow is remembering happier things,' I may be excused, if sometimes, in meditative mood, I toss my nosebag contemptuously, and look upon my fellow slaves with feelings akin to disdain, as I flatteringly congratulate myself that I am not

'Altogether of such common clay
As rots into the souls of those whom I survey.'

The swells, as they dawdle along the pavement, cast a lazy, careless glance at my battered forelegs and hollow back; but there is a shade of pity in their tones as they recognize me as a 'bit of blood' among my less aristocratic compeers. Alas! that this small consolation should ever be a salve to such as I—that I should forget even for a moment the evil days on which I have fallen—that I should dare to hope for anything save that hour of happy release when the portals of Jack Atcheler shall receive me, and my wearied spirit be for ever at rest. What have I to fear beyond the poleaxe which I ought to welcome? Yet still the pride of ancient days will rebel, and I shudder to think to what 'base uses' I may come—to what hard-earned bread my bones may bring unwholesome weight—from what vile shambles my flesh may be brought in 'questionable shape;' nay, what committee of taste may sit over my body, or discuss the aptitude of my carcase for human food in the columns of the 'Thunderer.' No quiet grave upon windy hill or in shady paddock awaits me, such as covers the honoured remains of some patriarch of the stud, when his labours of love are past and the friendly shot puts an end to his pampered existence. Might this rather have been my lot; or rather had I died a glorious death in the dangers of the chase, and dying, have known that my beloved clan of 'spotted beauties' would be called in to batten on my remains; those my companions o'er hill and dale, to whose music I have oftentimes careered in happier days, whose light has so hopelessly faded in the

dim twilight of adversity. In the sultry summer glare, when the 'growler' and hansom are alike at a discount, my 'Jehu' will while away his hours of idleness with pipe and paper, and as he lazily unfolds his own peculiar organ, and prepares for a diligent perusal of yesterday's racing news, I prick my ears and listen attentively, not daring so much as to disturb my mind by even a faint mumble at my morning meal, so much am I distracted by the narration of scenes in which I once played so important a part: and as my torturer settles himself for a more comfortable siesta on the box of his cab, I forget my past cares and my present sorrows, and am carried back to the bright heyday of my youth, to the scenes of my triumphs and disasters, when I might have been called the master of man instead of his slave, and when a casual cough, or almost imperceptible limp from a tight shoe, would have set the hearts of thousands throbbing with wild pulsation, and the anxious tidings have been flashed throughout the length and breadth of the land, convulsing those who could read of the fall of empires with unmoved eye, or stand unappalled in the face of danger and destruction. Oh, ye coursers of high degree, who are about to court the smiles of Fortune, spurning the ground with elastic stride in the pride of your might, listen to this warning voice from 'the ranks,' and in the moment of victory, as well as in the hour of defeat and disgrace, consider how soon my fate may be yours, and learn how gradually, though no less surely, is accomplished that descent from which there is no recovery, and no release from the bondage which it imposes on the 'mighty ones' who have fallen. As the 'Latest Intelligence' is promulgated in a dreamy monotone among the band of 'cabbies' who hang on the words of the prophet or gloat over the diatribes of the 'Special,' I turn round my head in wonderment at the credulity of man, and his implicit faith in the dogmas of charlatans who undertake to initiate him in the mysteries of training, and rend the veil from dark secrets of the stable through the medium of 'inspections' which not unfrequently have never taken place, or even, if permitted, have, by some mysterious agency, been contrived so as to dupe those highly favoured among men, and to impart to their lucubrations that halo of rosy light with which the glimpses of the wonderful are ever wont to be encircled. Glorious' as is the pomp, and deep as is the excitement with which the matchless sport is invested in the eyes of the public, 'tis but a hollow show and bitter mockery to many of its most devoted upholders and actors upon its stage; 'tis a pastime fit for gods and heroes, and would rise sublime above the recreations and relaxations of mankind, did not the clogs of unbridled gambling and ill-disguised infamy, and the dead weight of base associations tend to drag it down and make it of less account than its noble attributes demand. Ah me! what strange machinations might I not unveil, of what deep-laid plots have I myself been the subject; unwittingly, perchance, in the hot season of youth; but to me time has brought conviction and experience too late to profit me thereby. Often as I scent the country air, and

refresh my eyes with the dewy verdure of meadow and down and wood, comes back to me the first recollection of that happy pasture-land where I was born—that retired grange in the ‘cherry country’ which lies

‘Not wholly in the busy world, nor quite
Beyond it.’

Those were the halcyon days of existence, when the first warm rays of the spring sun so genially fostered my infant strength, when the first gentle rustle of the young oak leaves and the sound of rooks ‘in ‘immemorial elms’ were my lullaby, and the days seemed too short for happiness, and the sheltered paddock too small for the exuberance of my waxing powers. Then released from the care of our nursing mothers—a playful band—we entered upon a freer existence in the ampler meads, in well-assorted coteries of equal age, and in our pride of birth and beauty of budding symmetry we might have sung—

‘We were a glorious company,
Oh but we went merrily!
We forded the river and clomb the high hill.’

The shadow of the rook sailing over us to his ‘right of turbary’ in the deep meadow base, or the rustle of the hare in the dry twigs of our boundary hedge, would send us careering away with heads in air, and tails streaming to the wind, scouring in mimic conflict over the grassy slopes; then wheeling on a sudden and gazing listlessly at our neighbours for a while, we would saunter along, like Agag, ‘going delicately,’ with lordly mien and princely bearing, for did we not boast ourselves of the ‘stuff’ of which Derby winners are made, and scions of an ancient line? No Hesperidean fruit was ever guarded with more care in its fabled garden than this ‘rara juvenus’ in the groves of Kent; and the potentates of the press smiled their approval on our gambols, and their messengers and plenipotentiaries bowed down before us; and there were some who came and saw and said but little, fearing perchance to break that golden silence which prudence and policy alike enjoined. Shall I ever forget the day of my exile from these happy shades? The ‘gaudy’ summer morn broke cool and calm, and each of us, as we stood in our airy, well-ordered boxes, received our varied knots of visitors as they scrutinized us one by one: a motley crowd, where the noble was jostled by the ‘nobbler,’ the trainer by the tailor, the dapper jockey by the unwieldy ‘city loafer,’ the learned in horseflesh passing their critical judgment on each individual point, and the uninitiated multitude drinking in the gospel or propagating and retailing it on their own account. Then, after the nursery inspection came the parade, and in fretful capering file we danced through the unaccustomed crowd, till the moment came when our fate was to be sealed, and the period of our bondage should commence for better or for worse. A murmur of applause hailed my appearance in the ring, and as if conscious of the compliment, I bore myself bravely, with easy springy walk,

fiery eye, and quivering nostril, as I held my head aloft and pricked my restless ears; then on a sudden, a sharp rap above my head sent me rearing and curveting again, and amid another burst of excited sensation I was led away to look upon my quiet home for the last time. Down the long sheeny avenue, out into the busy dusty road, away in shrieking whirling train, and soon 'fresh fields and pastures 'new' opened upon me in the new land whither I had come. I pass over the toils and monotonous course of breaking and backing, the December 'trial,' and the commencement of actual training; suffice it to say that the hopes held out by my youthful promise had been abundantly realized, and among my peers there were none who could extend me in our trials of speed over the soft undulating downland, where the morning air blew so keen and fresh, and the sheep bells tinkled more excitedly as the old wether led her fleecy host at a sharp scamper out of the 'track,' and the thunder of our hoofs sent the larks fluttering away on either side as we breasted the 'finishing' hill. The long-wished-for, long-expected day came at last, when plaited mane and plated hoof brought unmistakable signs of the impending tourney. Then I was to show of what metal I was made; and it was with proudly confident step that I walked out of my van on the morning of the day which I knew must make or mar my fortunes. Let those who doubt whether the race-horse enters into the spirit of the contest with equal ardour with his rider, owner, and thousand admirers—let such, I say, know how high my heart beat in anticipation of success; how applicable to me as well as to the warrior were the words of the poet—

'The triumph and the vanity,
The rapture of the strife,
The earthquake voice of victory,
To *us* the breath of life.'

The eager crowd which pressed round me as I was saddled only fired me with a keener desire of fame; and when, after the race had been three parts run, I found my flashier foemen coming back to me at every stride, with what ardour did I seize my bit, and responding right cheerfully to my rider's call, emerge from the dusty cloud which enveloped the scattered field, and canter past the chair the proud hero of a bloodless victory. Set now on the pinnacle of fame, wonder not that I turned giddy as I looked down from that perilous height, and bore myself more disdainfully among my fellows: yet did I labour faithfully and honestly through my ever-varying round of engagements; and although more than once did defeat await me, yet it did not overwhelm me; and a glorious reverse is oft-times more dearly prized than the triumph over foemen unworthy of their victor's steel. And in the misty October morning, when I carried my penalty up the Criterion hill, after an arduous struggle, foremost again in that 'war of giants,' I felt that my winter's rest had been well earned, and in the far-off vista of the future saw the 'deathless wreath' which adorns the Derby winner almost within

my grasp. But alas! that winter was to be to me one 'of discontent' indeed, for the lust of gold had prevailed, and my owner had sorrowfully given me over to the Philistines before the last day of the old year had rolled away. With my beloved trainer, my well-trying attendant, I was called upon to part; and regretfully, like Briseis, did I leave the home of which I had so long been the pride, to seek a new habitation among strangers whom I knew not. And oh how different was the treatment which I experienced at the hands of my new taskmaster! My first trainer, like some anxious pedagogue, would make it his business to examine and thoroughly understand the temper, constitution, and abilities of every horse under his charge; so unlike him into whose hands I had fallen, by whose blundering indifference the same work was meted out to all, whose cry was still 'bricks,' in spite of the absence of 'straw,' and no allowance made, no indulgence permitted to interfere with the cursed system of routine, which is the golden idol of obstinate stupidity, and the offspring of indolence and superstitious tradition. So day by day my strength waned, my spirits declined, and I looked forward with dread to my never-ending task of drudgery, which was slowly yet surely damping the fiery spirit, and breaking the noble heart beneath its remorseless sway. Goaded into despair, my once generous nature rebelled against the oppression of my taskmaster; and when the fateful day arrived, though I still held my pride of place in the quotations at 'the Corner,' it was evident to all who pressed round for a look at me, as I paraded the paddock with fretful anxious look, and ears laid back, that 'some one had blundered;' and so far from the great improvement which the touts and commissioners unanimously asserted me to have shown, the ominous silence and disappointed looks which encountered me on every side told a different tale. Like Lucifer, I had indeed fallen, but without the disdainful and defiant pride of the son of the morning; and as the hour of the race approached, a nervous madness possessed me, sending the perspiration streaming from every pore, not as erst when I rejoiced in the voice of war and the 'noise of the captains and the shouting.' In vicious wickedness, which fear imparts, I fought with my rider; and when at length the fall of the flag awoke that hoarse roar which seems to thrill through the assembled thousands, my ungovernable fury goaded me on far in front of the thundering *mêlée*, with head in the air, starting eyeballs and ungovernable stride, and not till the Corner was passed and the bottom of the hill reached, did my shortening stride remind my rider of failing strength, the fatal result of unhusbanded powers, and the headlong insanity which drove me to my ruin. Though I still led the scattered host, still each moment nearer and plainer sounded the onset of my foemen,—the clattering of the hoof, the laboured breath, the cracking thong: and now when my rider, steadying me for the last great effort, called upon me with whip and spur to shake off my challengers, like a broken bow I started aside, swerving not from distress alone, but because heart and will alike failed me in that hour of need. And the shout of

scornful indignation which announced my fall, and that exulting peal of triumph which rang in the victor of the day, ascended together in mighty chorus, to die away like distant thunder among the 'reverberate hills.' And so, defeated, disgraced, scorned, and abused, was I led away from that scene, where in the morning my name was in every mouth, and my appearance heralded with the enthusiasm and devotion due to some mighty potentate. Now the finger of scorn was pointed at me on every side, and the stripling under whose charge I sauntered to my stable jerked viciously at my mouth, as if ashamed to be seen in attendance upon such an object of contempt and derision as the fallen favourite. Why should I narrate each downward step which led me lower and lower towards my present state of abject wretchedness? The descent from Epsom to Bromley, from the Derby to a Newmarket Plate, is gradual, though not the less certain; and although, in the forlorn hope of success, I was sent to do battle again and again, yet the cowed heart could never rise—the elastic spirit was stretched beyond its bent and hopelessly gone; and 'deeper and deeper still' the dark shadow of misfortune enveloped me in its hopeless mantle, that shadow which blackens towards oblivion and the welcome advent of death. The fire of whiskey might kindle into a transitory glow the embers of the flame which once animated me; the draught of generous wine might send a temporary thrill through the blood which curdled and stagnated at the thought of the approaching race; the craftily-adjusted blinkers might hide the serried crowds from my nervous gaze; but the scheme was impotent to keep their maddening shouts from my ears, to keep me from *myself* and the consciousness of cowardice which oppressed me. The quiet country race-course, the noisy suburban festival were alike to me; and after disappointments in sweepstakes, in handicaps, in matches, what wonder that the heart of my Pharaoh was hardened, and like the irritated Baba in 'Don Juan' he should exclaim—

'Incense me, and I call
Those who will leave you of no sex at all.'

And in the bitterness of my spirit I longed for death to release me during that long period of my durance vile which followed on my degradation to a hateful existence; for not then, as in these go-ahead days, was 'business carried on as usual during alterations,' but a fitting season for remorse and reflection was allowed, as to one about to enter on a new phase of life.

Thenceforward my history is a blank, and I recal its envied stages with apathetic indifference, until the miseries of 'plating' in company with wretches who had fallen like myself, and the dangers and hairbreadth 'scapes of steeple-chasing had passed away only to leave me sunk lower still in the depths of degradation. On the weary desert of my life, as I look back on its blighted hopes and blasted prospects, one solitary oasis relieves with its verdure the bleak expanse. It is that period of my existence—alas, too short!—when I became the companion of man in the healthful ardour of the chase.

Oh, the keen enjoyment which I felt, as I trotted leisurely along in the cold gray dawn towards the distant meet, luxuriating in the short turf under the roadside hedge, while as yet hill and wood and upland farm loomed indistinctly through the morning mist, and the echo of the huntsman's horn sounded distant and muffled through the damp, drowsy atmosphere. Glorious days of never-ending excitement and enjoyment, as I strove in rivalry with my companions for the lead o'er fallow and meadow, through high wood, over swollen stream, with that music in my ears, more potent than any melody born of Orphean string, to wake the spirit of the noblest nature next to man's,—that deep-toned diapason of the pack, which is to the children of Nimrod as the throb of the drum to the soldier, and as the whistle of the free breeze to the mariner! This is my last, my fondest recollection; and oftentimes in my dreams comes back to me the unreal pageant of flashing scarlet, and flying horse, and deep-mouth hound, and the stern winding of the death-note.

Such are the sad experiences of my life; and a bitter lesson have the 'uses of adversity' taught me; a lesson which I have learnt too late for repentance, when my sentence had gone forth, and the past is beyond control or recal. It is on the irrevocable past that I muse in the quiet summer night, when the cloud of smoke which rises from a million hearths has floated away on the evening breeze, and the stars glide in 'mystic dance' above me in the deep dark sky: and in the damp yellow mists of winter, when the street-lamps loom like beacon lights before me, and the 'voices of the night' are hushed. Like the Arab, I am tempted to exclaim in remorseful tone, 'The friends of my youth, where are they?' and an echo answers 'Where?' Where indeed is their fate cast? whether in some ample retreat they dwell in luxurious sloth, like Eastern monarchs, 'careless of mankind,' and the most beautiful and high-born mothers of the stud proffer their favours in the lusty spring time: whether do they protract a calm, unruffled existence in some fair-lawned and wildly-wooded domain, resting, after their labours in the chase, in the well-earned retirement of old age: or whether do they still toil and drudge in slavery, or roam released in those 'happy pastures' which man's imagination has allotted to us in the dimness of futurity? Be their fate what it may, my tale has been told, and this 'voice from the ranks' has raised its notes of warning—perhaps in vain: yet not the less has the 'Story of my Life' given me a mournful pleasure in its narration; not the less does the moral remain to be drawn by those who have borne with me during my sketch of the fortunes of an old crock 'from dawn to sunset.'

AMPHION.

ON THE SEA-COAST.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

THE variety of the forms of insanity is almost endless ; and as but few of them occur among uncivilized people, we are reduced to the conclusion that civilization promotes madness. This is not a flattering suggestion to us, who boast the highest cultivation of our persons and intellects ; who have raised the pork-pie hat, the chignon, the crinoline, powder, white lead, and rouge to their highest dignity ; and have taught incipient boyhood to write foreign hexameters and pentameters, after the fashion of Ovid's 'Art of Love,' before it can translate correctly half a dozen lines of the language in which they are to be written. We are, indeed, a highly-civilized people, and as mad as hatters : 'tribus anticyris insanabiles.' Not that we would place all under the same category as Mr. Finlen, or the would-be successor of King Theodore, Mr. F. Alexander M. Marsara Bridgetower. No, no ; such monomaniacs as these are beyond the pale of ordinary criticism. The man who persuades himself that shooting an officer in the discharge of his duty bears any resemblance to the expedition against the illegal detainer of our innocent countrymen, and the man who wants to sit on the vacant throne of that treacherous savage, are not types of the innocent monomania by which most men are affected. But what we do contend for is this, that we are affected by a monomania ; and it may amuse us to consider the definition of monomania before we enter upon that part of the subject which regards the readers of 'Baily's Magazine.'

Monomania is an illusion or illusory conviction on one particular subject, whilst upon all others we are capable of reasoning with our ordinary intelligence. It prevents us from weighing argument or balancing advantage or disadvantage on that one particular point ; and induces a total forgetfulness or disregard of those influences which act upon us in other matters. It is a fixed idea, and so fixed that all other ideas come in contact with it and knock it about without moving its position one iota.

An Englishman's fixed idea is that he must go somewhere in the autumn. No matter whether he be rich or poor, hath a full quiver and an empty purse, or the reverse ; in health or out of health, his business is to go somewhere. The wickedness of passing the whole of that period between Parliament's up-rising and down-sitting in his own home is apparent to every one of us. To those who can command moors, lochs, rivers, deer-forests, yachts, turnips, stubbles, and strength to enjoy them, we have nothing to say. Hellebore would be thrown away upon them. Their sanity is sufficiently established. When the parched pavement, and the stifling St. Stephen's can be safely handed over to the solitary policeman or New Zealander, who thinks that already is the prophecy about to be fulfilled, by all means let it be so. The sooner the better. The swallows are ready to migrate, and the holes in the Belgravian caves

will know them no more at present. But that all bats, fowls, owls, and unfeathered bipeds, or rational animals should follow their example, seems to us about the most irrational of all logical conclusions. 'My Lord Duke is going to Scotland, my Lord Marquis to Baden-Baden, and the Earl to his Irish estates; and shall I, Gosling, be left behind? Perish the thought! I have no shooting, fishing, stalking, or sailing to go to; I have scarcely more than enough to pay my way in my miserable little den in the outskirts of society; but—well! health is the first consideration, and I'll make the sea-side fashionable, if I perish in the attempt.'

And let us add that if he chooses the scenes of our recruiting ground he is very likely to perish in the attempt.

The fixed idea, then, of about two-thirds of our migratory population is the sea-side. Nor would this much matter to the readers of 'Baily,' but that we are able to announce it as the scene of those proclivities in which Englishmen delight. Of the increase of wealth in these islands we have no more prominent example than in the riding and driving propensities of our countrymen. Money may be cheap or it may be dear, but that seems to make no material difference in the equestrian tendencies of our population. Aimwell, the gun-maker, is only a great card on the moors by deputy; his personal ambition is to appear a distinguished amateur behind a pair of fiery chesnuts. Sweetbread, the butcher, at the present price of meat, is probably capable of renting any amount of deer-forest, but finds the seaweed more like his native heather; exhibiting his prime joints on a two hundred guinea cob up and down the cliff. Bleacher, the draper, finds a favourable opportunity for practice in the sciences of riding and driving, and the west cliff is considered ground of so neutral a character, that Whitechapel and Shoreditch seem to have something in common with West End remnants. In fact, this fixed idea has been acted upon by the Englishman to such an extent, that our coasts swarm with visitors who might have closed their shutters and remained incog. for a month or two, without any great offence to the lovers of quiet during what is erroneously known as 'the recess.' Sea-bathing is a grand thing, without doubt. It relieves the mind of the fearful debtor, by assuring him of safety while his creditor is involved in the vortex of salt-water dissipation. It forms an excuse to the creditor for an amount of personal decoration in himself and his wife, which has been properly recognized under the head of costume rather than toilette. It is not too much to say that in this one point we have left even the French behind, though we have not caught them on the score of bathing itself. We are yet centuries behind them on that social scale of water parties, so characteristic of Dieppe, Havre, Trouville, and Deauville, with many other villes too numerous to mention. Indeed, our own first impression of that purely continental amusement was an erroneous one; and so remarkably erroneous as to be worthy a record in the present article. We keep, it is true, our proclivities for our autumnal trips as

well as they ; and if the talents of our neighbours for fertilising the amenities and delicacies of life under all circumstances develops itself on the sands of Trouville, the taste of the equestrian order of Englishmen is no less to be distinguished in Scarborough or Brighton.

We know Havre and Dieppe: their eating, and drinking, and dressing. Nothing can be pleasanter than a sunny morning passed in watching these coasts, with their life of business and pleasure. We have curious recollections of the human form in the minimum of clothing: the gentlemen running the gauntlet of the ladies ; the ladies intent upon their crochet, while a monster of the deep strode past them to his bathing machine ; a Hercules all but his club and lion skin. We might have seen the ladies too (a privilege not denied to those who chose to look), whose innocence was shrouded in clinging garments of blue, red, green, or black, cheerfully exchanging open badinage upon an open beach with their acquaintances of the morning. The odd part of all this was that it was done for lack of something else to do. Then we went to Trouville, and as we descended upon the thousands that thronged the sands, ‘at last,’ said we, ‘there’s something to look at beyond the decent nudities of the coast of Brittany.’ We thought to ourselves, ‘Surely these masses of human beings, pushing, striving, jostling, some on chairs, some on forms, but all with outstretched necks, are looking at a bull-fight or a donkey-race.’ So we went down and joined the curious throng. And there were donkeys—not indeed such as we expected to see—but donkeys of divers colours, ages, and sexes, for miles along the sands, splashing, and laughing, and floundering, and flirting, and dripping like Niobes without the tears. ‘Wonderful sands ! wonderful restaurants ! wonderful people !’ said we, Allah Mashallah ! There they exhibit their peculiarities, and there we saw the ‘*douche au naturel*,’ as we have never seen it before. The lady presents her broad back to the smiter, the attendant bathing-man, who fills a bucket with water, and with a run (which adds weight to the *chute*) discharges the contents upon the opposing body. When the resistance is not equal to the force the patient goes down, after the manner of Maddison Morton’s boat in ‘Box and Cox,’ ‘keel up’ards,’ as we were fortunate enough to see.

So far so good ; but we must admit that beyond this the recreation of a French watering-place is small. We give the preference to our own coasts ; and although we have been surprised to find people with good houses of their own, either in London or the provinces, preferring to pass a considerable portion of the autumn in a cramped lodging-house or an expensive hotel, we are obliged to admit that the recreations of the day do not begin nor terminate with a promiscuous bath.

Seamansville is about three miles long, and nobody knows how broad. It extends along the sea for that distance, and is backed by a steep hill and magnificent downs. It is about two hours’ distance

from London, has two piers, two cliffs, two packs of harriers, and two Members of Parliament. It has numberless flies, hotels, doctors, fishing-boats, parsons (ritualistic and otherwise), a cavalry regiment, a theatre, a Chinese pagoda, several brass bands, and a band of native Christy minstrels. There is an enormous house of public entertainment kept by a limited liability company, all balcony and lacquered work, known from its internal and external mosaics as Jerusalem the Golden. While we write it is alive with noses. This is better than Deauville or Trouville, with its naiads and nereids, listlessness, stupidity, and smells. Talk, too, of costume, let us walk along the cliff and behold the *jeunesse dorée* of Seamansville, not of England. It is only at Seamansville, or some such place, that the youth of either sex disports itself thus fantastically. Women have always the license, which we give to painters and poets, of doing as they like, and here they exercise it. Heavens! what a hat to trust to in a high wind, such as sweeps the ankles of the short-coated fair. Brown velvet and scarlet under clothing! tight to the figure, and saving the sou'-wester a monstrous deal of trouble, as the lady turns the corner with the decency of a Grecian statue in a gale of wind. Oh! ye ornaments and crosses, symbolical of St. Michael's and all Angels, matins, genuflexions, and Anglo-Catholicism; however, akin is the darkness of the middle ages to the light of day!

But if female costume adds to the splendour or amusement of Seamansville, the variety of male attire provokes our spleen by its intolerable vulgarity. All the heads of all the women in the world never conceived one half of the atrocities in the way of hats or bonnets that one short walk on the cliffs of Seamansville discloses on the heads of its men. Whether it be the pot-hat or the coal-heaver, the low-crowned wideawake or the broad and flowing-brimmed beaver; whether man affect the skimping duckhunter or the broad pilot-coat, the wide-hipped Frenchman or the tight-legged horsey pantaloons, the Seamansville youth is a most unmitigated snob to behold. He may be possessed of the finest qualities of head and heart that can elevate him in his own eyes or those of other people, but he looks as if he had every vicious propensity under the sun, and is fool enough to feel proud of exhibiting them. And only at Seamansville. Elsewhere his characteristics, if not wholly abrogated, are wonderfully modified. It is only by the seaside that military, civil, suburban, urban, and provincial, rentier, and professional combine to furnish a mark for the shafts of ridicule.

But with all this the prevalent fashion is still equestrian. The gentleman delights to look like the horsedealer, and the dealer like the gentleman; and in their own way it is pleasant to see them, the latter especially, taking the air. It has its dangers, this airing on the cliff, which is the exercise-ground of those who would learn to ride and drive. First comes a riding master, attended by a line of young ladies and gentlemen of the ages of from nine to sixteen. Not

having been much accustomed to horse exercise, and believing that safety consists in numbers here as elsewhere, they charge incontinently till pulled up by a cart full of shingle, which has the advantage of steadiness and weight. Not so the butcher's boy, who is running a muck with a fast-trotting pony, looking round at his rival, who turns just in time to catch the quarters of a grey, manifestly the pride of his new owner, and pursues his way rejoicing. This presents an opportunity to the owner not to be lost, of belabouring and twisting the unoffending grey, until, in ignorance of his rider's wishes, he puts his feet through the hoop of a playful child who has escaped from the maternal eye. At this moment our friend Aimwell, the gunmaker, arrives, a glass in his eye and a tooth-brush under his nose, with a pair of vulgar-looking steppers, whose legs are flying about in all directions, as if they belonged to some quadrupeds in another parish. A large cart with forty feet of scaffolding comes propitiously to the rescue, and presenting itself broadside on, calls a halt to some half a score of carts, carriages, and flies, and about forty equestrians on either side of it. There can be little doubt that this general stoppage has saved some score of collisions, though the remedy has been purchased at the expense of Mr. Aimwell's coachmanship. That gentleman will be a better performer before next season, if he does not perish in the attempt to learn: at present he has only broken his pole.

Wind (everybody says it is a soft one, a compliment which the wind might return to everybody) is a prevalent characteristic of Seamansville; but on no occasion does it display such a variety of antics as from the south-west. Sweeping the cliff from end to end, it seems to catch hold of hats, legs, umbrellas, coat-tails, petticoats, and *en-tout-cas*; young ladies and old gentlemen, whose hands are employed in taking in sail, are blown into one another's arms, concert singers and total-abstinence lecturers are whirled along side by side by the fitful blast, chimneypots and pot-hats darken the sky, and the tail of Mrs. Manslayer's grey Arab mixes itself with its mistress's chignon, presenting the lovely contrast of a gold and silver crown. Indeed, wind or no wind, in the matter of chignons, natural order seems reversed, and lovely woman wears her tow upon her head. An attempt to seek the open has proved upon one or two occasions a dead failure; and such is said to be the violence of the elements over the downs, that hare, harriers, huntsmen, and haystacks have all been seen flying away together: we can only vouch for the huntsmen and haystacks.

But when the weather is propitious, and bright Phœbus gilds the sloping sides of the hills; when a gentle zephyr brings its playful breath to warm the cold clods of the valleys, one of the most appetizing recreations of our sea-girt landmen is the pursuit of currant-jelly puss. Then every fly is engaged to carry its occupants from height to height, and hacks and hunters besiege the doors impatient for their freight. As they mount one hill, the flying pack

descends the other; nor is it too much to say that whatever the bipeds may be upon the flags, the hounds have the best of it over the grass. They figure best in the ups and downs of life. A fly, unless it be a turnip fly, is a melancholy object in a turnip-field, whence the fair occupant has to descend among the turnip-tops. It requires much imagination, a most poetic soul, to conceive that in the sodden mass which clings to your balmorals, you are brushing the morning dew from the rosy flowers. Nor is it a less effort of the ideal to sit upon an emancipated cab horse at the top of the Devil's Dyke, while the blue-mottles are running at the bottom, and dream of Leicestershire. Still we honour the British youth that does all this, and prefer him to his softer and slower type on the other side of the Channel.

But amusement and horseflesh will not last for ever; and, consequently, it is but twice a day that Crates, the China merchant, from Regent Street, with the butchers, bakers, and sixteen shilling trouser manufacturers, is allowed to risk his own life and that of other people. The coasters have devised between whiles a promenade to the tune of slow music, in which wealth and colour struggle for pre-eminence. From twelve to one the throng that shakes the pier is dense as the stupidity of a German court: and its colours as striking as the bell of St. Dunstan. We should rest a while to describe the wonderful heads, were it not for the still more wonderful coverings which adorn them; and the bold gothic of the scarlet-pointed petticoat, but for the classic simplicity of the sombre peplum which overshadows it. Lovely woman is there in endless variety, from the budding maiden, who blushes to behold so much of her own ankles, to the unblushing antitype of Juvenal's Roman matron, who would have no objection that others should behold more. Young England revels in its promised beard. Here are cavalry officers, cleaned-out plungers, successful City-men, unsuccessful feuilletonists, drapers' apprentices, touts, legs, bill-discounters, and most respectable money-lenders, of whom no less than three were pointed out to us as the unquestionable managers of the shipwrecked Haphazard's estates of Toutham and Puntington, any one of whom would suffice to ruin a dozen such luckless castaways. There they were, glossy and shining in brass; ogling, flirting, smoking, and drinking success to trade and a speedy division of spoil. Truly it was a scene great to behold, and wonderful to participate in: and as we rubbed shoulders with some of our comrades, our thoughts were of the tightness of money, and the perseverance with which it stuck—to all trades but our own. We were consoled only for our poverty when we thought of Midas, and reflected, that he may have transmitted another of his peculiarities together with his gold.

THE OLD OAK TABLE.

CHAPTER VII.

Here's to the arm that can hold 'em when gone,
 Still to a gallop inclined, sir;
 Heads in the front with no bearing-reins on,
 Tails with no cruppers behind, sir.'

WATKIN reached the little town of Maidenhead that night, just in time to catch the old Bath mail as it tarried for a ten-minutes' supper on its downward route for that city.

'Room for one, sir, outside,' said the guard, as he pitched Watkin's carpet bag into the capacious hind-boot underneath his feet; 'but we're behind time. That infernal fog made us crawl through Piccadilly like beetles to a black job; so if you've a mind for a snap, sir, look sharp and get it; it's your only chance between this and Bath, and there's not a minute to spare.'

Watkin, who, with the exception of a biscuit and a glass of wine, had eaten nothing since breakfast, gladly availed himself of this advice, and entering the salon, sat down at the smoking, well-spread board with the rest of the travellers. Among these not a word was spoken; time was too hard for the appetite, and the half-crown required for satisfying it, to admit of any compliments; the old principle of *chacun pour soi* governed the guests; and every man served himself with a clatter and assiduity peculiar to those coaching feasts.

Before, however, the liveliest performer had half finished his work the horn of the impatient guard rung through the silent street, and warned the travellers that the fresh team was put to, and ready to start. But the signal was utterly ignored; not a man moved a muscle except those of his jaws, and they were as busy as a grist-mill in full swing. Again sounded the blast; and this time, as the company seemed to anticipate, it was followed by coachman and guard entering the salon to protest mildly against further delay.

'What will you take, Mountain?' said two or three of the travellers, simultaneously. 'The night is cold, and you must wet your whistle before you leave this room.'

'Thank you, gentlemen, I'll take a brandy-bottom, cold without, if you please.'—'And I'll have a drop neat,' said the guard, pulling out his watch, and speaking in a hoarse, querulous tone, as if he only followed suit to keep the coachman company.

'Come, t'other eye,' said Mr. Henry Peyton, to whose experienced, though young hands, Mountain had consigned the ribbons for the night—'t'other eye;' and the coachman and guard held out their glasses while the waiter replenished them to the brim.

'I'll make up your time between this and Kennet, never fear,' said Peyton. 'There's some rare galloping ground in front, and we can stretch our cattle over the Wiltshire flats.'

'All right, squire, so long as they don't bolt with you; for you'll have some queer ones to handle—blind 'uns, bolters, and bo-kickers

‘—atwixt this and daylight. Our governor isn’t particular, so long as they can go.’

‘And keep their time,’ said the guard, whose responsibility on that score was fast assuming a peremptory tone. ‘Now then, gentlemen, take your seats, if you please: his Majesty’s mail can’t wait another moment.’

So saying, he stalked resolutely out of doors, followed slowly by Mountain, whose portly frame, enveloped in a vast drab double Salisbury great-coat and enormous top-boots, moved heavily onwards, like a haystack travelling on castors.

The passengers now rose *en masse*, amply supplied with the full stock of provision considered necessary for the long night’s journey before them. At Kennet, however, the tap was kept open, and there, at four o’clock in the raw morning, bumpers of foaming ale, hard as the Wiltshire dialect, and strong as the ‘Magdalen proof,’ were handed round, the coachman tossing off four of them, and declaring, in five minutes afterwards, it was warming his blood like fire, and making it tingle from the crown of his head to the bottom of his boots.

Cold and keen as the night was, Watkin enjoyed the pace at which they rattled over the road amazingly. Notwithstanding the vice and eccentricities of most of the horses, thoroughbred brutes that were utterly unfit and dangerous for any other service, Peyton shoved them along with so much nerve and skill that, long before the smoke of Bath could be seen in the grey of the morning, the lost time had been recovered, the guard had snatched his forty winks of sleep, and the mail-bags were landed at the York House door as the Abbey clock struck seven.

Notwithstanding the allurements of that fashionable city and its far-famed hostelry, which at that time was second to none in England, Watkin tarried not in Bath, but, mindful of the serious message he was bearing to the aged invalid gentleman respecting his only son, he sped forward by the first coach on his westward route without a moment’s delay. But a journey into Devonshire in those days was no joke: a hundred and twenty miles, even at ten miles an hour—the best pace of the fastest coaches—involved a long winter-day’s work; and when at length Watkin’s post-chaise pulled up at Hawkwell the Admiral had retired to rest, and could not be disturbed that night.

‘Master’s frail, sure enough,’ said the garrulous old butler, as he listened to Watkin’s account of the accident, ‘and I shouldn’t wonder if this don’t knock him on the head altogether.’

At that instant a sharp peal from the Admiral’s bell rang through the house; and as Watkin hastily warned the butler to be cautious in what he said, that official shambled off to answer the summons, and announce the arrival of his guest to the nervous invalid.

‘He must have some weighty matter to communicate,’ said he, faintly, ‘or he would never think of coming to my house unbidden at this hour of the night. What can it be, Johnson?’

The butler's power of reticence was at all times very weak ; but such heavy news as he now possessed would have burst him asunder, had he endeavoured to repress it a moment longer.

‘ Please, your honour, Mr. Henry has had a fall in hunting, and he's badly hurt about the head ; so the gentleman's come to tell you of it himself.’

A cold shudder suddenly seized the Admiral as he listened to these ominous words, and for some seconds afterwards he apparently ceased to breathe ; then, as he endeavoured to raise himself in bed, as if eager for further information, he uttered a deep groan, and fell back in one of those frightful epileptic fits to which he had been so long a martyr. Johnson instantly rushed out of the room to sound the alarm, and despatch a groom for medical aid. But this time the expiring lamp was not to be rekindled by human help ; for, although a short flicker and a faint tinge of returning life lighted up the sufferer's pale cheek, he never spoke more ; and, ere Watkin arrived at the bed-side, the spirit had escaped from its frail tenement, and winged its way to a better land.

Watkin felt the solemnity of his position intensely ; and, as with this scene the object of his mission had been brought to so abrupt and sad a close, there was nothing left for him now but to return at once to Oxford, and thence watch the issue of events at Lovelstone, where his friend Harry Stoford lay prostrate and unconscious. So the post-chaise that brought him to Hawkwell returned with him to Exeter, whence, taking the ‘ Exquisite ’ coach, with Stephen Tozer on the box, to Cheltenham, and ‘ The Berkeley Hunt ’ from that town to Oxford, he arrived at his college gates in twenty-four hours, confessing he was a little fagged by the long, sleepless, and fruitless journey he had taken into Devonshire.

In the meanwhile an anxious group of friends had assembled in the sick chamber at Lovelstone. It was the ninth day after the accident, and as yet, with the exception of a few broken and meaningless sentences, Harry Stoford had given no sign of returning reason and probable recovery. A change, however, for the better was now at hand ; for, as Mr. Masters and Tuckwell sat at a side table in earnest consultation as to the further treatment of the invalid, and Watkin was engaged in bathing his temples with a cambric handkerchief dipped in eau de Cologne, Stoford's eyes gradually assumed an expression of intelligence, and looking up, he said, slowly and distinctly—‘ Watkin, what became of Harlequin ? He carried me superbly. I hope he was not hurt : it was all my fault, not his.’

Here Mr. Masters interposed ; and briefly answering that the good horse was not injured by the fall, he begged Stoford to keep perfectly quiet and not enter into further conversation during his present weak condition.

In cases of this description it has been often remarked that, when a total suspension of intellectual power has followed a severe accident and not a ray of reason has illumined the mind of the sufferer for many a long day, the moment the balance becomes again adjusted and light returns to the brain, the last scene of the accident,

and all its previous accompaniments, are instantly reverted to with a vividness of recollection that is perfectly marvellous; as if the parenthetical period were a mere blank, a *tabula rasa* that occupied no place between the links of reason temporarily severed by such accident.

Stoford's recovery was now a mere matter of time; and when he was able to quit his bedchamber for the drawing-room and occupy the comfortable fauteuil, expressly placed for his use by Miss Lampern in the recess of an oriel window that commanded a fine view of Minster Lovel and the vale of the Windrush below, he said pleasantly to that lady, 'Well, if I fell on my head in the field, I certainly have fallen on my legs in your house, Miss Lampern.'

'I am so glad to think we were able to offer you prompt accommodation after your terrible accident,' replied Grace; 'for if you had been taken to Staple Hall it would have been a wearisome journey, and you would scarcely have been so quiet there as at Lovelstone——'

'And could not have been so well nursed and kindly treated as under your roof,' said Stoford, bowing with earnest and fervent gratitude to his fair hostess.

He would have been difficult indeed to please, if he had not appreciated and acknowledged the comfort he met with at every turn; his wishes were anticipated before they could be expressed, and whatever could contribute to his convalescence seemed to appear, as if by fairy command, at the very moment it was required. Then, Grace Lampern, just two years Stoford's senior, was as handsome and rare a specimen of full-blown, womanly beauty as could be seen in any clime or country: and in addition to this gift of heaven, there was something so unreserved, so natural, and so attractive in her manner, that no man, having the ordinary susceptibilities of a man's nature, could have defended himself against a battery of such power, under the same circumstances of range and opportunity to which Stoford was now exposed. As well might the bird that flutters under the eye of the painted snake attempt to escape from the spell by which it is helplessly bound, as Stoford from the fascination under which he was soon held a willing captive by Grace Lampern.

Day after day passed by in rapid succession, as he basked in the sunshine of her radiant smile and steadily recovered his wonted strength under the influence of her ministering hand.

Mark Antony, inebriate with love, and revelling in the charms of the Libyan Queen, 'contented there to die,' could scarcely have been more enthralled than Stoford was before he had been a month at Lovelstone.

To Mr. Nicholas Lampern, however, who rarely honoured the drawing-room with his presence, Stoford as yet had made no communication on this delicate subject: for, although he was utterly ignorant of his antecedents and history, there was something about the man that made him instinctively shrink from committing himself by such an avowal to Lampern's power. Besides the Featherbed

affair was not yet settled ; and Stoford was infinitely disgusted at the unscrupulous and exacting spirit in which the ci-devant lawyer insisted on his claims with respect to that mare.

‘A better beast no man ever threw his leg over,’ said he, the night before at dinner ; ‘and nothing less than full compensation for her loss will satisfy me. I gave, as I told him, one hundred guineas for her at Lincoln Fair, and as she improved so much in my hands I valued her at a hundred and fifty, when your friend mounted her at my door. She was then sound and fresh as a filly, and in one hour she was stark and stiff as a hunted jack-hare.’

‘That was a very unfortunate affair,’ said Stoford ; ‘but as Watkin rode her expressly on my account and in my service, you must permit me to settle that matter with you myself, which I will gladly do so soon as I can hear from my father.’

By the advice of the medical man not a word had been said to Stoford as yet respecting the death of his father ; and Grace Lampern now trembled with alarm, lest her father, in his anxiety to make sure of his money, should at once blurt out the circumstances of the Admiral’s death there and then. But Lampern’s tactics were far too subtle for his daughter’s comprehension : he was not the man to say or do anything that would be likely to interrupt a game which he saw was going on so favourably : a game in which he was so deeply interested, and which he would have risked his soul to win. Lavater himself, however, could not have discovered by his countenance that he knew aught of Stoford’s private affairs ; although, before he had been twenty-four hours under his roof, he had indirectly but thoroughly sifted both Mr. Butler and Tom Jones on the subject, and learned pretty accurately what his guest’s position was in his own county and what it was likely to be by the death of his father. So, to Stoford’s proposal he replied with an apparent air of indifference : ‘Oh, don’t trouble yourself about this affair ; your friend will no doubt see the advisability of settling it amicably ; and will, I trust, himself pay what I can prove to be a just demand on my part.’

Stoford writhed : for, well knowing the determination of Watkin’s character, he foresaw that a storm must brew and burst too before a calm could be expected from the conflicting elements of such a question. The words of an angry retort rose to his lips ; but a look of despair from Grace caught his eye ; and, hard as the struggle was, he smothered them in his own bosom.

At that moment the wheels of a carriage were heard rattling up the gravel-walk ; and then came a ring and a knock that made the hall-door shiver on its lintels.

‘Who on earth can that be at this hour ?’ said Grace, catching at the opportunity of changing the conversation, and rather relieved than surprised by the interruption.

‘Oh, of course it’s that wild fellow, Captain Fulbert,’ said Lampern ; ‘I have been expecting him here these three days : he’s coming to look at the chesnut colt I bought from Griff. Lloyd ; he

‘can go a cracker through mud, that horse can, and will carry him to the brush of the best fox that ever crossed Dartmoor.’

‘I know the man well,’ said Stoford; ‘he hunts regularly both with Crocker’s and Bode’s hounds, and has the best breed and is the best judge of terriers in the west of England.’

‘He’s quite crazy on that point,’ said Lampern, ‘and is pretty certain to have brought a brace with him to-night, for he cannot live apart from their company.’

‘Terrier-mad!’ observed Grace. ‘Well, that’s a new feature of insanity of which I have never yet heard. I hope his craze does not extend to those Skye deformities which, if hair and ugliness would frighten a fox from his earth, are certainly well qualified for the task.’

‘Oh no,’ said Stoford, ‘he hates that race cordially; and thinks it better suited for turnspits and truffle-hunters than for going up to rough vermin.’

A scurry in the hall and then a jingle of chains announced Fulbert’s arrival unmistakeably. He had no sooner entered than he was hard at work instantly with the footman catching and coupling up a brace of terriers and a huge otter-hound and dismissing them to the kennel for the night; a process to which the small dogs exhibited a most decided aversion. Indeed, the separation appeared equally painful to all parties; for Fang and Rag not only shared their master’s board but his bed at home, and would not now be dragged away without a struggle, to their strange and less comfortable quarters.

When the hubbub was over, Fulbert made his appearance in the dining-room, and, after saluting the party with much heartiness and little ceremony, he inquired how early in the morning he could see the chesnut horse, as he wished to pay a visit to the Bicester kennel in order to secure a terrier that Tom Wingfield had given him.

‘After breakfast, if you please,’ said Lampern; ‘but I am much mistaken if, when you have seen him go, you don’t think him better worth looking at for the rest of the day than all the terriers in Oxfordshire.’

‘Never!’ said Fulbert, warmly. ‘Give me for a companion a sensible dog before the best horse that ever was foaled; and, as a friend, what man is there to compare with him in attachment and fidelity? Do you remember what Cowper said in his epistle to Mr. Hill, when his servant asked Horatio to be allowed to go and see a friend?—

‘“A friend!” Horatio cried, and seemed to start.

“Yes, marry shalt thou, and with all my heart;—

And fetch my cloak; for though the night be raw,

I’ll see him too,—the first I ever saw.”’

‘That was a cynical view for the poet to take,’ said Grace; ‘for he, at least, found a Mrs. Unwin who, for twenty years of his life, watched over him with the tenderness of a mother.’

‘Ay, that was a woman,’ said Fulbert; ‘but probably there was

‘a dash of something more than mere platonism in that long and lasting friendship.’

Here Lampern interposed, and called Fulbert’s attention to the extraordinarily stout blood of the chesnut, by Belzoni out of Whipcord’s dam, which he averred was the best hunting blood in Great Britain — ‘A patrician strain, sir,’ he added, ‘that a Spanish grandee would be proud to honour even in a horse.’

But Fulbert was not to be diverted from his favourite subject : for, although Lampern, who appeared determined ‘not to die a list-cener at his own table,’ led him again and again back to the stables, and spoke with infinite pride of the thoroughbred weight-carriers on which he had mounted some of the hardest men in Leicestershire, Fulbert dashed away, with the energy of a fox-hound, on the line most congenial to his taste, and was contented enough to find that Stoford at least lent him a willing ear and entered with thorough enjoyment into the spirit of his dog-talk. Indeed the latter somewhat maliciously, so far as his host was concerned, seemed bent on proving that Fulbert’s knowledge of the subject was inexhaustible ; for, whenever he could put in a word edgeways, it was always to elicit information on some point that interested the speaker, who ‘ran through all the *terrier* chronicle,’ as if he never would come to an end.

‘People think and talk so much about the purity of fox-hound blood now-a-days,’ said he, ‘that unless the pedigree of a hound can be traced to the kennels of such men as Noel of Cottesmore, Meynell, Lord Yarborough, and a few others, the animal is estimated as one of the *canaille*, and is rarely used as a stud hound. Do you suppose these men know that the fox-hound is nothing more nor less than a cross between the terrier and the old English stag-hound ; and that the dash of the first is exclusively due to the terrier blood that flows in his veins ? Nevertheless, it is true : and the less the out-at-elbow, throaty, heavy-tongued hound is encouraged, the greater will be the prominence given to the terrier strain. Old Tom Noel discovered this secret : and every one who has observed the impetuosity with which a fox-terrier will cast and fling to recover a lost scent will be at no loss to understand that the admixture of such a quality with the line-hunting nature of the old stag-hound must be a judicious one for the production of such an animal as the English fox-hound. It is scarcely conceivable that a more perfect hound could be bred for his work ; or that any other combination of blood could produce more effective results ; but remember, the dash, the fling, and the brilliancy that distinguish him are due to the terrier alone.’

‘But what is a true fox-terrier ?’ rattled in Stoford, before Lampern had finished the glass of port wine he was then holding to his lips.

‘Before I answer that question, let me ask if you remember the story old Cuffe used to tell respecting the terrier he once manufactured ? Well, he was famous for his breed of greyhounds ; and

‘one of them, a favourite, broke its leg in coursing a hare; so, being loth to destroy it, he had the leg taken off and the three others cut down to the same level; “and then, sir,” the old sinner would say, “when I had shortened his tail and trimmed his ears he was “the best terrier to go to ground I ever saw in my life.”’

‘Then,’ said Grace, ‘the poor dog must have fought upon his stumps, like the gallant Widdrington of old; but he need not have mutilated his ears and tail; that surely was an unnecessary cruelty.’

‘An act of sheer barbarity,’ continued Fulbert, ‘for which he ought himself to have been pilloried. No terrier can go well to ground, unless the passages of his ears are guarded from the crumbling earth by that covering which nature expressly intended for their protection. And the tail is the dog’s tongue; the longer it is, the more he can tell with it; and the better you can reach and help him when he is engaged in close conflict with his enemy.’

Fulbert was then about to describe what he considered the points and characteristics of a true fox-terrier, when a groom, appearing at the door in stable costume, informed his master he was ‘going to do up;’ an announcement that brought Fulbert’s tongue to a temporary check, as Lampern said in reply, ‘I’m coming out, Tom;’ and passing the wine to his guests he rose, as was his nightly wont, to pay a visit to his stables.

MOORWOOD HALL; OR, THE FIRST IN AT THE DEATH.

It is perfectly certain that sportsmen of every description cling, with fond remembrance, to the scenes of their earlier triumphs and disasters, and recall the period when, with youthful ardour and fiery blood, they entered first upon the joys of flood and field. If a man selects fishing as his favourite amusement, he will recur with delight, as he baits his hook on the banks of the gigantic Amazon, to those moments when he threw the fragile fly in the classic Cam, or silvery Arrow; and, if hunting has been his great weakness, not all the ‘pig sticking’ ’neath the burning sun of India, or lion slaying in the deserts and jungles of Africa can lure him from a fond contemplation of a fast fifty minutes in the Shires, with a tough varmint that affords far better sport than any of the feline race, albeit the pursuit of the latter engenders more dangerous and exciting incidents.

You may say as you like, but no earthly bliss is comparable to fox-hunting. Mimic warfare! it is real warfare; for he who enters as he should into its fervid delights, feels in his thrilling blood and exhilarated frame all the frantic enthusiasm experienced by the participators in a charge of cavalry, or the devoted few told off as a forlorn hope to storm the ‘imminent deadly breach.’ No wonder, then, that Johnny Newman (so well known as the hardest rider in

Warwickshire in days bygone) turned to the clergyman—himself a true fox-hunter—a few minutes before his death, and gaspingly inquired, ‘Parson, shall we get any hunting up there?’ Nor was the celebrated Jack M—— far off the mark, when, whilst conversing with a few friends in the yard of the Fleet Prison a few days before his death, he observed, ‘I have run through a noble fortune, and luxuriated in every enjoyment of life; but nothing beats an hour’s good run; plenty of scent; stiff fences, and lots of meadow.’

Do I speak too enthusiastically of this noble pastime, that is fit for the gods? Do any of my readers curl the derisive lip, and tell me that I know nothing of the ecstatic joys of racing? Would any devoted adherent of our Isthmian games—as the regretted Premier styled them—superciliously infer that I have never seen a Derby won, or the finish of a Cesarewitch? The ready reply is, that my experience is equal to both events, and yet I must express the opinion that the wild roar which greets the consummation of the first, falls with a dull and leaden sound upon my ears, when compared to the joyful Who! Whoop! which denotes the death of a fox; and the excitement attendant upon the issue of the latter, has no charms for me in juxtaposition to the keen relish experienced when racing for the last fence in order to secure the brush. Should these ideas appear heterogeneous to many, I entreat them to remember that the covert side was my favourite haunt, ere yet released from the silken strings of the maternal apron; that the opening music of hounds was familiar and delicious to ears barely forgetful of jingling nursery rhymes; and that I could distinguish the true voice of a staunch one who seldom told a lie, as easily as the caressing tone of my favourite sister. Forgive me then, if, in my estimation, hunting is the greatest of sublunary blessings, and sympathise with the two Nimrods, an incident in whose lives I am about to relate.

The full-blooded Hibernian may boast of the stone walls, steep ascents, and precipitous declivities of his Emerald Isle, and the devotee of Leicestershire crack up his favourite county; but Warwickshire, beautiful Warwickshire, with its fertile valleys, luxuriant landscapes, and picturesque homesteads, is sufficient to captivate and please the most zealous admirer of Nature, and subdue the craving of the most inordinate lover of hunting. With plenty of grass land, and country stiff enough for the greatest glutton, there is nothing left to wish for; whilst, as a county renowned for straight and daring riders it is second to none. Most hospitable, too, are its squires and yeomen, and if boasting no very high lineage, they are endowed with the nobility of Nature, and the old-fashioned oaken doors of hall and mansion are ever open to friend and stranger. As for the Warwickshire lasses, why he who goes down to his tomb without basking in the light of their bright blue eyes, or being embraced by their rounded white arms, misses a treat that he can only expect to be realized in the Elysian fields; and, everything considered, it is as beauteous a portion of England’s fair garden as can be imagined or described.

Mr. John Moorwood, of Moorwood Hall, was about as fine a specimen of a sportsman and English gentleman as could be met with in the hunting field or elsewhere; and, if he farmed some five hundred acres, and sold the produce at the best market price, it did not in the least detract from the *status* he held among the *élite* of the surrounding magnates; for, although he could not boast of a descent that dated from the time of Norman William, his pedigree was tolerably defined, and sufficiently antiquated to satisfy the firmest adherents of blue blood. A noble pile was the Hall, half castle and half solid brick of the Elizabethan period; hemmed in on almost every side by clouds of majestic elms and towering oak trees, whilst the long sweep of lawn in front was bounded by a fair expanse of lake, that glimmered and glistened in the sun's bright rays, or pale moonbeams, like a field of polar ice illuminated by the brilliance of the aurora borealis. In the enclosure, which could not be dignified by the name of park, there were also deer; and it was pleasant to see them bound across the long avenue, or flit between the trees unconscious of danger, for they were pets, and only upon a very great occasion were rendered subservient to gastronomic purposes. Altogether, the mansion, with the estate of five hundred acres, and two thousand a year private property as adjuncts, constituted as pleasant a little property that an English gentleman could desire, and well befitted the type of true sportsman most ably represented by Mr. John Moorwood.

Somebody has observed that the next difficult thing to accurately describing the points of a horse, is the arduous task of delineating successfully a beautiful woman; so I shall in part shirk the engagement, and leave Edith Moorwood to the imagination of my readers; but as she is a very important personage in this brief narrative, I will simply observe that she was as lovely and lovable a girl of eighteen as you would wish to meet with. Tall, with black hair wearing the bloom of an autumn sloe or damson, and eyes of azure, fringed with jetty lashes, straight nose, and lips that would drive to madness a score of St. Anthonys, it will be seen at a glance that her face was as near perfection as possible, and, if I add to that a rounded form of most voluptuous proportions, it can readily be imagined that the bold hearts of the young Nimrods palpitated a trifle when their willing hands received her dainty foot to assist her on horseback upon a hunting morning; especially when now and then the looped-up habit disclosed an ankle of such symmetry that clearly indicated more seductive and captivating charms. Besides, she rode with the grace and skill of Di Vernon herself, and oftentimes kept in front throughout a tiring run, when many a good man and true was compelled to give in; and if we add the graces of her person, and the accomplishment last named, to a disposition most amiable, it is needless to assume that half the mankind of the county were in love with her.

Little, however, did Edith care for the somewhat demonstrative attentions of her numerous admirers; her dogs, horses, music, and father occupied every moment; and, in fact, she had no time to

devote to the soft passion, and as yet was evidently unfettered by the silken links of love. It is true that there were two youths, sons of the M.F.H., of whose brilliant performances and daring riding she had often been a delighted spectator ; and perhaps it merely required a few words to fire the slumbering volcano which existed in her fair bosom ; but one thing is perfectly clear, that both of the young gentlemen in question were irrevocably head over heels in love with my heroine. As it was apparent, however, that only one could win this fair maid, Edward proposed to his younger brother, Horace, that he who was first in at the death on a certain great day that was coming off, should have the field entirely to himself, and be at liberty to woo the damsel, and gain her if he could, secure from all interference from the defeated party ; and with this very amicable arrangement both prepared to do their best upon the occasion, and each looked forward with perfect confidence to the result.

Although the eventful morning did not bring the southerly wind and cloudy sky which to the uninitiated appear most essential, it was a very fair hunting day ; and at the breakfast hour a goodly company of scarlet and more unpretending green, were assembled at Moorwood Hall. Nothing, except the run itself, is more delightful than a breakfast upon a hunting morn ; when round the tables groaning with game dressed in all the varieties of culinary art, noble sirloins, and every description of esculent solidity, jolly fellows meet to talk over again the good things in which they have been participators, to quarrel over the respective merits of their cattle, and to tell any quantity of fibs relative to impossible performances, in which, of course, they are the heroes. And, mind you, there are some noted men present, now bent on investigating the interior of those quaintly-embellished pies, and qualifying deep draughts of October with minute drains of choice cognac ; that pale, thin, grey-headed gentleman, for instance, has bred the winner of one Leger, and had a very hot favourite for a second ; and though, as you can see, the snows of age are surmounting the furrowed brow, he will not be far off when Who ! Whoop ! is heard to-day. Again, do you note that tall, magnificent man who is gesticulating to Mr. Moorwood in the corner, and whose limbs are moulded in rare proportions—denied to the gods ? You might have seen him in the ‘ magic circle,’ as the opponent of the Game Chicken ; but at the present moment he is assuring his somewhat sceptical listener that he means to carry off a Derby or two, and possibly the Oaks to boot ; and time has proved the truth of his asseveration, as Pyrrhus the First, Andover, and Mendicant can bear witness to. Ask ye the name of that dark-haired, wiry-built sportsman, attired in green coat, white cords, and yellow tops ? I refer you to the ghost of the best animal across country that was ever foaled ; and if you guess that I mean the rat-tailed Vivian, you are not far out.

But whilst they are taking in the good things so hospitably provided, let us glance through those illuminated and grotesque windows, and take stock of things outside ; and there upon the ample lawn

recline the noble hounds in every variety of easy and indolent posture, keeping, nevertheless, a covert watch with their half-closed eyes upon huntsmen and whips, and eagerly anticipating the moment, when, by placing their feet in the irons, they receive from their guardians the office that time is up. Drawn under the elm trees in the avenue is a tandem; but who on earth would select that wall-eyed chesnut for a leader, I cannot imagine, for he looks as wicked as a woman; and the man who can keep him straight could well tool a four-in-hand through a market-town in election time. There he is! up in the air like a buck rabbit: but I perceive Tom understands his business, and has hobbled his off fore leg with a handkerchief, which will spoil his performance for a time. Peeping between the hedgerows, and crossing the fields in all directions *en route* to the covert side, may be observed scarlet-attired horsemen, looking in the distance like immense moving poppies, and whilst the natty groom appears with the second horse of the heavy weight, dashing and beautiful women glad the sight and inspire the frame, mounted on thoroughbred cattle, which they manage with an easy grace that calls forth exclamations of warm admiration from the observant Nimrods; but, see! the Hall door opens, and down the wide flight of steps pours the line of pink and green—horses are led round and mounted—the hounds start from their recumbent position—fair girls are lifted into saddles, with many an amorous word and speaking look, and the joyous cavalcade sweeps down the noble avenue, and in ten minutes arrive at the covert side.

But where are our two friends who are going to race to-day for no less a stake than a wife? There is Horace, and by the look of his mount he evidently means business. What shoulders! and if that lean neck and head, that would scarcely fill a teapot, don't speak of good blood, I never threw a leg over a horse in my life; besides, the middle piece is undeniable, and the tail in the right place exactly; and if he is as clever at his fences as in appearance, methinks that the fair hand of Edith Moorwood will be gained by his rider. I don't fancy Ned's animal at all; there is too much of a cock-fighting air about him, and he lashed out just now at that terrier in a very nasty way indeed. What does he want to lay his ears back for, and keep snapping right and left as though he were fly catching? The odds appear to be two to one on the youngster. But hark! that is Ranger's note, and he never makes a mistake. There goes the horn, and the Squire has viewed him away, I can swear by that Tally ho! that might be heard three miles off; and, oh, most beautiful sight! away they sweep, down the gentle slope into the wide-spreading valley, and with the bursting veins and thrilling brains that none save foxhunters ever experience, settle into places, and prepare to drain to the utmost the joys of the hour. Gently there, you tinker! are you going to ride over the hounds? Oh, it's Mr. Slumkin's cockney cousin, is it? Well, he has had a short spin, but cannot be hurt much, as it is soft falling in the ploughed; besides, what does a linendraper want in the hunting field?

I must leave to my readers' imagination the incidents of this run.

You may guess that the amorous brothers did their best to secure the prize, which was eventually won by Horace; for, as I anticipated, the uneven-tempered brute ridden by Ned turned it up when they were racing head and head for the last fence. That the successful competitor fared tolerably well when he put the momentous question to the fair Edith, may be gathered from the fact that a few months later on a wedding breakfast took place at Moorwood Hall, and if it was slightly of an uproarious description, and racy jokes were somewhat abundant, you must recollect that the assemblage was composed mostly of foxhunters; that the champagne and cognac were of the correct brand was also apparent by the very thick and incoherent tones of Mr. Moorwood and his friends when they saw the youthful pair into the *sanctum* of their travelling carriage; but, after all, perhaps the dubious articulation was promoted by emotion alone.

And now, kind reader, will you not agree with me that foxhunting is a great institution; that it is, in fact, the *summum bonum* of our existence? At all events, we find that in this instance a beautiful woman, a fine estate, and two thousand a year fell to the happy lot of a man simply because he was a good and straight rider across country.

CRICKET.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL AVERAGES FOR 1867.

It is much to be regretted that, owing to unavoidable circumstances, but little can be seen during the London season of Public School Cricket. The interest and excitement attaching to the Eton and Harrow match is due a good deal to its having been so long established that it is now looked for as one of the recognised sights of the year. There is no reason why contests between Harrow and Rugby and Marlborough should not be equally popular if they could be set on foot. There is an immense amount of cricketing ability at the two last-named schools, as well as at Cheltenham, which is turning out some first-rate players. Rugby and Charterhouse both play against the Marylebone Club and Ground; but these are stupid matches, and come off just at the end of the season. Boys always play best against boys, with more confidence and with more spirit; and for ourselves we would rather see a good school match than all the professional cricket in England. We are enabled this year to furnish our readers with unusually complete returns both of the batting and bowling at eight of our great schools, the bowling averages for Winchester being alone wanting to make the series perfect. Taking Eton first, we perceive that Mr. Thornton, as last year, stands first on the batting-list, and has raised his average from 30 to 35. His performance of 525 runs in only 15 innings is a long way before any other public school cricketer except Mr. Pouncefote, the Captain of Rugby. Mr. Thornton, who has also done well this season for his county, Kent, is still deficient in defence; but his hitting is wonderfully hard and clean, and having a good eye and no small amount of confidence in his own abilities, he may take liberties successfully that would bring other men to grief. Against first-class professional bowling we do not consider him as formidable. Mr. Ottaway is

second with an average of 23 for eleven innings, and Mr. Alexander, who was Captain this year, stands at 21 for fourteen. He was one of the safest bats in the Eleven, effective without being showy, and appeared to us to manage his field with good judgment. Five more out of the Eleven get averages of double figures, varying from 11 to 16, thus confirming the opinions expressed after the match at Lord's, that they had good batting form all through. In bowling, Mr. Higgins has done the most; but neither the Eton nor the Harrow bowling this year was up to the mark of former years.

THE ETON COLLEGE BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Innings.	Runs.	Times not out.	Largest Score.	Average.
C. R. Alexander	14	302	1	42*	21
C. I. Thornton	15	525	1	118	35
W. H. Walrond	14	162	—	27	11
H. M. Walter	13	214	2	56	16
W. C. Higgins	15	200	—	31	13
C. J. Ottaway	11	257	4	55	23
W. F. Tritton	17	256	1	46	15
M. Horner	11	36	1	12*	3
W. Hay	17	228	—	42	13
E. Wormald	8	55	1	18	6
P. Currey	3	6	2	3	2

* Not out.

THE ETON COLLEGE BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Balls.	Runs.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Wides.
W. C. Higgins	1599	612	139	57	—
E. Wormald	555	154	83	12	4
W. H. Walrond	276	101	30	9	4
M. Horner	720	277	70	17	13
H. M. Walter	486	234	42	9	2
P. Currey	216	84	13	10	—

C. R. Alexander was Captain, but left last Term.
No no-balls were bowled throughout the year at Eton.

Their old rivals at Harrow appear to have played about the same number of matches, and consequently the averages of the two schools may be fairly compared. The Harrow batsmen are more all together in their averages than those of Eton, there being no great hitter like Mr. Thornton in the Eleven. Nine have got into a double-figure average, but the highest is only 20, at which figure Mr. Walsh stands for fourteen innings. Mr. Hadow has declined from 25, in 1866, to 12 this year, and Mr. Money from 20 to 17. The aggregate of runs is much smaller than those obtained by Eton during the season; and in truth Harrow had not a great run-getting Eleven this year, but they were very painstaking, and played the game accurately, steadily, and patiently. Their bowling was slightly superior to that of Eton, but they were deprived of the services of Mr. Smith in the middle of the season. Mr. Money is a fair slow bowler and Mr. Graham a fair fast bowler; but two or three other schools would beat them in bowling.

HARROW SCHOOL BATTING AVERAGES (IN MATCHES ONLY).

NAMES.	Number of Runs.	Number of Innings.	Not outs.	Most in an Innings.	Average.
G. Chetwynd	103	12	—	29	8—7
F. E. R. Fryer	188	11	1	39*	18—8
S. W. Gore	198	12	—	58	16—6
W. H. Hadow	141	12	1	71	12—9
R. J. Graham	96	10	1	24	10—6
W. B. Money	206	13	1	51	17—2
S. Pelham	23	11	6	5*	4—3
W. Penn	134	14	1	65	10—4
C. J. Smith	106	9	—	31	11—7
F. Templer	124	12	2	50*	12—4
J. Walsh	264	14	1	69	20—4

* Not out.

HARROW SCHOOL BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	No Balls.	Wides.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Runs to a Wicket.
F. E. R. Fryer	—	—	657	52	211	17	12—7
S. Pelham	—	1	1210	130	338	36	9—14
C. J. Smith	—	1	164	19	44	12	3—8
W. H. Hadow	—	—	197	15	81	3	27
W. B. Money	—	—	1708	116	531	75	7—6
J. Walsh	—	—	8	—	7	—	—
R. J. Graham	2	8	560	44	168	16	10—8
S. W. Gore	—	—	44	6	14	—	—
W. Penn	—	—	56	5	19	2	9—1

Rugby again had the assistance of Mr. Pauncefote, perhaps the best all-round cricketer at any school this year. Last year his average was 24, and this year it increased to 37 for seventeen innings. There are also some other formidable figures in the list; Mr. Tobin, sen., averages 28 for twenty-four innings, Mr. Wilkes 26 in twenty-one, and there are three more who get into the twenties. Considering the number of matches they play, and the strength of the clubs against which they contend, these averages show that Rugby would hardly be beaten by any school Eleven in England. Only four bowlers were required—an unusually small proportion for a school—and Mr. Pauncefote, who is a capital medium-paced bowler, and Mr. Ellis did the lion's share of the work through the season.

BATTING AVERAGES OF THE RUGBY ELEVEN.

NAMES.	Number of Runs.	Number of Innings.	Times not out.	Most in an Innings.	Average per Innings.	Overs.
B. Pauncefote	630	17	4	122	37	1
S. P. Bucknill	526	24	1	72	21	22
F. Stokes	640	25	2	93	25	15
W. Yardley	471	22	1	72	21	9
J. Wilkes	556	21	2	175	26	10
F. Tobin, sen.	682	24	1	85	28	10
V. Ellis	66	12	7	15	5	6
A. A. Bourne	64	10	6	23	6	4
J. T. Soutter	211	19	2	40	11	2
F. Tobin, jun.	170	17	3	32	10	—
C. K. Francis	113	16	—	26	7	1

BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	No Balls.	Wides.	Balls.	Maidens.	Runs.	Wickets.	Runs to a Wicket.	Wickets per Innings.
B. Pouncefoot.	2	—	2204	127	960	78	12—24	4—2
V. Ellis.	—	2	2612	278	868	73	11—65	3—7
A. A. Bourne.	—	20	2340	181	925	67	13—54	3—4
C. K. Francis.	—	3	888	97	273	20	13—13	2—0

Cheltenham have an immense deal of material to select from, and they have one of the finest grounds in the country. They play also a larger number of matches than any other school. It is therefore natural that the aggregate of runs scored should be very large. Mr. Filgate, a member of a celebrated Irish cricketing family, has the honour of being the only public-school cricketer who has this year got into four figures. He has played for his college in 28 matches, has had 41 innings, and has scored 1031 runs. His average is 29, the same as last year. Mr. Baker's average last year was 38, and this season it is 31; but he does not appear to have played much this year, being only set down for 9 matches and 13 innings. Three conspicuous members of the Eleven have obtained each an average of 20, and the fact of such individual innings as 100 (not out), 111, 139, 72 (not out), &c., testifies to the hard-hitting character of the Cheltenham Eleven. Only one of the Eleven has failed to obtain a double-figure average. The bowling of Messrs. Brice and Fox appears to have done the most execution.

BATTING AVERAGES OF THE CHELTENHAM COLLEGE ELEVEN.

NAMES.	Matches.	Innings.	Times not Out.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Least in a Match.	Average per Innings.	Over.
F. Baker.	9	13	2	341	61*	63	—	31	—
C. Filgate.	28	41	6	1031	100*	100	3	29	6
L. C. Abbott.	6	9	3	173	72*	88	—	28	5
H. Renny-Tailyour.	25	31	4	576	139	139	—	20	16
E. Brice.	27	38	2	725	57	58	—	20	5
T. Bramwell.	25	35	—	603	66	66	—	20	3
E. Cuppage.	25	31	2	607	111	111	—	19	18
A. Chandler.	25	32	5	463	46	46	—	17	4
H. Fox.	23	26	11	197	36	45	—	13	2
P. Barrow.	12	19	—	230	57	61	—	12	1
A. Hamilton.	12	13	2	50	11*	11	1	4	6

* Not out.

BOWLING AVERAGES OF THE CHELTENHAM COLLEGE ELEVEN.

NAMES.	Innings bowled in.	Balls bowled.	Overs.	Runs made from.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Average Runs per Over.	Average Runs per Wicket.	Wides.	No Balls.	Average Wickets per Innings.
E. A. Brice.	36	3827	956	1422	478	184	1—466	7—134	9	—	5—4
H. Fox.	25	2668	667	1038	220	87	1—371	11—81	—	—	3—0
L. C. Abbott.	6	271	67	99	30	16	1—32	6—3	2	—	2—4
T. Y. Bramwell.	19	836	209	473	57	45	2—55	10—23	—	—	2—7
A. Chandler.	16	1006	251	373	99	33	1—122	11—10	22	2	2—1
H. Renny-Tailyour.	7	312	78	142	66	9	1—64	15—7	8	3	1—2
F. Baker.	6	144	36	46	17	5	1—10	9—1	1	2	0—5

Marlborough are another very strong Eleven, and two out of the Eleven have got very nearly to the 'thousand' runs. Their ground is well suited for hitting, as there is a steep declivity on two sides of it, down which the ball, even after a moderate hit, will roll, we verily believe, for a quarter of a mile. It is a puzzling and disagreeable ground to a stranger; but its peculiarities seem to be highly appreciated by the youthful batsmen of the place. There are some excellent averages this season. Mr. Hillyard and Mr. Leach stand at 29 and 28 for 39 and 35 innings respectively. The former has scored 959, and the latter 913 runs. Mr. Gordon has got into his ninth hundred, and his average is 21. Mr. Money and Mr. Head are also well up. In bowling, Mr. Gordon has done a great deal with his rather fast twisting underhands, and Mr. Moeran has been the mainstay of their round hand, though they have the choice of two or three others for a change. The style of the Marlborough batting is remarkably good. They combine sound hard hitting with good defence, and they have the advantage of being coached by Frampton, one of the best cricket tutors in the country.

BOWLING AVERAGES OF THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.

NAMES.	Innings bowled in.	Balls bowled.	Overs.	Runs made from.	Maidens.	Wickets.	Average Runs per Over.	Average Runs per wicket.	Wides.	No Balls.	Average Wickets per Innings.
E. H. Moeran .	22	2664	666	838	281	95	1—172	8—78	22	1	7
J. P. Macgregor .	27	2085	521	883	153	63	1—362	14—	1	8	9
C. S. Gordon .	28	2216	554	897	168	123	1—343	7—36	3	—	11
H. Hillyard .	23	1214	303	600	76	45	1—297	13—15	—	—	22
E. S. Garnier .	17	601	150	313	39	10	2—133	1—3	8	—	17
J. Bourdillon .	13	711	177	292	60	18	1—115	16—4	26	1	5

BATTING AVERAGES OF THE MARLBOROUGH COLLEGE.

NAMES.	Matches.	Innings.	Times not Out.	Runs.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Least in a Match.	Average per Innings.	Overs.
J. Bourdillon .	15	21	—	317	50	50	4	15	2
E. E. Money .	22	31	6	602	62*	77	—	24	2
R. L. Head .	16	21	2	426	65	65	—	22	8
E. H. Moeran .	17	21	2	143	33*	33	—	7	10
W. H. Wyld .	17	24	—	487	74	93	—	20	7
H. Hillyard .	27	39	6	959	135*	219	—	29	2
R. Leach .	24	35	3	913	132	141	—	28	17
J. P. Macgregor	24	27	8	238	50	50	—	12	10
R. F. Isaacson .	11	14	1	127	33*	33	1	9	3
C. S. Gordon .	27	40	2	834	104	104	2	21	36
E. S. Garnier .	22	31	6	434	70	70	1	17	9

* Not out.

Of Winchester we can say nothing from our own observation; but, judging from the returns, they do not seem to do very much damage with the bat. The highest average is 20; the highest score in a match is 82; in an innings, 77. Mr. Harvey has raised his average from 14, in 1866, to 20 this year; and there are a respectable row of averages from 16 to 19, showing that the Eleven work well together, and play throughout in pretty correct form.

WINCHESTER COLLEGE ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	Number of Runs.	Number of Innings.	Most in an Innings.	Most in a Match.	Average per Innings.
C. B. Phillips	67	11	20	20	6 $\frac{1}{11}$
F. B. Harvey	165	8	37	48	20 $\frac{5}{8}$
C. Marriott	215	11	57	82	19 $\frac{6}{11}$
F. H. Birley	177	10	52	76	17 $\frac{7}{10}$
R. W. Wordsworth	173	10	56	63	17 $\frac{3}{10}$
T. A. L. Johnson	199	11	45	45	18 $\frac{1}{11}$
W. R. Randall	165	9	31	33	18 $\frac{5}{9}$
C. D. Hodgson	135	7	49	51	19 $\frac{2}{7}$
A. T. C. Dowding	134	8	77	77	16 $\frac{7}{8}$
H. C. Bradshaw	26	5	11	11	5 $\frac{1}{5}$
H. Theobald	43	7	12	17	6 $\frac{1}{7}$

WINCHESTER COLLEGE ELEVEN BOWLING AVERAGES.

NAMES.	No. of Balls.	Runs.	Wickets.	Maidens.	Wid. s.	Runs per Wicket.
C. Marriott (slow round)	404	204	11	23	—	18 $\frac{6}{11}$
F. H. Birley (slow under)	851	365	34	43	—	10 $\frac{2}{3}$
R. W. Wordsworth	336	86	12	47	3	7 $\frac{1}{6}$
H. C. Bradshaw	778	269	23	81	3	11 $\frac{13}{23}$
C. D. Hodgson	742	291	20	59	29	14 $\frac{2}{20}$
T. A. L. Johnson	413	114	9	49	1	12 $\frac{2}{9}$

At Westminster there is a large and excellent ground; but somehow cricket does not altogether flourish there. The Captain, Mr. Bray, has increased his average since last year from 11 to 30, and has scored this year 451 runs in 18 innings; and Mr. Lee, who stood at 10 in 1866, has risen to 27 this year, and his figures are 220 runs for 10 innings. No one else approaches these two; but nearly all have averaged double figures, varying from 10 to 14 per innings. There are no returns of the bowling.

WESTMINSTER SCHOOL CRICKET AVERAGES (1867).

NAMES.	Number of Innings.	Highest Score in Innings.	Times not out.	Total Runs.	Average.
E. Bray (Captain)	18	87	3	451	30.1
E. Northcote	14	38	2	158	13.2
H. Curteis	18	53*	3	181	12.1
A. Lee	10	71	2	220	27.4
G. Lee	17	76*	1	241	15.1
F. Saunders	17	29	—	173	10.3
H. Barron	17	47	1	179	11.3
B. Eddis	14	28	—	107	7.11
F. O'Brien	14	29*	4	105	10.5
R. Curteis	12	31*	3	105	11.6
W. Neale	13	40	—	187	14.5
W. Lefroy	17	24	2	123	8.3

Matches played, 11. Matches won, 5. Matches lost, 6.

* Not out.

Lastly, we have Charterhouse, and the Charterhouse players have a great deal to contend with in their ground, which is suited to anything rather than cricket. It is very bare of herbage, intersected with paths, it has a shocking light, and it is almost impossible to field there. Long-leg stands in a cloister, cover point sits on a dormitory window-sill. From being surrounded with buildings, the echoes when a hit is made are very bewildering, the ball seeming to be everywhere but where it is. In order to field with any success, a man must make a regular study of the angles, and dodge the balls as they glance from a pillar, or twist through an archway. Despite all these drawbacks, Charterhouse turns out first-rate cricketers,—Mr. Boyle, for instance, and Mr. Inge,—and they invariably play the game, whether it goes for them or against them, with the greatest perseverance. There are not many good averages this year. Mr. Nepean, a really promising player, was first last year, with an average of 17; this year he is first again, but his average is raised to 37, and he has scored 625 runs. Mr. Boreham (the Captain) has increased his average from 14 to 21. Mr. Macan is nearly stationary at 16; and there are few other prominent performers. Mr. Mammatt and Mr. Boreham are the chief bowlers.

THE CHARTERHOUSE ELEVEN BATTING AVERAGES (1867).

NAMES.	Total Runs.	No. of Innings.	Times not out.	Highest Score.	Average Home and Foreign together.	Average in Foreign Matches only.	Highest Score in Foreign Matches.	Averages for the Year.
W. L. Boreham (Capt.)	456	23	2	95*	21 $\frac{5}{7}$	13 $\frac{3}{13}$	41	21 $\frac{5}{7}$
R. W. Macan . . .	327	23	3	88	16 $\frac{7}{10}$	14 $\frac{1}{11}$	54*	16 $\frac{7}{10}$
A. S. Mammatt . . .	274	22	2	68	13 $\frac{1}{10}$	10	25	13 $\frac{1}{10}$
O. S. Walford . . .	162	22	1	43	7 $\frac{3}{7}$	5	15	7 $\frac{3}{7}$
C. E. Nepean . . .	625	23	3	59*	31 $\frac{1}{4}$	37 $\frac{1}{11}$	59*	37 $\frac{1}{11}$
G. A. Bushnell . . .	212	27	—	39	7 $\frac{23}{27}$	10 $\frac{7}{15}$	39	10 $\frac{7}{15}$
A. F. Clarke . . .	110	18	—	21	6 $\frac{1}{9}$	5 $\frac{1}{11}$	12	6 $\frac{1}{9}$
W. Wallace . . .	188	26	2	29	7 $\frac{9}{16}$	4 $\frac{10}{11}$	15	7 $\frac{9}{16}$
R. Dunn . . .	183	24	—	29	7 $\frac{5}{8}$	7 $\frac{5}{13}$	29	7 $\frac{5}{8}$
T. C. Hooman . . .	184	17	1	44	11 $\frac{1}{2}$	9 $\frac{3}{8}$	27	11 $\frac{1}{2}$
J. A. Foote . . .	96	24	5	13	5 $\frac{1}{19}$	5 $\frac{3}{11}$	11*	5 $\frac{3}{11}$

* Not out.

THE BOWLING AVERAGES OF THE CHARTERHOUSE ELEVEN (1867).

NAMES.	Total No Balls.	Total Wides.	Total Balls.	Total Runs.	Total Maiden Overs.	Total No. of Innings.	Total Wickets.	Average of Runs per Wicket.	Average of Wickets per Innings.
A. S. Mammatt .	3	19	1946	608	123	20	101	6 $\frac{2}{101}$	5 $\frac{1}{10}$
W. L. Boreham .	—	62	1109	357	62	18	44	8 $\frac{5}{44}$	2 $\frac{3}{9}$
A. F. Clarke .	—	15	711	211	47	10	30	7 $\frac{1}{30}$	3
J. A. Foote .	—	20	713	300	25	14	42	7 $\frac{7}{42}$	3
R. W. Macan .	—	14	282	88	18	5	15	5 $\frac{1}{15}$	3

In conclusion, we wish a successful season next year to each and all of these young players, and 'more power to their elbows.'

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

NOVEMBER may be said to be to Paris what March is to London. In another month we shall be all there; but at present we are coming, not come. We mustered up a lively little lot for the end of the Exposition Universelle, though, and many readers of 'Baily' put in an appearance at the dying days of this last 'grand spectacle, which has illustrated the Napoleonic era of 'Vanity Fairs.' By-the-bye, this was an extra edition of that popular work, and was illustrated as no work of the kind will ever be again. Before we turn our backs for ever on the Champ de Mars, I must refer to the splendid show which the English sporting exhibitors made. In nothing was England more striking than in the workmanlike look of her carriages—see Peters' drag, about which a friend of mine observed that it was so 'light, roomy, and 'furnished' that he should like to buy it, if only to take it to Doncaster and live on the course. Then look at the harness—that was not all silver and buckles; and the whips, with which we urge on the weary steed; and the shoes, which, thanks to Dollar, we put on his feet previous to jumping him over that high gate, or down that deep drop, which must be our fate if we seek our chance with hounds—or, at least, we say so, and are believed, more or less. It is a pity you English did not send us over a good show of hunters. Russia sent over her best harness horses—awful duffers—which yet were sold for 250*l.* a piece; bad trotters, the colour of a half-melted raspberry ice, and their tails so long that they could not sit down without finding them, like the Irish beauty with her head of hair. Why, too, did you not send us over a good show of those most useful—if occasionally exorbitant—gentlemen, the dealers in the noble animal?—for the horse is so, you know, though I confess to have bought one or two in my time of some of the gentlemen above mentioned whose nobility was, to say the very least, doubtful. I should like to have seen an Anderson (*hors de concours*), a Tom Percival (gold medal), a Mason (highly recommended), a Tollit (medal of brass), &c., &c., brought over in a case, if only to shame Isidore, Moyse, and others who preside here in Paris over a straw-covered ride, down which trots an animal who either pants for those four wheels without which he feels lonely, or jumps about in the lively anticipation of keeping sound long enough to carry Count Fainéant very well with the—other hacks in the Bois. Lord bless you, he would faint at a ditch, and die of a hurdle.

But I must say a word about the dinner which the English and Foreign Commissions here gave to the Imperial Commission of France on the penultimate night of the Exhibition. Three hundred persons dined, and the price was 1500*l.* I have eaten better dinners than that at which I assisted; but if I use that French expression, your sprightly contemporary, which has Pall Mall for its unmerited godfather—unmerited, for Pall Mall is gentlemanly, *quand même* it is dirty, and crowded with people one does not know—will say that I waited there; and so I did, but really not so long as might have been expected, considering the size of the party. The confounded nuisance of the thing was (I am now quoting Bull, John, Esq., who was passing through Paris) that the French got so tired of the length of the banquet that one course had to be left out, by desire of the chairman. I confess I have never before seen such a calendar. The card of *entrées*—I mean the bill of fare—was eighteen inches by eleven and a half inches, and contained forty meats and nineteen different wines, liqueurs, too, of the rarest quality; so rare indeed were they, that a tardy arriver found them gone. There was a Bordeaux

called *Ratour des Indes*. Had I been in India, it would never have borne that title.

We have had some grand shooting this month, and I really think even 'Paily' has never recorded a greater day than that which the Emperor Napoleon offered to the Emperor of Austria in the now glowing woods of Compiègne and Pierrefond. If, my dear reader, you have never seen French forests decked in their autumn glories, you can have no idea of November tints: there is something in the climate, or the soil, which renders the colours glorious—the rainbow of departing autumn. It was a splendid day, and at eleven o'clock nineteen shooters arrived in a series of *chairs-à-lunes*. The Austrians were dressed, as is their wont, in the most gorgeous costumes—violet velvet, let us say, with buttons of precious stones, and tearing swells they looked. The French were dressed more or less like English sportsmen, the Emperor quite like one. I should tell you that riding home from hunting last year, by these very preserves of Choisy and Francport, I came to the conclusion that I had never seen so much game in one day, and certainly never heard so many pheasants roost in one wood, however big; and I think you will say that I was about right. There were nineteen shooters—guns is an expression now quite obsolete—and they shot in two parties. The Emperor's party consisted of ten, the other of nine individuals, who, with the beaters, two hundred and fifty in number, and the loaders, made up an army. The Emperor Napoleon shot, as usual, with muzzle-loaders; Baron de Lâange handed to the Emperor Napoleon his guns as they were loaded. The Emperor Francis Joseph had out ten muzzle-loaders, which were loaded by six keepers, who came expressly from Vienna for the purpose: they load with patent spring powder-flasks, the touch of which on the muzzle of the gun causes the exact charge to be poured into the barrel; on this is put a cartridge, rammed home by one stroke of the loading-rod. I am enabled to give you the correct return-list of the killed, but I fear not of the wounded or missing. The warmest of warm corners was of course given to the Emperor of Austria, the Emperor of the French having still a warmish one, nor did the Austrian ambassador do very badly. For many hours—that is, four hours—the firing was as steady and as heavy, only a deal more deadly, than the practice of the Chassepots at Chalons. Here is the card, which was handed to the Emperor Napoleon at lunch, who, having looked over it, handed it, smiling, to the Emperor Francis Joseph, who was described by an attaché as very keen.

	Roe Deer.	Hares.	Rabbits.	Pheasants.	Partridges.	Etc.	Total.
Emperor of Austria	14	24	165	569	28	—	600
Emperor Napoleon	10	18	172	128	74	—	402
Prince de Metternich	3	13	140	204	6	2	368
Count Karolyi	6	5	50	126	5	—	172
Count Harrach	4	7	45	66	3	—	125
Count Androssy	4	7	55	91	4	—	161
Count de Bellegarde	10	11	70	127	31	—	249
Count de Koenigsegg	5	11	65	73	5	—	159
General Fleury	13	20	49	68	7	4	161
Totals	69	116	511	1,252	163	6	2,397

	Per- Fen.	Hares.	Rabbits.	Pheasants.	Partridge.	Hk.	Total.
Prince de Moskowa	—	—	176	52	2	—	166
M. Pietri	1	2	57	47	1	2	111
Count Davilliers	1	—	65	76	—	—	132
Prince de Lichenstein	1	1	95	89	1	—	186
Duc de Gramont	1	2	80	6	—	—	197
Count de Faur	—	1	66	42	—	—	115
Count de Fieury	—	—	29	56	—	—	85
Captain Kùll	1	1	52	61	2	—	117
Baron Morio de Fleury	2	7	83	173	3	1	196
M. de Creny	—	—	41	63	—	4	125
Total	7	14	675	726	9	7	1,442

Now put $2397 + 1442$, and you will have a total of 3839 head; and if you will consider that you began shooting at an easy eleven, and left off at a sharp four, deduct time for lunch and other refreshments, you will find that every sixty seconds you must have killed $15\frac{3}{10}$ head of game!

The Kaiser, who has got some shooting at home, said he had never seen such a day, and his imperial host, who says very little, smiled, as if he thought it was very likely he never had. The coverts between the Oise and Aisne are not shot every day. On the 12th of last month the Emperor Napoleon shot, for the first time this season, the coverts of Versailles. 'Fire' firing was heard in them towards midday, and, later, volleys commenced, 'and were kept up without intermission till dusk; the return of killed and 'wounded very heavy.' Such was the return sent to me by one of the officers engaged, who, I have no doubt, is answerable for his share of the loss. It has just been decided by the Imperial Court of Lyons that rabbits are vermin, and so may be destroyed by any one and in any way, even with ferrets, at any time of the year. It is to be hoped that the breed of rabbits will not be allowed to die out here, for a real wild French warren-rabbit is very nice to kill, and especially good to eat. If, indeed, you are down in the wilds of France without that great establishment which of course you always have in Paris, and which includes a male and female cook, and an Italian for the pastry, I'll tell you what to do: buy an earthenware pot for a franc, pour a bottle of Bordeaux into it, and then put a rabbit, a pheasant, a partridge, some roe-deer venison, and a great many mushrooms, and set it stewing. You will not starve, I can tell you. But much depends on the rabbit, and so I say do not make him *cochon*; let us rather become protectionist, and conserve first, even if we pot him then and stew him later. Wild-fowl seems likely to be a drug in the market: I have never seen so many skeins of ducks as have lately crossed southwards over Paris. Wild geese, and even swans—some people's first are, you will say, always the second—people the air, and all tells of a charming season for duck-shooters, and a detestable hard winter for poor citizens doomed to the civilization of the Boulevards, the warmth of clubs, and the bare necessities of respectability. A Viennese paper gives the following statistics of animal life. It is not mentioned, but maiden aunts, tenants for life, annuitants, and persons from whom good things are expected to emanate, are actually the longest livers. Bears, dogs, and wolves seldom live beyond twenty years. Foxes from fourteen to sixteen years;

but their career is uncertain, and they are frequently cut off in the flower of cubhood on fine September mornings, when the bloom is hardly off the rye, or, later, are burst up after twenty minutes without a check, all over grass, and very fast. Lions live to quite a patriarchal age; one has been known in London at at. seventy. Squirrels and hares average eight years. I am sure a hare which I tried to eat lately at a restaurant must have completed his second lustre. Our friend, the rabbit, goes into his final burrow after seven years. Elephants must be tenants in trunk, for they live four hundred years. Pigs, too, manage to grub on for four lustres; and that superior pig, the rhinoceros, will see out a quarter of a century. The average age of a horse is from twenty-five to thirty, provided he is not Hansomly treated, but the noble animal has been known to reach the age of sixty-two (I really think it must have been the 'Creeper,' a cripple which, in my nonage, I used to hire of a London dealer). 'Whales,' says Cuvier, 'live to a thousand.' I dare say they do, but how the deuce should he know? he died before he was a hundred. Eagles live to be one hundred; swans to be three hundred; pelicans sixty; and turtle one hundred—those with 'soup to-morrow' on their backs are naturally cut off in the prime of their life and of their green fat.

It is very pleasant to know that in spite of the hard times which have fallen on Italy her king is still keen as regards all sporting: I believe next to fighting a battle Victor Emmanuel best likes stalking a deer. His Majesty has given to the Florence races of 1868 a prize of 600*l.*; but in 1871 there will be a 'Grand Prix' established, for the encouragement of the breed of horses in Italy. To this the King gives 1600*l.*, so that with the entries it will be a stake worth winning. The King's horses may run. Like William IV., he may start all the fleet, if he is so pleased; but if any horse in the royal training stables wins, the stakes will be given to the second horse. I confess that I look forward to the 'Grand Prix' and the race week at Florence, and hope to carry the 'goodlye companye,' and I am sure the merry weather, from Baden to a virgin course beyond the Alps. Betting runs very high here as to who is the winning trainer in France for the year 1867. Tom Jennings is the favourite, and I believe has won one hundred events. We have had scores of steeple-chases here, but really they are like the groom's baby, very little things, hardly worth talking about. Poor dear old Anglo-Saxon was sent to jump, having galloped—at never more than 6 to 4 against him and his temper—on the flat for a period of time beyond which the memory of backer reacheth not, and he declined jumping himself, and, indeed, upset others who would have jumped. You see it is the last seven pounds which break the horse's back. Shakspeare, too, was sent here—that 'bard of 'Avon' on whom Mr. Goodman, Colonel Townley, and Captain Barclay have all performed; but coming here with the baneful influence of past favouritism, he was insured the very highest weight and the very shortest odds. The Duke of Hamilton continues not to win. Now no man runs straighter, or does more for French steeple-chase meetings (if you were to send Captain Comeagain, the Queen's messenger, and he has a roughish time of it in these days of war, congress, and consultation, to do the distances by rail, and in the time in which they are performed by the Duke, he would very properly strike for more pay), and really one is sorry to see luck go so dead against pluck. I fear we shall, for a time, lose Captain Barrow from the French turf, for which he had just prepared a string of young ones. A family bereavement has taken that good sportsman to Mexico, and so the neat drag, the cheery party, the pleasant breakfast, will be missed in Paris by many next spring.

The duels to which I alluded last month all came off! 'All came off' sounds serious, does it not? But the fact is, it was a triangular quarrel, and almost resulted in a triangular duel. A letter was written by the Marquis de Galiffet, Colonel of the 8th Hussars, to a friend, the Marquis de Rouge, reflecting on Prince Achille Murat (it is too late now to conceal names, and I am sure all parties would wish that 'Baily' recorded the truth). 'Read 'this to no one,' wrote the Marquis de Galiffet, who really is the personification of pluck, and who has wounded and been wounded in innumerable duels, and half killed in several fields of battle—why, I actually believe he is *enrassé* now on account of his several wounds. 'Read this to no one, except that 'portion which relates to the Prince, and, if you like, read that to him by all 'manner of means.' This was certainly acting *en Grand Seigneur*. If wrong in the main, the Marquis-Colonel was right, by-the-bye. Unluckily, the gods have reserved common sense for the few, tact for the fewer. Now the Marquis de Rouge (Mullet, the English jesters call it, with a reckless regard to spelling) was excluded from either category; he showed the letters to several persons, but allowed them to be reported by mouth to the only man to whom he was allowed to show them. Then came a duel, in which the Prince wounded Rouge slightly, and so put him *hors de concours*, free to go to the Papal army, to which he volunteered. Then a resignation of a commission by the Prince Achille Murat, in order to fight his Colonel. So two good fellows met because one individual was so stupid that it is a wonder Providence ever put a head on his shoulders. At the first lounge Prince Achille Murat touched the Marquis just above the knee: without being a dangerous wound, it was a very severe and curious one; it touched some sympathetic nerve which perfectly paralysed the right arm of the wounded man. Of course points were at once dropped, but I fear that the affair is not over. Now it is certainly small business of mine, yet I do think that when two men who have proved themselves as dauntless as the Marquis de Galiffet, who has fought everywhere where there was war within his reach, and Prince Achille, who has certainly shown pluck enough during the past month to prove himself a Murat, have engaged once, nothing should be reason enough for their meeting again except as the best friends. Men who fight as they do can afford to apologise and to receive apologies. I should not have bored you with this story at such length, only that all your readers know the two gentlemen in question, and I am sure that there are Clubs in and about St. James's, and country-houses in partridge and pheasant counties, where evil news about either of these two 'French gentlemen' would be a source of bitter grief.

We have got a new Ambassador in Paris, and a very good one he seems likely to be. Lord Lyons brings with him great popularity, and will be therefore certain to be received, both by the French and the English residents, with the warmest welcome. His Excellency has commenced his career by 'cutting down' the French as to carriages. Lord Lyons has brought out three of 'Peters and Sons,' which eclipse any state-carriage, brougham, or barouche now in Paris. We have some very fair turns-out here this winter, and not less than six or seven drags may be seen by the shore of Boulogne Water on fine afternoons. We are prepared here for a very dull season. After such a year as that of the Exhibition we must expect reaction; and yet there seems to me to be a very good lot of foreigners—a 'capital entry,' here. The theatres are suffering more than anything from the dull season, but still they are making great efforts to attract. We all remember the old ballet of 'Le Corsaire,' in which that 'Muse of the many twinkling feet'—of course

she had only two, but that is a detail—Rosati, used to interest us all; well, that is reproduced here at the Grand Opéra with great success. Then we have had a new comic opera by an amateur, Prince Poniatowski, who, having been a dashing light-infantry officer, is now an intrepid composer of good music. 'Don Desiderio' a well-meaning man, who is always doing utter and entire mischief, is the hero of the piece, the prima donna of which is Patti, who this year is in finer voice than ever. We heard her and Gardoni sing in a private room, a duet from Gounod's 'Romeo and Juliet,' and our conviction was, that we had never heard anything so fine. Professor Risley and his Japanese jugglers did good business here, and were great fun. The butterfly trick, and the spinning tops on the points of swords, were the best things of their kind I have ever witnessed. The French, who are proverbially quick at such tricks, were actually paralyzed. Schneider is at last tired of playing the 'Grand Duchess,' and has accepted another engagement. I hear that the successor to the throne of Geroldstein is quite worthy of her position, but, as a faithful subject of Schneider, I confess I have not yet paid my homage to the new 'Grand Duchess.' You will say I do not give you a great deal of sporting news this month. Hunting is going on; but then, what is it? I know that once the racing season is really over, I am going to ride a son of the 'Dutchman' up and down the rides of Compiègne, and that it will not be state hunting, but yet it will be but poor amusement to your readers. If we can get away with a good boar, with the pack of the Marquis de l'Angle, that will be another history, and a gallop after the wild pig quite worth recording. Compiègne will very much miss the Court this year, but then we are all subject to disappointment.

The Exhibition! what a rapid wreck! Nobody could believe that so much could be pulled down and put out of sight in so a short time. It is little exaggeration to say that in less than a month nothing but the shell of that great building, which has occupied the thoughts of all Europe for a year, was left standing. England, I fear, did not cut so good a figure as was expected; but then France has so enormously improved—and then, moreover, was at home! Who do you think were the successful English? All men known to your readers. I will give them alphabetically—Broadwood (pianos), Dobson (glass), Melton (hats), Phillips (coral), and Peters (carriages). You will be sorry to hear that, from a statement drawn up for a very great English judge of arts and science, it appears that, beyond this line, England was 'beaten off,' a second to France, but not a very good second. The Exhibition has been a bore to a good many people—indeed, to all the residents here; and I confess for one, that I sincerely hope that when next there is such a great national display in this city, that there will be, instead of the 500,000 inhabitants, only 499,999 present, the 'odd fellow,' myself, having won the toss and gone out.

The 'Bois' has resumed its normal state here, and our Park is what it used to be before Exhibition emperors and kings crowded us up so. On fine days we make a fair show, and can boast of not less than half a dozen drags—Americans own most of them, however. The Americans here too indulge greatly in their depraved taste for trotting carts, double and single. 'Built 'on my own lines, sir; yes, sir, and with very light timber,' and then Colonel Hickory J. W. Wheels tears down the Avenue de l'Impératrice as if he had just seen a ghost. Ghostly, too, looks the vehicle of Colonel Hickory J. W. Wheels. I do not think the 'carriage department' of the Bois is very striking this year. I have seen better turns-out. Half a dozen foreigners, including

Ambassadors, Russian Princes, and Queens of a world which is visited, but not received in return by the other older and, let us hope, better and more respectable world, have carriages, horses, and servants which may be equalled—surpassed, no; but for the general riding and driving public I have but little to say. Nothing to catch the eye which is accustomed to survey Piccadilly and the Park, and inspect life generally from a bay-window in St. James's Street—that one, perchance, before which our cleverest sporting writer has openly confessed his fear of driving his first cab-horse. Confound that first cab-horse, we all remember him; he was as sound as a bell in Anderson's yard, but somehow his corns always began to trouble him in those horrible straits which were bounded on the west by Crockford's, and on the east by White's. 'Go round,' I remember was the advice of an old friend of ours to a young gentleman who had attempted a phaeton.

We have lately lost here a great character—a great individual. If your readers since 1848 often dined at the *Maison Dorée* they must have noticed a little party of four which usually occupied a table in the inner room, and the giver of the feast of which was always in half evening dress, and wore a little velvet cap like the great Pam Jam in Mr. Canning's celebrated 'Nonsense.' This was the Doctor Veron, supposed to be the oldest *roné* and the noblest eater in Paris. He was once a great politician, and, indeed, did a good deal to assist the second Empire in its teething and other juvenile maladies. Then he bought a patent medicine, and of course his fortune was made: 'Veron's Varnish for Health,' or whatever it was called, was a warrant for so many thousands a year that the proprietor took the Grand Opéra. Some persons are born lucky, which we have heard is better than rich, though we prefer the two together, and think a colt by Wealth out of Good Luck is bred to stay. Veron was certainly one of the lucky ones, for even a theatre could not ruin him, and he made heaps of money at the Grand Opéra, where he brought out some of the best operas, and introduced to the public of Paris the greatest dancing talent of the day. The Ellsers were his favourites. All this time, too, he was dining himself and giving dinners to all celebrities with a hospitality which did honour to his heart if damage to his liver. He once, years ago, gave a great dinner at Verey's in Regent Street; the *menu* is remembered even now. The object of this banquet was to get Fanny Ellsler to sign an engagement. With the coffee a silver salver full of costly ornaments was handed to the female guests, and when Fanny took the last ornament, she found that the splendid salver itself was dedicated to her, and bore the inscription, 'To the Divine Fanny Ellsler.' That night the engagement was signed. The Doctor's dinners and his cook, Sophie, were very famous in Paris; and when he used to dine at the *Maison Dorée*, it was as good as any advertisement. He used to enjoy his *plats* so evidently, that other diners used to send for the waiters and say, 'Bring me some of the dish which he in the velvet cap is consuming.' He had a secretary who always dined with him, and who was blind and deaf, which some people consider a drawback to a secretary, and they always entered the restaurant by different doors. To see the dear departed dressing a wild duck was a sight! What a pity that 'pallida mors' has claimed this *gourmet* for her own, just as, to judge from the skeins which keep flying over Paris, the best duck year ever known is about to commence.

An Englishman of late years as well known in the Champs Elysées as in Piccadilly, Lieut.-Col. Ellison, late of the Grenadiers, has just died at Nice, where, by the way, the Vicomte Talon, so well known to all your soldier

readers, is forced to go for his health. The Vicomte is suffering from neuralgia in the nerves and muscles of the stomach, and has, in fact, never been well since the attack which seized him at Baden-Baden just as he was about to weigh for the Grand Steeple-chase which, by the way, he won on Regalia in 1866.

We miss another semi-English, semi-Venetian face, too, from the Boulevards and the restaurants which he affected. Dollar Scott was of late years as regular a loungeur on the Boulevard as he used to be in days long past at the Corner; and even here he contrived to bet and win not a little; he is gone to his long home now, and the takers of 6 to 4 will know him no more. 'Why do they call you Dollar?' was asked of Scott not long before his death. 'Short for Adolphus,' was the reply. The Boulevards are certainly devoid of English. 'Atra, pallida, Mors,' knocks the wanderers out of time. They are gone and seen no more. Where are A. and B., and, by Jove, nearly the rest of the alphabet? I see one face here which Scott used to see at Epsom and Ascot—one Pensom, I think he was called; he used to have so much hair that I would have backed Absalom against him under a tree for an even fiver. Nobody else is here, and in a word, Paris is deuced dull, as I have told you would be the case. The Marquis of Hastings' sale of horses was advertised here in the 'Sport,' a fact curious enough to remember, as ten or even five years ago any English marquis might have sold anything (except his wife at Smithfield, that they would have remembered and recorded the very halter), and no French writer or reader been any the wiser. I wonder if there is one French gentleman, save MM. Paul Daru and de la Grange, who even remembers when Lord George Bentinck sold everything, including kitcheners and the stable pails, over the breakfast-table at Goodwood? Well, all that is changed—we are great sportsmen now, and run in and out like our neighbours. And now I suppose I must 'say 'good night until to-morrow,' of next month.

The staff of the Embassy in Paris now consists, besides H.E. Lord Lyons, of Mr. Sheffield, private secretary, Honourable Julian Fane, Mr. Adams, Mr. Hillyard, Mr. L'Estrange, Mr. Jerningham, Mr. Faulconer. Atlee is secretary. There is a great action for libel now in process between Prince de Metternich, the Austrian Ambassador, and the proprietors of the 'Courrier Français,' in which paper the most scandalous libel against the *plus grande dame* in Paris has been audaciously published. When ladies are by name accused of contesting the prize of imprudence and extravagance with the demi-monde, it is time some steps should be taken. Prince Metternich is not the man to spare the assailants of his wife's position, and no doubt the peccant writer will get what he merits; and as the Princess is the pleasantest, most hospitable, and most charitable person in Paris, he merits a good deal.

I hear that Nice and Mentone are very full. Lord and Lady Grosvenor passed through Paris on their way south, and Mr. George Payne and Mr. Ousely Higgins are due at Nice.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—November Notabilia.

NOVEMBER, the month which has been dedicated by Nature to fogs, coughs, Guy Fawkes, and hybrid Race Meetings, has this year somewhat relaxed her usual severity towards such of Her Majesty's Servants as were compelled either by stern necessity or a love of gambling to pursue the chief of our National Sports during the thirty days allotted to her in the almanac; and what with flat-racing, steeple-chasing, coursing, and prize-fighting, the peripatetic wielders of the pencil have been kept fully employed. November also is the month which is held in the most sacred estimation by Messrs. Topham, Frail, and Merry, all of whom are reported to have the portrait of its patron Saint hung up in their respective offices, out of gratitude for the favours she vouchsafes to them. But, really, when we look upon the returns of the racing at Shrewsbury, Liverpool, and Warwick, it is difficult to persuade ourselves we are not labouring under an optical illusion, for both the programmes and issues are worthy of Newmarket, Epsom, and Ascot. What old Buckle would have had to do, if he had survived to witness this transformation scene, we cannot say; but of one fact we are quite satisfied, viz., that he would have had to put off his meal of his traditional goose on the last day of the Houghton Meeting for at least another month; for such an artist would have been certain to be retained for some of the leading November mounts. In our last we commented somewhat strongly, we will admit, upon the evils resulting from the heavy betting which characterized the Newmarket Meetings, and which almost destroyed the ranks of the backers, like cholera has swept off a regiment in India. The number of those who were carried away by their plunging happily acted as a warning to the survivors, and we are glad to state that the bulletins from the provinces during the month have been of a far more healthy character; in fact, from what we can glean, the whole race of 'monkeys' seemed to have been exterminated, and during the Meetings to which we have referred not one was seen; so we conclude they have disappeared, like the swallows, and will not be visible again till they come up with John and William Day's horses to Northampton. With Worcester the November session may be said to have commenced, and with Warwick to have come to a conclusion. The 'Faithful City,' as the Turf reporters are so fond of terming it, has always been famous for its love of sport of all descriptions from the period when Spring fought Langan on a wooden stage, in the presence of a large number of the representatives of both Houses of Parliament and the county magistracy; and, consequently, there is always plenty going on during the race days. Lord Coventry, who may be described as the patron saint of Worcester, very appropriately opened the Meeting by winning the first race, which, to suit the local taste, was over hurdles, with Tennyson; and then Mr. Merry sent a Parson, which he got from St. Albans, to go into the Nursery and make all the young things in it lie down, which he did by head work. The second day is not worth dwelling upon; but the third was a most objectionable one, in the truest sense of the word, for there was not a Hunters' Stakes in the card, and whenever that is the case the winner is as certain to be opposed as a candidate without money presenting himself to an Athlone constituency. Even Lord Stamford had an Opposition entered against his Reporter in the Annual Steeple-chase; but we are glad, both for his sake as well as that of the Fourth Estate, that the Reporter was not done

out of the salary he had so fairly earned, and the objection, we believe, was deemed both frivolous and vexatious. Bettors, Backers, Amateurs, and Professionals next had the route given them for Liverpool, where the Aintree cause list was stated to be an exceedingly heavy one, and where Mr. Justice Johnson would have to try some important issues. Generally speaking, Aintree in November is anything but an inviting spot for a Londoner to spend the best part of four entire days; but Mr. Topham thought otherwise, not reflecting, perhaps, that what may be an Agapemone for the peewit, the plover, and the jacksnipe, is quite distasteful to the human form divine, unless the wearer of it be the gentle shepherd or the stalwart coast-guardsmen. The weather, however, was all that could be desired; so much so, that if a stranger had been put down on the course without a card he might easily have been persuaded he was assisting at the July Meeting. The first day's sport, although very good of its kind, is scarcely worth reproducing; and the same may be said of the second, on which old Skylark showed his wings had not been clipped since he had been in his cage at home, for he flew away with the Sefton Handicap without the slightest trouble, the old lovers of his notes sticking to him as closely as if they wanted to put salt on his tail. Thursday was only remarkable for that good old Sportsman, Mr. Stanhope Hawke, whom many had imagined to have retired from the Turf, winning a race with Palisade, who, as her name would imply, was out of his old mare Stockade. And we are sure we only echo every Yorkshireman's sentiments by expressing a wish that this victory may be the forerunner of many others, for Mr. Hawke, although not a Plunger, has always raced as became a gentleman; and we have so very few of the old sort left, we cannot afford to lose one of them. Ben Land also proved the new system of education he had adopted with Lord Poulett's school of horses was attended with the best results, as Benazet, his senior pupil, with his usher in the shape of Mr. Edwards, came and beat all the competitors for the Sefton Steeple-chase in a manner most creditable to all concerned in bringing him to the post. The other events were hurried over, people not seeming to care about them, but to be most anxious for 'the Loving Cup,' as Mr. Topham's great prize might well be termed; and this, if it had been delayed as long at the Mansion House as it was here, would most certainly have shaken the popularity of the Chief Magistrate. No less than eighteen went down to partake of its contents; and again the result was contrary to all expectation, and, we may add, all calculation; for Corporal, who had cleaned out all Tom Dawson's lot at home, inclusive of Mandrake, was voted so great a certainty, that the veteran trainer backed him to win upwards of ten thousand pounds; and his being 'raised from the ranks' was looked upon as a step that would be gained by merit, and not by interest. Then Regalia was as much an object of care as that in the Tower of London, and Mr. Stephenson looked after her as diligently as any of those red-coated gold-laced officials, for he had almost an equal interest in her, having a large bet with Mr. Smith that she would beat Caithness, whom he lent to him, besides laying him ten thousand to one against him outright. Both sides were confident to the last, but in the end it was seen that Mr. Smith had decidedly the best of the deal. The Peer, who had been expressly revived for this event, carried more Newmarket money than either Honesty, Knight of the Garter, or New Guinea, which were the sole representatives of the Turf Metropolis, and could he have stayed all the way, Lord Stamford, who came from his deer forest in Scotland to see him run, would undoubtedly have witnessed his victory. But the race was a chapter of accidents from beginning to end; for Moulsey at starting broke Wells's stirrup-

leather, and so was virtually struck out, greatly to Lord Bateman's annoyance, for he had backed him for a good stake for a place. Then, when the lot had passed the canal side, and come into the straight running, there was such a collision among them that they were knocked about like billiard-balls at pool. The poor Corporal was the first that was put out of his place, which so upset him that he seemed to say to himself, 'I have done enough; Mandrake must now come and do the rest:' which he sure enough did; for, after a close race with Knight of the Garter, who had escaped all interference throughout the journey, he beat him very cleverly by a neck, and just won for Mr. Johnstone sufficient to pay his Corporal's losses. Both Honesty and Caithness we believe would have been more forward but for the interference they met with at two or three critical points in the race. And here, with all due respect to Mr. Topham, we will just give him a word of parting advice for the season, and to which, as it will be gratis, we trust he will lend a willing ear. He has done what many deemed an impossibility, viz., established an Autumn Meeting at Aintree, and brought out racehorses to contend for the possession of that cheerless plain, which has hitherto been given up to the sole occupation of the greyhound, the snipe, and the crow. Liverpool, we think, he will admit to be more adapted for the *sojourn* of the sugar-broker, the cotton-dealer, and the speculator in railway shares, than those who dwell in high places, and only snuff the air of St. James's Street and Belgravia. These are the loadstones that attract the professionals, and therefore their wishes are worth cultivating; and if he will confine his November gathering to merely three days, setting the Cup for the last, he will find himself amply rewarded by an increased attendance, all cause for murmuring will be removed, and non-mercantile men will not look forward with a shrug of the shoulders to the long week they are now almost of necessity compelled to spend in a place with which they have no affinity. The ropes and stakes were next pitched at Shrewsbury, where the evergreen Frail, who seems to set time at defiance, with his well-educated son and heir, were in waiting to receive the Conservative Noblemen and Gentlemen who yearly not only patronize him themselves, but throw open their mansions for fresh recruits for his enclosure. We have said, we believe, more than once, and we are anxious to repeat our belief, that the Shrewsbury Lessee is a great institution, not half enough appreciated by racing men. There was a time—and not many years back—when Shrewsbury did not stand well with owners of horses, for occult influences were said to have prevailed in the framing of the handicaps. Starters were also thought to be accessible, and the Race Committee whispered to be a fable. Sporting writers denounced Mr. Frail with virtuous indignation, for which he thanked them most graciously, merely remarking their attacks were nothing but gratuitous advertisements, and the time he hoped would come when they would see with other eyes, and acknowledge the honesty of his actions and the purity of his intentions. Nor was he a false prophet, for, by a series of progressive reforms worthy of Downing Street, he has subdued the opposition of the Sporting Press, and got up as well regulated a Meeting as is to be found in the Calendar, and drawn to Shrewsbury the greater portion of horses that are to be found in training. And when we add that the Lessee called in Messrs. Hughes and Angell as Standing Counsel in the handicapping cases, and put Mr. Justice Clarke on the bench, and consigned the starting flag to Mr. McGeorge, we are sure our readers will admit at once that he did all that became a man to insure the success and proper conduct of the Meeting.

The racing at Shrewsbury is never looked forward to much as a guide to

the future, although we cannot see why it should not be, as for the last two years it has been of the purest quality, and silenced criticism. The Shrewsbury Cup proved Seville had a distaste for racing in November, for she would not act at all in the deep ground. But Tynedale, who, being accustomed to the wintry blasts of Middleham, felt quite relieved by coming down into the valleys, and won every yard of the way, and so far Tom Dawson has had a good back end. In the Shobden Cup, all the best of 'the short-cut talent' were assembled; but they never had the ghost of a chance with Leonie, who won almost as soon as she had started. The Column Handicap was the only other event worth touching upon at this moment, and we only notice it now to remark how very much the late Marquis of Exeter was wont to overrate his own horses. For as a two-year old Grand Cross was valued at the small sum of five thousand guineas, and now, as a three, Lozenge gives him very nearly three stone. The Steeple-chase revival proved tolerably successful, and no small amusement was created by Greenland's bridle being put on so tight, he could not get his head out; while, to make matters worse, at Warwick it was so loose, that it came off altogether. And now we must bid adieu to Shrewsbury for many a long month to come, and congratulate Mr. Frail upon having to change the racing for the political arena, for the display of his versatile talents. Almost the same company that had been exhibiting at Shrewsbury reappeared at Warwick in the following week, under the auspices of the rival manager, Mr. Merry, whose sheet-list resembled the enlarged edition of 'The Glowworm.' And we are given to understand that so large a number of race-horses were quartered in Warwick, that if there had been a Fenian attack, a regiment of yeomanry cavalry could have been mounted on them, and then there would have been enough left for racing purposes. Warwick is one of the very few places where Mr. Payne can win a race; and having at last learned where to place her, and the exact length of her course, she came out for the Welter Cup, and in Mr. Bevill's hands won very easily. The Great Welter Cup, manufactured by Mr. Benson in the massive old-fashioned style of cups that were at one time peculiar to York, Doncaster, and Manchester, proved Knight of the Garter to be one of the best milers of the year; and the fight which he and Custance had with King of the Fairies and Mr. C. Boynton to get possession of it was worthy of Newmarket. Then the weighing-room was the scene of a laughable farce, the chief characters being enacted by Mr. Merry and Mr. Fleming, the latter of whom claimed an animal that had been knocked down to Mr. Harrison, whose cheque Mr. Merry had in his pocket. After a wordy war, in which the C. C. proved himself quite a 'Rupert of debate,' Mr. Fleming fairly brought down the house, by giving Mr. Merry his full permission to apply the cheque to a purpose which neither he nor even Mr. Fleming himself were in the habit of doing with stamped paper. Had the argument continued much longer, we do not know what the result would have been; but the stalwart Sergeant Dunn, acting as serjeant-at-arms, moved the previous question, and finally order was restored, and the business of the room proceeded with. The weather on the third day was good for the sellers of waterproof clothing as well as the backers of horses; but, with the exception of the Newport Gold Cup, which was added without any trouble to Captain Machell's numerous collection, and a Nursery as well filled as that of a Poor Law Union, there was nothing to keep hunting men from hounds, or clubbists from St. James's Street; and the last day was made up of odds and ends. Still Mr. Merry may be said to have brought down the curtain of his racing drama with well-deserved applause.

The Derby betting seems to have centered down into a very small compass, as Sir Joseph's friends stick to Rosicrucian, while the public adhere to Blue Gown. No one dares to take any liberties with Lady Elizabeth, who seemed at the Danebury sale to have grown and thickened, and is certainly as magnificent a filly as has been seen in this country for many years; and as she has been tried in public to be within 4lbs. of Julius, and is known to be able to stay for a moon, it strikes us that nothing but temper can prevent her restoring the fortunes of Donnington. Typhæus occasionally finds his name in print, and Harvester, who does not quit Clumber until the spring, is the coming outsider, according to report. At all events, his noble owner is 'gathering in' all the money that is to be had in the market about him.

The sale of the Marquis of Hastings' horses has been the crowning event of the month, and has excited as much sensation as a Cesarewitch or a Cambridgehire. To the Sporting Press it has come like manna in the wilderness, and has provoked sermons, poems, jokes, and appetites as keen as that of a north-country starter. The announcement took the world by surprise, and no one was more amazed than John Day himself, who went at once off his feed and to London. Then Special Commissioners began to gird up their loins, and leader writers ordered to indite homilies and lectures to the Plunging Brigade. But the Marquis needed no other Lecturer than the Son of Colsterdale and Algebra, who, although small in stature, had immense influence over him, as the Ring know to their cost. It does not become us to inquire into the causes which led to the breaking up of this magnificent collection of horses, but if common report be not a liar, the resolution is a commendable one. The day, which some writers would have was as ominous for the fortunes of the vendor, opened sombre and cold, and the Waterloo platform was trodden by a good sprinkling of racing men both of the patrician and plebeian order, the majority of whom were wrapped up enough to witness a fight for the Championship. The Fourth Estate mustered very strong, no less than five of them occupying one carriage; and upon our being offered the vacant seat, we politely declined it on public grounds. For had an accident occurred, it would have been sad to think that so many educators of public opinion should have been swept away at one fell swoop. With a degree of punctuality which would have delighted the late Lord George Bentinck, the green flag was dropped, and away we sped. Our first stoppage was at Surbiton, where we took up Col. Maude, and Ransom, the latter of whom looked as fresh as paint, and as little likely to make a vacancy as Lord Derby himself. Nothing could have been managed better than the journey down, or the disembarkation; and if the Abyssinian expedition is as fortunate, the sharers in it will be lucky, and the Editor of 'The Times' grateful. On our arrival on the race-course, we found the yearlings, two-year olds, and the old horses, parading about, and the sight of them, we confess, gave us a qualm, when we thought on their corn bills and the costs of their education. For the catalogues, which were freely distributed by the successor to the late ubiquitous Beck, were as long as a piece of stair-carpeting, hung out of a window of a house in a country town, as a symbol of an auction going on. Mr. Barber, with that everlasting brown poncho, which has stood the battle and the breeze for so many years, and is as well known as the red shirt of Garibaldi, was the first public character that met our eye. Then we stumbled across 'Our William,' who looked as fresh and jolly as if Mail Train had just won a Cesarewitch at the old price of 66 to 1; and Isaac Woolcot came up smiling as when he made his celebrated Steward Cup prophecy at Goodwood. Although it was given out that Dane-

bury was shut up, and the blinds drawn down, and the flag hoisted half-mast high, John Day, whom we had only parted with eight and forty hours before, in such bad spirits, that we were very nearly telegraphing to have his razors removed from his dressing-case, came up quite an altered man. In fact, his fears had been allayed, and he was completely renovated, for he knew the coin was not on the ground that could take Lady Elizabeth and the Earl from him. The Ring was well laid out behind the Stewards' Stand, but before going to it, a visit had to be paid to the Stand, where the inner man was catered for by Mr. Haines. The repast was a very fair one, but bread and meat and salt, although washed down with some good sherry, and tolerable champagne iced by Nature herself, was hardly a preparation for a spell of three hours against sheep hurdles, when the feet were almost frozen to the ground, and fingers so benumbed that it was scarcely possible to note down the prices or the names of the bidders; and if some potatoes had been added as a bonus to the meal in question, something more resembling a luncheon might have been made. As it was, the free list was entirely suspended, on account, we suppose, of it being Mr. Haines' benefit. And the expression with which 'the members of the Fourth' parted with their dollars, could only have been portrayed by Herr Schloss, of the Egyptian Hall, whose portraiture in 'Masks and Faces' has only to be seen to be remembered. No complaints, however, as to the want of liberality in the gentleman who made a present of the sherry and champagne were made; but it was felt they were not the right things in the right place, and a stiff nor'-wester, such as an Isle of Wight Pilot is in the habit of taking before he puts forth to meet an East Indian in the Channel, would have been far more welcome. But we must be supposed to have improved the occasion and returned to the Ring side, where we find Mr. Tattersall addressing his audience, and beseeching them, in a tone which showed its earnestness, bid too quickly for all their sakes. The attendance was not over large, but in the dress circle, the fashionable Reporter might have observed the Duke of Hamilton (with Mr. Crawshaw in attendance), the Duke of Newcastle, the Marquis of Hastings, Lords Jersey and Uxbridge, Sir Frederick Johnstone, Mr. Sutton, Mr. Drake, Mr. Fulke, and Captain Machell. The yearlings were first put up, but they were as rough as shelties, and therefore did not appear to the same advantage as they would have done at Middle Park or Hampton Court. The best-looking of the colts were Conjuror, Jove, and Robespierre; and of the fillies we decidedly gave the preference to the Trumpeters, all of whom were as handsome as paint, and looked bound to race. For the run upon the Bay Celia filly we were fully prepared, for our hairdresser in the Burlington Arcade had confidentially told us she was decidedly the best of the lot, and would realize the highest price, and the morrow proved it true.

Of the older horses, Challenge was secured by Mr. Cavaliero for the private Stud of the Emperor Francis Joseph, who may be congratulated upon his new purchase. And were he to deign to listen to our advice, we would recommend him to challenge any other Emperor of the present day to run for a hundred thousand pounds, with any horse they may happen to have at this moment in their possession. Such a match might be run for at Paris in the Spring, and would excite the most intense interest; and if his Imperial Majesty wants a Commissioner to get on his money, we will engage to introduce one to him, who will put him on half the revenue of Austria, and only seek the insignia of the Red Eagle in return for his trouble. John Davis, the most useful Voltigeur we have perhaps ever had, hung a long time in the balance between the Duke of Hamilton and

Mr. Hughes. In the end, however, the Peer won cleverly; and his estimate of the horse must be greatly raised when he witnessed the strong endeavours of Mr. Hughes to secure him. John is now going to embark in the new pursuit of steeple-chasing, and if he takes to it kindly, there is every prospect of his making a good chaser, for he cannot be handicapped too high at first, and his speed will certainly be superior to that of many of his opponents. Redcap was purchased by Mr. Hughes, and we shall probably see him at some of the suburban Meetings, and if he does not change hands, then we shall see him reappear at Shrewsbury. Of the two-year olds, the happily-named See Saw out of Margery Daw was secured by Lord Wilton, for 2,300*l.*, a sum sufficient to bring her late owner, Mr. Benjamin Way, out of his grave, for he would have been delighted to have seen a colt out of his favourite mare realize such a sum. Lady Elizabeth and The Earl were both out for a few minutes only, as it was generally known they would be bought in, and therefore only the latter was bid up for with any spirit; and we believe regret was expressed afterwards that he was not allowed to change his quarters. Lady Elizabeth was not even stripped, the humanity of the spectators willingly agreeing to the proposition of Mr. Tattersall, that it would be ungallant to her ladyship to divest her of her drapery. Mr. Tattersall desired very much to knock her down for fifteen thousand guineas, even by way of a novelty, but his wishes were doomed not to be gratified; and after three bids from Captain Machell and Sir Frederick Johnstone, she was knocked down to the latter, and then led back to the place from whence she came, and from whence she will be taken to the Derby. Of course the opinions about her were various, but there could be no mistake about her having both grown and thickened. Still her nervous temper gave her friends some misgivings; but as she will no doubt be covered in the Spring, her backers need not be discouraged about her giving herself any airs and graces on the eventful day. Athena was *bona fide* purchased by Mr. Padwick, who let her have the run of the market before he secured her, and she will run in future in the black and orange. Lecturer, we had almost forgotten to state, was bought in; for the Marquis could not bear to part with so faithful a friend, and by whom he had profited so much. In conclusion we will merely remark, that although the proceedings of the Sale were as dull and cheerless as could be imagined, yet its object in the end, viz., the dispersion of the horses, was accomplished as far as it was possible to do so, as may be instanced by the fact of no less than thirty-seven horses actually changing hands out of fifty-one lots that were put up. And besides these, seven were afterwards disposed of by private contract, so the Stud may be said to have been more than weeded out. In concluding our remarks upon this important Sale, which has occasioned so much gossip in racing circles, we shall simply remark that the step which was taken by the Marquis, of reducing the number of his horses in training, was one that would have been strongly recommended by the late Mr. Joseph Hume, if his advice had been sought for on the occasion. And being staunch followers of the doctrines of the late Member for Montrose, we cordially approve of it. And trusting that if there should be a second necessity for a Sale, it will be fixed for a Summer Assize, instead of a Winter one, we turn to fresh fields and pastures new.

Our Stud news we must bring into rather a small space, from the claims upon our pages which cannot at this particular moment be disregarded. Asteroid has been gazetted to Danebury, and Nutbourne is going to try his fortune in the North, as he is going to Rawcliffe at a reduced price, which ought to induce Yorkshire breeders to give him a chance. At the same place Claret

and Camerino, who are more nearly related to Waxy and Pot8os than any other horse now at the Stud, stand also, and at the same low figure of fifteen guineas. Now as the former has had only a very few mares, and his stock have won at least three thousand in stakes this year, and Miss Camerino has shown what the latter can do when mated with suitable mares, it follows they have claims to support from those breeders who are shut out from Stockwell, Trumpeter, Newminster, and the hundred-guinea division. Crater, whom we saw the other day at Mamhead, is quite the lord of the harem, and is filling out into a really grand horse. From the promise displayed by his colts, we understand he will be almost entirely reserved for the Mamhead mares. Sir Lydston Newman's other yearlings are all by the cracks of the day, viz., Stockwell, King Tom, Newminster, and Blair Athol; and the fruits of his policy will no doubt be apparent in the return list from Tattersall's in June. There are few better bred horses in England than Crater, and his speed was as notorious as his staying powers. The best of the young things by him are Mont Blanc out of Lady Blanche, Naples out of Olympias, Sorrento out of Fair Agnes, and Madlle. Cliquot out of Madame Cliquot. The King Toms are on a large scale, and with all the bone of their sire; and if we had any preference, it was for Miss Rothschild out of Prioress. The Blair Athol filly out of Equity, and which is well named Chancery, is so good-looking and racing-like that numbers are sure to get over their dislike to the name, even if they get into Chancery by so doing. High Church, by Newminster out of Start Point, will make many a true Protestant 'start' when they come to him, for he is the best of the flock, and we are happy to find that his doctrines have not yet been embraced by his owner; nor did we discover during our stay at Mamhead any tendency towards them. Royal Exchange, by Stockwell out of King of Kent's dam, need not have been advertised, so like is he to the old horse in every particular. There is also a very good-looking Bocket colt out of Rita, which, after what See Saw fetched the other day at Danebury, is worth remembering, as the latter's dam is by Bocket likewise. The whole stud we may say exhibited a clean bill of health, and are in the best of condition.

Our Hunting Intelligence is not very abundant, for, from the hardness of the ground, valuable horses have been laid up in ordinary, and their owners either taken to their breech-loaders or come up to London to see 'The Grand Duchess,' or aid in the discussion of the Abyssinian Expedition. But although as yet the Prayer for Rain has been put up every morning in every Master of Foxhounds' household, it has not yet been answered. However, as at the time of our writing a severe white frost has come on, according to the auguries of the Mother Shiptons the rainy season cannot be far distant, and when it does commence, it will be welcomed as much as at Jamaica or Dominica. Meanwhile we give such particulars as have reached us from the different Shires up to the time of our going to press.

From Yorkshire we are told, on the best authority, there has not been a wet night in York or the neighbourhood since old Volans, the wine merchant, died. Those who know the jolly old city well, will imagine the melancholy state of Messrs. S—y B—n, Billy R—d, and F—y R—n. Not a spot of mud on their boots, and November gone! Nothing but their strict sense of duty to 'the Master' prevents their giving up hunting and turning their attention to matrimony. And the worthy Master deserves support: he has an occasional gallop, and his hounds are doing well. But it is no joke to go on day by day sacrificing your horses' fore-legs and your own constitution, to please

even a grateful public. And we know that all classes of the community within twenty miles of York are grateful, and do love 'a day with Sir Charles.' Lord Middleton is hammering away six days a week. His best day a good run from Brandsby Bar and killed near Sutton. Ben Morgan and his Master divide the labour, as Ben is not equal to every day in the week.

The Bramhammoorites, as usual, have something to say, and have been anxious to discover the merits of their new huntsman, Fred Turpin. The 'new man' has been scrutinized with as much keenness as the 'new boy' who was left at the girls' school by mistake. The 'old offender,' who will have the first run at the fence, leads 'the column' on to the line of the fox, and cleverly brings the hounds to a check, gaining time for his shocking bad horse, says 'The man's slow.' 'Down wind Dick,' by no means a bad judge of fox-hunting, says 'the hounds work well,' and the fellow blows a good 'horn.' The best proof of the pudding is, that these hounds during the last week in October and the first fortnight in November had good sport, hunting, runs, and very fast gallops, always accounting for their foxes. Turpin is now, we regret to say, laid up, but hopes to be at work again soon. The Badsworth have had a fine run and killed their fox. Lord Hawke as fresh as a daisy, and means to keep the game alive this season. Lord Fitzwilliam is hunting amongst his coal pits with great satisfaction to himself and his family. Captain Fairfax has decided to part with his clever little pack of harriers. Military duties interfere with his time, and, like a real soldier, he gives up pleasure to serve his country. No sporting 'Harrogate doctor,' no 'pot valiant hotel keeper,' no 'cab proprietor' can be found to undertake the difficulties of the moors and the black-faced sheep. Therefore the farce of them 'arrier dawgs' is over. The Captain bows. The curtain drops.

The Rufford have been confined lately by the hard ground to the Forest and the Derbyshire side of the country, and have had some fair sport. In fact they may be said to have had more good days than bad, although up to the present time they are unable to boast of anything extraordinary. Machin gives general satisfaction, and may be likened to a famous Admiral or General, inasmuch as he has received the thanks of the Speaker of the House of Commons. Foxes are plentiful, and Mr. Harvey Bailly is doing the thing as it ought to be done. Cheltenham has come out quite in its olden style, and has been the scene of great revelry and rejoicing, owing to the banquet which was given to Mr. Cregoe Colemore, on the presentation of a handsome piece of plate to him, for the manner in which he had hunted the Cotswold for so many years. Lord Redesdale presided over the festival with his usual ability; and Mr. Colemore may well feel, in the language of Morton, in 'The School for the Heart-ache,' 'that praise from Sir Hubert Stanley was praise indeed.' By the report of the proceedings, it would seem all the party were agreed, if Mr. Colemore possessed a little more of the *fortiter in re*, he would be one of the most perfect Masters of Hounds that ever went into a field. In the Broadway country, or North Cotswold as it is now called, Lord Coventry has had excellent sport, having already killed ten brace of foxes; and after a capital run on the first day of the Croydon Steeple-chases, and killing his fox just as he was reaching a large woodland of the Worcestershire Hounds, he came up to see his horse Chimney-sweep win The Metropolitan Steeple-chase at Croydon, which he did on the following day very cleverly. There are few better judges of Steeple-chasing than the Lord of Croome, as the newspapers will persist in calling him; and Chimney-sweep, like all the Ethelberts, is just the stamp of horse for a chaser, being a nice little animal, very thick through, and with rare

loins. He is, moreover, a fine fencer, and easy to ride. Jemmy Adams, who must have learnt this branch of his profession while larking at Woodyeates during the winter, has taken to it very kindly, and has already had as many retainers given him as Mr. Hawkins for compensation cases. The Cotswold had a great day last week, when the Prince of Wales came out, with the Duke and Duchess D'Aumale, and had a capital hour and twenty minutes, when they ran into their fox and killed him. Lord Coventry and Mr. Robert Chapman were said to have had the best of it, and showed the Heir to the Throne the way he should go. The Master presented the brush to the Duchess D'Aumale, who was up at the death, but she, in her turn, with infinite grace and address, would insist in presenting it to the Prince of Wales, who put it in his breast-pocket. His Royal Highness, however, did not wear it very long, for finding the odour attached to it more congenial to the nostrils of the pack he had been hunting with, than to his own, he raised Mr. Chapman, not to the Peerage, but to the seventh heaven of delight, by asking him to assist him in transferring it to his coat-pocket, which he did with the greatest alacrity. It is singular how the ex-Royal Family of France have taken to our Sports and Pastimes since they have settled in this country. The Duc d'Aumale is one of the best masters of harriers we have. The Duchess is a most graceful equestrienne, and the Duc de Chartres is as hard as nails. In the neighbourhood they are beloved by all classes, who, for their own sakes have no reason to regret the tide in human affairs which drove them from their native land to settle in Worcestershire. The Quorn have not yet had a run worth recording; but in the few gallops they have had, the Master has shown more confidence than he displayed last year, and took his fences in better style.

On the Home Circuit and its adjuncts the ground has become too hard and dry for sport, but early in the month Squire Lowndes, with his new huntsman, Orviss, had several good days. On Tuesday, November 12th, as soon as the hounds were thrown into the little cover of Creslow, five foxes went away, for Mr. Rowland is as staunch a preserver as his father was before him. They settled to one, which went across the Great Ground and over the brook, and then over some of the finest portion of the Vale of Aylesbury, for an hour, the hounds being only handled once. The finish was brilliant. After racing over the big pasture lands below Pitchcott, Oving, and Holborn Hills, the hounds caught a view of their fox rising the hill towards Whitchurch, and, gaining upon him at every stroke, rolled him over in the middle of the field adjoining the village. The fences were still very blind, but Mr. Levi, upon his grey horse, went as he was wont to go in his hot youth. The fox was eaten before the Squire got up, but he was not the less pleased with his day's sport. From Hampshire the accounts from the Craven are good. They killed during the cubbing season 12½ brace, and since the regular hunting commenced have been doing very well. The best week began on Monday the 18th, with a short scurry and a kill from Heathanger in the morning, and a fine hunting run from Norbyns in the afternoon, killing their second fox after an hour and ten minutes. On Wednesday in the same week they had a gallop from Knightsbridge; on Friday a fine hunting run from Strype,

and whipped off at dark in Wilster Wood, in the Tedworth country; and on Saturday ran a fox for two hours in the open, and killed close to Brightwaltham. The H. H. have had excellent sport, in spite of the dry weather and the hard state of the ground. The old saying, that the Hampshire have the best sport in a wet November, has not been borne out. Mr. Deacon has had first-rate sport, and brought a lot of foxes to hand. On Tuesday the 19th, he had a clipper from Brookwood Park, finding directly, and going straight away over Beacon Hill to Warnford Park; then up old Winchester Hill to Highden Wood, in the Hambledon country, after a racing 50 minutes especially enjoyed by the lighter weights. Mr. Deacon's Tuesday visitors are still very unruly. From active service in the field with the Hambledon the veteran Will Cox has retired, and the pack is now ably handled by young Tom Champion when Lord Poulett is absent; and he has already given proofs that he is his father's own son. But we regret Lord Poulett giving up at the end of the season. Sport with the Vine looks rosy. The new huntsman looks like business, and can do it, not being one of the Richard Bragg school. He is active, quiet, and uses good dog language, and his voice in covert is cheery; so, given good foxes, the Vine must flourish. Up to the present time the Hursley have not done much, as the pack has not recovered the effects of the unknown malady which decimated the kennel last season; and as their kills have been for the most part underground, it was suggested by a well-known Sportsman that this Hunt should have for its button a pickaxe and shovel. Mr. James Dear is quite at a premium with his currant-jelly pack, and on November 7th from Waller's Ash had a 25 minutes which even Lord Gardner approved of, and some fast young fellows wished they could see more often with fox-hounds. So many hares did this little pack pick up on the 11th at Newton Stacey that it was suggested they should in future come out with a cart to carry them.

Racing news is not very plentiful, as the columns of the papers will show by the elaboration of the 'pars,' in the construction of which considerable ingenuity is manifested. Alfred Day, we regret to learn, has had a relapse, and of so serious a nature, that we fear he can scarcely survive our present number. Rolfe, who was for so many years private trainer to Mr. Parr, and who is so remarkable for the closeness of his ears, that they must have been cropped like those of a toy terrier, brought Grimshaw and Barry before the Warwickshire magistrates this week, for assaulting him in a public-house. But the tables were turned when the defendants brought witnesses to prove that he used language to the company quite the reverse of that which the late Doctor Watts would have approved of, and therefore the rough handling he got only served him right. So the magistrates dismissed the case, and with the threat of a speedy indictment for perjury, the Hinton trainer left the scene of action. The Oxford Union Debating Society have again been displaying their sagacity and wisdom, by voting that racing as it is at present conducted is not beneficial to the morals of the nation. To argue with these Solons would be paying them too great a compliment, for it would look as if a second thought had been bestowed upon their deliberations, which we

are quite satisfied has never been the case. And we, therefore, decline to advertise the society further. Mr. Ernest Chaplin and Captain Toomer, who left England in March for the Cape of Good Hope, on a shooting expedition in the Zulu country, have just returned, and in our next we shall be enabled to give our readers some interesting details of their sport, which has been of an unprecedented nature, as may be judged when on the 15th of July last, they killed three lions, two riet-bucks, one deiker, one crocodile, and four ducks. Mr. Henry Chaplin's sale had none of the sensational character attached to it which belonged to that of the Marquis of Hastings, and Breadalbane has gone to join Kettledrum at the Root Farm. That he went cheap there is no denying: for if the Blair Athols run, of which there is every chance from their good looks, Breadalbane will be worth double the money he was knocked down for. The cares of office have not prevented the Premier from recollecting his Stud Farm; and the purchase of Inspiration out of Canezou, shows that now and then he casts his eye on the 'Racing Calendar.' London is, while we write, comparatively deserted by Racing men, for the backers have taken to the Continent and the Shires, and the Ring have flocked to Brighton, their favourite resort both in summer and winter; and there may be seen among the gayest equipages on the King's Road, that of 'The Accountant-General,' whose turn-out and stud of horses may be said to be worthy of 'Lord Lyons' himself, and even the Paris Embassy would not suffer by the comparison with his Establishment. The last thing in jokes is, that it is almost unaccountable how the Marquis of Hastings, with all his rank, fortune, and servants, cannot keep his jewellery, for it was only the other day the Marchioness lost her rings, and now he himself has lost 'a valuable stud.' The admirers of Achievement, and they are legion, will be glad to know they have an opportunity of possessing an excellent likeness of her, as Messrs. Baily have published a Portrait of her at Cornhill, which may be said to have 'out-Halled 'Harry Hall.' One of our most popular jockeys, it is said, has just composed a waltz, and upon asking a veteran member of the Fourth Estate, what name he should give it, the latter promptly replied he thought the Bridle (Bridal) would do best. And as this is the first good thing he has been ever known to give utterance to, we willingly give it immortality in our pages. Mr. George Ede, who met with such a severe accident at Croydon, we are glad to hear is a great deal better; and as the injuries he has received are only in the shape of scratch wounds, there is no fear of Southampton losing her best gentleman jockey, cricketer, and dancer, which would be the case if the fall had had another termination.



Manchester

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

THE DUKE OF MANCHESTER.

WITH the opening of the new year we present to our readers the Portrait of a Nobleman who is not so well known as he deserves to be from his rank and character as a Sportsman, as well as his repute as a scholar.

The Duke of Manchester was born on the 15th of October, 1823, and the bent of his mind being of a military tendency, he was early removed from Eton to pursue his education at Sandhurst, where he applied himself so severely and successfully to his military studies, that he earned the commission which was given away at the annual Examination at that College, and was gazetted an Ensign without purchase to the 11th Regiment of Infantry. From this corps he exchanged into the Grenadier Guards, from which he retired in 1850, and during a portion of this period he acted as aide-de-camp to Sir Peregrine Maitland, the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. In 1852 he was appointed a Lord of the Bedchamber to the late Prince Consort, and he sat in the House of Commons for Bewdley from April, 1848, to June, 1852, when he was elected for Huntingdonshire, which county he represented until, by the death of his father, in 1855, he succeeded to the dukedom.

The Duke of Manchester's sporting education may be said to have commenced at a later period of life than that of most Noblemen, for he only commenced hunting in 1842, when quartered at Windsor. But Eton hacks soon give a man a seat and hands, and teach him to look about himself; so, after the customary rough-and-tumble work, Lord Mandeville, as he was then termed, boldly entered himself for a regimental hurdle race, and made a dead heat,

the first time of his sporting silk. His next attempt was more successful, for in another race, in which his own and every other animal in the field fell, he was declared the winner. The practice which Lord Mandeville had acquired in the Guards did him good service at the Cape of Good Hope, where he had plenty of ostrich and antelope shooting, as well as fox-hunting; and with the pack of hounds of the 7th Dragoon Guards at Fort Beaufort, and which were hunted by Colonel Hogge (the present Master of the Oakley), being well mounted, he rode as forward as any of the field, and was regarded as one of the best men in it. In England the Duke of Manchester confines himself to the Oakley, Fitzwilliam, and Cambridgeshire Hounds, with each of which he goes like a Sportsman. With the Quorn he is occasionally to be found when on a visit to Egerton Lodge, and has always taken his own part with the cracks of the day, and the best men in the shires. It would be unfair not to remark, before we bring this short sketch of his Grace to a conclusion, that, with all his passion for sport, he has yet found time for indulgence in his literary tastes and love of the *belles lettres*, as three or four years back he brought out a work entitled 'Court and Society in the time of Queen Anne,' which was founded upon the rare collection of manuscripts which are to be found in the library at Kimbolton Castle, and which met with a very favourable reception from the reviewers, who one and all bore testimony to the valuable information it contained, and the light it threw on a very interesting portion of English history. Although a constant attendant at our chief race Meetings, the Duke has not yet, nor is likely to become, an owner of horses, for his views are known to be antagonistic to racing as it is carried on in the present day; and he may be said to have many sympathizers among his compeers.

In conclusion, we may observe of the Duke of Manchester, with strict fidelity to truth, that, affable in his manner, kindhearted in his disposition, a good landlord, and a cheery Sportsman, he presents a fine instance of the high-bred English Nobleman, so rare and so peculiar to this country.

The Duke of Manchester married, on the 22nd July, 1852, the Baroness Louise Auguste, daughter of the Count D'Alten, by whom he has several children, and who may be mentioned as being one of the chief leaders of London Society at the present time, lending her name and patronage to every charitable object that is brought under her notice.

AN UNTRODDEN PATH OF SCIENCE.

I WOULD ask for a few minutes' attention to a subject of vast importance, and which ought to be one of transcendent interest to the scientific inquirer. I wish earnestly to invite and exhort scientific men to enter on a field of labour and of study, where industry must have its reward in an unparalleled harvest of discovery; a field now first beginning to bear fruit with promise of unmeasured fertility.

Instead of investigating questions of national and vital importance, the *savans* of our day and of our own country would appear to fritter away their time, and to waste their energies on subjects of little significance, and of no utility. It is not many weeks since the British Association for the Advancement of Science, led on by Sir David Brewster, were debating for many hours a subject of transcendent interest to them, but of no earthly importance whatever in a social or an economic point of view. The topic which engrossed the attention of our *savans* at their sessional congress was the 'Com-
'position and Behaviour of Soap Bubbles!' Professor Owen gave an elaborate lecture, the result of three weeks' intense study, and of untiring watchfulness, on the 'Amatory Propensities of Spiders.' Professor Rolleston, of Oxford, one of the most learned men of the age, has taken the feline race under his fostering care and protection, and pussy-cats of every age and of every nation have become objects of earnest solicitude; their habits investigated, and their humours indulged; their fecundity, and their amorous altercations have sent the learned doctor into raptures. Snakes and other loathsome and pernicious reptiles are petted and looked after with a care and solicitude which is absolutely sickening. Their habits are investigated with the most scrupulous care, and their appetites consulted more than those of the greatest statesmen, or of the noblest and bravest benefactors. Butterflies and moths have thousands of admirers, and hundreds of thousands of pounds have been spent in endeavours to transmit their likenesses to paper. If one is discovered with an extra dot on his wing, or with a brown instead of a black tip to his tail, the fact is immediately announced to every learned society in the civilized world; and the gay, and thoughtless, and ephemeral insect becomes a bone of contention amongst hundreds of pseudo-learned men, who, one would think, might employ their time more profitably, as well as more usefully. Millions of pounds have been expended gilding the blackamoor, when washing him was found to be inefficacious; and millions more have been wasted in vain and childish attempts to civilize and to missionaryize the savages of various nations and tribes; but not one penny has been expended upon inquiries into the origin and nature of our thoroughbred horse, nor have any steps been taken for his amelioration. The Royal Stud is not only unworthy of such a name, but is a national disgrace; and with the solitary exception of Julius has produced no horse of late years which could even have delighted the soul of a tenant farmer.

The mares are all, or nearly all of them, absolutely worthless, and when one dies off, or is worn out, her place is filled by another of no greater value. Mentmore, and the worn-out Orlando, are not exactly the sort of stallions which ought to be owned by the sovereign of a great nation; yet these are the only two which do so belong to the 'Royal Stud,' for the other two, Ely and St. Albans, merely stand there at livery. No vote is taken or even asked from Parliament for the purchase of a stud which shall really be worthy of a great horse-loving and horse-racing nation, nor is any stake given from the proceeds of the yearly sales for the encouragement of racing. A truly princely sum has been given by a private breeder, but I have little doubt that Mr. Blenkiron would rather have been the imitator of an example set by his superiors, instead of the originator of the prize himself. Fish can find friends, and enormous sums are wasted upon 'breeding experiments,' which are never likely to return even one per cent. upon the outlay. How can it be otherwise? If millions of fish are 'hatched' they make the best of their way to the sea, and a very infinitesimal number of them are fools enough to return to be 'caught.' With all the talk, and twaddle, and trash that has been written, fish are no more abundant in our rivers now than they were before a lot of unknown and incompetent men were elevated to the rank of 'Commissioners,' and who had to learn their trade at the expense of the country. Horses would appear to have no friends. No 'Commissioners' have taken them under their fostering care and protection, and no plea has been devised or suggested for improving the breed, or augmenting the number of valuable animals, or of making the good ones bear a greater proportion than they do at present to the number bred. That the thing is worth doing, and worth doing well is evident enough by the statistics which are compiled at the close of every racing season.

It would appear that with the exception of Lady Elizabeth, all the 'crack' two year-olds are the children of one father! That is a fact which is not without its significance. An inquiry, then, ought to be instituted into the matter; and we ought to know how and why it is that Beadsman has succeeded so well with his few foals of 1865, whilst other horses, as Angelus, Barnton, Cape Flyaway, Caractacus, Cavendish, Chevalier d'Industrie, De Clare, Dundee, The Duke, Ellington, Gunboat, Ignoramus, Ivan, Kettledrum, King Tom, Knight of Kars, Lambton, Leamington, Lifeboat, Lord of the Isles, Magnum, Marionette, Marquis, Musjid, Ninus, North Lincoln, Melbourne, Oulston, Rataplan, Skirmisher, Thormanby, Thunderbolt, Van Galen, Voltigeur, Wild Dayrell, and Young Melbourne, who had as many or more foals registered in the official Calendar, have failed so grievously. If the success is due to good management or superior training, by all means let grooms and trainers be taught a few lessons, and let us not have horses worth thousands of pounds sacrificed on the altar of ignorance or of mismanagement. If, on the other hand, the superiority of Green Sleeve, Rosicrucian, and Blue Gown is unquestionably and undeniably due to the excellence of Beadsman's

blood, or to any peculiarity in his breeding, or in crossing him with mares bred or shaped in a particular manner, then we shall know what horses to patronize and what to avoid; what mares are worth breeding from, and which ought to be sent to the cab-ranks or to the kennels. If, of course, it depends upon the 'art of crossing' or 'nicking' the various strains of blood, surely that 'art' is capable of being defined, and others as well as Sir Joseph Hawley may profit by its teachings. And I am rather inclined to believe that there is more in the art of crossing than is claimed for it. Lady Elizabeth's case is a further proof that there is more in a suitable adaptation of the strains of blood than meets the eye. Her brother Distin was, I believe, tried to be a wonderful youngster, but he threw out splints on his legs, and could not be trained, and his temper, like that of his fair sister, was very ungovernable. Now, Trumpeter's other foals have been nothing very wonderful, nothing approaching the public form of Lady Elizabeth and the private repute of Distin. Stockwell's foals also illustrate this position; St. Albans and his brother Savernake were both of them good; so were Lord Lyon and his sister Achievement. The 'art of crossing' in these cases was attended with marvellous success, and that much depends upon the suitable mating of sire and dam is proved by the fact that the vast majority of Stockwell's foals (as well as the foals by other famous sires) are utterly worthless. Nor are the best foals the produce of the best mares, for Trumpeter has had many better mares than Miss Bowzer sent to him, and Stockwell has smiled upon many better runners than Paradigm and Bribery. There is, then, a good deal in 'nicking,' and this is a point which is, I believe, well worthy of the investigation of scientific men. If the best and brightest intellects of the day are content to waste their powers upon soap bubbles, spinning tops, spiders, pussy-cats, snakes, butterflies, and earwigs, let the second best, or those intellects even a grade lower than that, investigate a subject of national importance, brimful of interest, and of incalculable utility.

I am not unmindful of the fact that much has been written on what has been called the 'Great Breeding Question.' But the question speedily degenerated into a squabble, as every scientific question inevitably must do when such antagonists enter the field of controversy—for it was not a field of investigation at all. Each party struggled less for truth than for victory, one to champion some favourite crotchets and some 'beloved' horses; the controversialists on the other side—whose name was legion—were resolved to demolish the 'idols' of their antagonist, and, in the warmth of their zeal, forgot the truth, forgot themselves, and what was due to their readers. They did not forget their subject, for they never knew anything about it. Their antagonist—who had unquestionably the best of the argument, but the worst temper—retorted with scorn, with vituperation, and unseemly personalities. Against such a battery of abuse the helpless imbecility and hopeless ignorance of his adversaries could not hold out long, and, as if of one accord, they beat a

retreat, and saved their discretion at the expense of their valour. But we do not want such inquirers as these. We want minds severely disciplined and calmly thoughtful; we want patient investigation and unbiassed verdicts, and not passionate partisanship, or prejudice in favour of 'beautiful' or 'beloved idols,' or against any tribe whatever, whether 'accursed' or blessed.

The field is large, the annual expenditure upon it enormous, the result of its rude method of cultivation anything but encouraging. I should vastly like to see the result of skilled husbandry for a few years. The application of scientific principles ought assuredly to find its reward here if anywhere. Animals are more highly organized than plants: to argue, therefore, that they are incapable of improvement by the care or by the selection of man, is to argue oneself into a state of hopeless and helpless darkness and misery.

See what has been brought about in the vegetable world by the skill and thought of man! Plants and flowers have not only been changed in name, but their very nature has undergone the most varied transmutations! Twenty years ago there wasn't a more common, vulgar-looking flower than a hollyhock. Now there are few that are more attractive, chaste, and graceful, not to say majestic, in aspect. Gardeners have worked miracles. Roses, heartsease, daisies, dahlias, and other flowers seem to shape themselves and to blossom at the will and caprice of man. There can be no question that man has *created* many new varieties, brought into the world flowers which had no existence before, and which, moreover, are not chance or monstrous growths which appear for one generation and then are seen no more, but really new varieties, which multiply and in turn produce others as beautiful as themselves. Nothing of this sort has even so much as been attempted in the animal kingdom, at least, so far as the equine division of that kingdom extends. A gardener will produce a hundred different flowers or fruits, and ninety out of the hundred will be good, and what he expected he should produce. Two thousand thoroughbred horses are foaled every year, and how few of them realize the aspirations and expectations of their producers! Half a dozen at the utmost. All this ought to be changed, and I am confident can be changed. With this end in view I invite not only breeders but scientific men to investigate the laws of life, probe to the bottom the sources of success, and explain the causes of failure. In short, to

'Fly to Nature and study her laws,
And sharpen delight by exploring the cause.'

BERKELEY W. N. PORTEOUS.

ON THE HEARTHTRUG.

I RATHER think that Greybeard and the Youth are the two best friends I have in the world. There are dozens of others who will consider themselves entitled to a prior claim on my affections; but when I reflect coolly on the matter (meditation is my delight) various reasons suggest themselves why the preference should be awarded to the above-named individuals. In the first place, they are perfectly aware that money cannot be borrowed from me, and that I have none to bequeath when I die. Still they visit me. I have no friends at court on whom to put the screw for their behoof. No pretty daughter of mine sits by the hearthrug in the gloaming, listening to the nonsense of the Youth until her cheeks burn with blushes brighter and redder than the glow in the heart of the yule log. My humble dwelling boasts of no billiard-table, and I never touch a card, save when playing Patience by myself in the long winter evenings. So what brings Greybeard to my humble roof? It cannot be that the charm of my conversation affords an irresistible attraction, for, as is well known, no man is less given to chattering, less partial to the sound of his own voice. Reflection, calm and judicious, the choice fruits of which make themselves observable, it may be, in the numerous efforts of my brain committed to print, I own to; but although the few remarks that I permit myself to make in the course of an evening are perhaps novel, well digested, and to the purpose, it is not to these alone that I can venture to ascribe the frequent presence of the gentlemen aforesaid. However, it is scarcely worth while to examine further into the cause, and I am content with the fact that such frequent opportunity is permitted me of quietly listening to the discourse of two well-informed and agreeable companions. It is true that I do not find myself able to concur entirely in some of Greybeard's notions, and, *as he thinks*, original suggestions. He is an eccentric and crotchety fellow on certain points, and occasionally strangely—I will not say wilfully—blind to ingenious theories or important discoveries, the offspring of minds profounder perhaps than his own. Some people are ill-natured enough to call him pig-headed and obtuse; but nothing could induce me to express such opinions of my old friend, although I can never persuade him to think as I do on many important subjects. The Youth, too, although gifted with more common sense and ballast than usually fall to the lot of boys, is not devoid of that flippancy of tone and demeanour which I observe with regret is nearly inseparable from the rising generation of males; and only last night, when I proposed to read aloud a most excellent article I have recently written on breeding, he objected to my doing so with a degree of precipitation and violence that in my young days would certainly not have been tolerated. Honesty, too, compels me to add that he was not alone in such an unaccountable proceeding, for, on renewing the offer at a later period, Greybeard

made use of most improper language, and said quite rudely that if I persisted in my intention he should go home. A philosopher, however, ignores such trifling annoyances as these; and, as any one who reads the annexed account of the evening's conversation will perceive, I good-humouredly fell in with the rather arbitrary wishes of my guests, and allowed them to monopolize almost the whole of the talk, merely throwing in from time to time a few words of suggestion or inquiry, in order that I might not altogether resign the right of opening my lips in my own house.

My old schoolfellow M'Reekie, of Glasgow, sends me twice a year a present of some most admirable old and mellow whisky, a liquor of which, as all who know me are well aware, I am remarkably fond. I have frequently been of much assistance to M'Reekie, and he owns himself greatly indebted to me for the sound and far-sighted advice I have often given him. This was notably the case when I impressed upon him the policy of having something on Knight of St. George for the St. Leger. The truth was, I had backed the horse myself, and, finding that he did not go well in the market, I naturally looked about for some one on whom to plant so nasty a bet. M'Reekie always had the reputation of being the most good-natured, tractable fellow in the world, so he just jumped at my offer of allowing him to stand a little with me. He had the whole of the bet, and never shall I forget my feelings when I saw Ivan all out, and the Knight bringing Bob Basham home first by the length of a Birdcatcher head! Well, well, it was a bad day for me, but of course M'Reekie landed a pot of money, and ever since, I am told, has bragged amongst his associates that he backed the horse on his own judgment, and is looked upon as a great judge and authority in consequence. To me, however, he has ever been grateful for the turn I so kindly gave him, and hence the tribute of Islay. It happens fortunately enough that the whisky always arrives precisely at the period when my two friends have a little leisure for paying visits, and during the fortnight the jar holds out they drop in nearly every evening. After that their business engagements are so numerous and pressing that sometimes I have not the pleasure of seeing them again for months, so we are fain to enjoy ourselves as much as we can during the few evenings we pass together; and they always tell me on the last night of the fortnight that they look forward with the very greatest anxiety to the time when they may again enjoy such pleasant hours. Evidence of friendship so sincere is of course highly gratifying to me.

I never knew Greybeard more disputatious, garrulous, and obstinate than he was last night. He and the Youth dropped in about eight o'clock, and the veteran, I declare, talked incessantly about race-horses from that hour until the time of leavetaking. First he preached a long sermon on the jockey disturbance at Newmarket, about which, by the same token, the public don't know half the truth. Then he babbled for half an hour concerning breeding—one of his strong points, he thinks—until I heartily wished the 'Stud Book' sunk in the sea. Then he fell foul of the Jockey Club.

Then he abused the prophets and turf writers, on whose behalf I at once took up the cudgels and satisfactorily proved, in a short speech of five-and-twenty minutes' duration, that they were a painstaking, acute, hardworked, longsuffering, talented body of gentlemen. 'It was all very well,' I argued, 'for the public to grumble because one was wrong here or another mistaken there, and they (the P.) were led astray accordingly: but how often, I said, would the British public be right at all in the course of a meeting were it not for the suggestions and reliable conclusions which the experience, the natural astuteness, and the sources of information possessed by the prophet, or turf writer, enabled him to arrive at and impart to his readers. Deprive the British Public (whose general sagacity and discrimination it is impossible not to respect) for a month of their guides, philosophers, and friends, and I'll venture to make a wager that at the end of it Mr. Sharp, the list keeper, will have a better balance at his banker's than in any previous four weeks of his career. If the B. P. aforesaid fancy that their knowledge of turf matters or the secret of their successful speculation is due to inborn acuteness and genius, the sooner they divest themselves of the delusion and recognize the true source of their enlightenment the better. As for you, Greybeard, I am ashamed of you. A man at your time of life, who has pored over every publication touching on turf matters for five-and-forty years back—who has sucked the brains of generations of writers—to sneer at the worth of the men who have taught, and improved, and amused you, too bad, too bad!' Greybeard, who is a most confirmed old croker, mutters something about 'Nimrod,' and 'no such writers now;' but I tell him that if Nimrod was the crack writer on horse-racing of his day, I don't wonder that he (Greybeard) retains such a multitude of stupid and erroneous notions, and delivers himself of them in a style so pompous and domineering. This piece of delicate banter silences him somewhat, and I take the opportunity of his tongue being for a moment at rest, to deliver myself of a few thoughts on horse-racing and racehorses of the day.

'The horse-racing of 1867,' I begin, 'may best be described as one gigantic fluke.' Here the Youth yawned loudly, an act of vulgarity which I resented by moving the cigar box accidentally to my own end of the table. 'It began with a mistake and it terminated with a blunder. The Zetland spots have known but little fortune since the good days of George Abdale, and ill luck clung to Aske when Quick March was sold for the price of a park hack to win a Northamptonshire and rile her ancient allies. Still as my old Yorkshire trainer friend said to me at the Danebury sale, She was born moderate and moderate she'll always be, and the man who gets another handicap out of a mare with such queer joints will deserve well of Miss Havelock's owner. I don't know what to say about The Giant, for one wise man tells me this, and another clever fellow says that—still I have known windsuckers win races before now. It may be that there is balm in Gilead yet, and with all the Riding I trust that Brennus may many a time and oft cry *Væ Victis*;

‘ that the Fragrance that’s in the air may be sweet in the nostrils
 ‘ of the Richmond men; that they may discover that
 ‘ Brantingham is destined for enchanting ’em; and that when
 ‘ King Cole calls for his pot, he may get it, and the vessel prove to
 ‘ be a Doncaster or an Ascot Cup. Poor Bumblekite! she was a
 ‘ beauty, and I loved her but too well—she was indeed a sour ’un!
 ‘ Plaudit was a sore blow too, although I never liked that wasp jacket
 ‘ of his, and should have know better than trust a son of Plausible.
 ‘ But I shall not desert Belleisle for all that, and Virtue—’

‘ I don’t believe in Virtue,’ mutters Greybeard.

‘ Nor would any one suspect you of so doing,’ I retort severely;
 ‘ but Virtue, as I was about to remark, is a really good filly, with a
 ‘ really good pedigree, and as much improvement to come out of her
 ‘ as well can be. Mark my words! If James Watson leads a great
 ‘ winner back to scale next summer, Virtue will be the one; and if I
 ‘ mistake not she will tear the heart out of some of the cracks, when
 ‘ it comes to a neck-and-neck struggle. *Dixi.* Chelsea’s breeding
 ‘ reads like six furlongs on the flat; when I think of it there arise
 ‘ before me dread visions of bygone Derby phantoms, and yet ’tis
 ‘ dangerous to speak his doom, for the Whitcliffe jackdaws see him
 ‘ skimming across the Yorkshire moor like a bird, and the shrewd
 ‘ say that there is no colt more improved in all the North country.
 ‘ Middleham has a smart colt in Donaldbain, and for Malcolm’s
 ‘ stock I own a weakness, recalling Red Lion and Wallace. Mercury,
 ‘ too, does credit to Lambton, although I cannot rank him with his
 ‘ old York rival Uncas—the best outsider in the Derby—and a colt
 ‘ that will traverse the Epsom “up and down” as easily as a football
 ‘ would roll down Penhill, and bring seven-tenths of his opponents
 ‘ to grief over the rise and fall, whilst he himself has yet a little in
 ‘ hand. This will be the year of fillies, and fairest among them seem
 ‘ to my eyes Greensleeve, Virtue, and Formosa. Lady Elizabeth
 ‘ looks not like a wonder, neither is she bred as one, and there will be
 ‘ a rare shout next twenty-seventh of May when she dies out at the
 ‘ distance and the Earl is left to do battle for Danebury. Sir Joseph’s
 ‘ are dangerous to touch on. I fancy Greensleeve will stay best;
 ‘ Blue Gown’s Champagne race was a great performance, taking all
 ‘ things into consideration, and Rosicrucian is the crack, as men say;
 ‘ methinks the wisest he, who stead of one backs all the three.
 ‘ Pearlfeather is a remarkably clever filly with a turn of speed, but
 ‘ would more appropriately be christened Whitefeather, like many
 ‘ another of Lord Falmouth’s nicely-named stud, as few of them have
 ‘ ever liked to hear the crack or feel the smart of a whip!’

Greybeard remarks that a whip in inexperienced hands is as dangerous an article as a hair trigger, and seldom proves of much avail save when a ‘slug’ requires constant rousing. True for him.

‘Typhæus,’ I go on to say, ‘may grow into a good horse and do
 ‘ the green jacket the great turn, but somehow he strikes me as being
 ‘ more a mile-on-the-flat customer. Harvester is the man in the
 ‘ streets’ selection, and he “framed” well enough as a yearling to be

‘ something out of the common, but the bonny violet hoops will ne’er
‘ have need to call on any second string should all go well with Pace.
‘ See Saw is a dear bargain to Shiffnall; but has been a rare horse
‘ to sell, especially seeing that Hampton Court at the time it
‘ bought Julie would not give 200 guineas for his dam Margery Daw,
‘ on the ground that she was common, coarse, and not up to
‘ “Royal” form. Of all the Buccaneers the best is Formosa; a
‘ beauty she is and a beauty she will be; take care that she does not
‘ give you the greatest surprise of your lifetime, my boys! Michael
‘ and Banditto we have not seen the best of, and if the last-named
‘ stands training and runs kind, folks will feel nervous about the time
‘ he crosses the road on the fatal Wednesday. There are two “ifs”
‘ to the question, you see. Orion is a sweetly nice horse, and Athena
‘ the handsomest filly in training; but the latter never could, should, or
‘ would stay, as a schoolboy might find for himself by reading her
‘ pedigree. Betrayal is the most aptly-named horse in the Derby, and
‘ the Baron will win the great race in the same year that Hawkhead
‘ carries off the St. Leger, and we all know when that *expectata dies*
‘ will arrive. What is that you are saying about jockeys, Greybeard?
‘ That there are none now-a-days fit to do more than pull horses?
‘ Nonsense! Just as there are no good actors, never a bottle of good
‘ port, not a good clay pipe, not a good quill pen—Rubbish! that is
‘ the cry, old man, of fogeyism, stupidity, and obstinate prejudice.
‘ There are as good jockeys to-day as there were forty years gone by,
‘ and more of them too. I tell you that in the good old times you
‘ talk about bad jockeys swarmed thick as bees in summer. Ask the
‘ ghost of The Saddler how he lost the Leger! And now I think I
‘ have given hints valuable enough to win a fortune for each of you,
‘ and who else, I should like to know, could have done so more ex-
‘ peditiously or better?’

Greybeard shuffles uneasily with his feet under the table. His uncouth way of offering applause, I presume. The Youth is evidently much gratified by the useful and lucid observations I have made, and laughs aloud in the fulness of his delight.

‘Do not suppose, Juvenis, from what I have just told you, that for one moment I wish you to bet; rather put your hand in the fire first. To thoroughly enjoy horse-racing, to be thoroughly happy in the contemplation of race-horses, a man’s mind must be free from the trammels inseparable from wagering.’

‘What, then, is your idea, Scribe, of the pleasantest season and the pleasantest way of taking stock of race-horses,’ asks the Youth, and as he speaks I see Greybeard frown upon him sternly and warningly.

‘May,’ I reply, ‘when the morning as yet is in its infancy. A steep, rugged hill, faced with short, crisp turf, patches of which have been worn away here and there by weather and land-slips, exposing the gritty soil or iron rock beneath. I climb with difficulty, for the turf is slippery and the foot-hold unreliable, until a projecting ridge is reached, where I may cling with one arm to a stunted yew,

'dragging out a weary existence on this lonely spot, yet battling
'for life against the combined attacks of bitter blast, biting frost,
'and scorching summer sun, and clasping tenaciously with wide,
'outspreading roots, the arid earth that fain would loose the grip.'
At the conclusion of this sentence I pause to mark its effect upon
my friends. Greybeard is winding his watch up and whistling
softly. I more than suspect that he has had too much to drink.
Juvenis is playing with the ears of Dot, the King Charles.
Youth is ever frivolous and loth to listen to the well-digested
utterings of the eloquent. I proceed. 'Far to right and left
'stretch a long range of precipitous crags, where in the dead
'months you may see the magpies, the fir-woods beyond deserted,
'perched in a parti-coloured troop, or screaming shrilly, flying
'from this to that grey stone. Below in the *débris*, where some
'deep cranny affords sure stronghold from the thievish hands of
'prying schoolboy, the wheatear lays her pale blue eggs, her bonny
'spouse flitting the while now here now there, brisk and beautiful
'as the spring itself. In the meadows yonder away the long grass
'waves gently to the warm wind, fanning the pipit as she broods
'over her dusky treasures, hiding in its green ripples the domed
'dwelling of the willow wren, or yielding to the rapid run of the
'tiny field-mouse, and closing again on his footsteps with noiseless
'rebound. Hark to the discordant, pleasant, tiresome welcome jar
'of the corncrake. Look at the cloud-shadows hurrying across the
'pastures, clothing with darkness the patches that but now were
'golden, leaving them golden again ere well the sombre tinge has
'caught the eye. The river winds through the low lands, silver,
'flecked with creamy foam where the current runs swiftest, then
'dark, sullen, and profound as it creeps beneath the silent scrutiny
'of those towering cliffs. The deep, the awful woods lie far be-
'yond the stream. In their unearthly depths, untrodden save by the
'birds and beasts that there make refuge, are strange spots where
'the sunlight comes but seldom, where the rank herbage grows in
'monstrous and ungainly size, and ghostly creeping plants trail over
'the dank earth with slimy stalks and tendrils that in their twisted
'wandering are like to many loathly reptiles seeking to bury their
'ugliness in the noisome bosom of the swamp. Here again, where
'the wild moor shelters the grouse and curlew, there are trees.
'Larches bent, and bent alike, by the north-east wind crest the
'tottering walls of clumsily-adjusted scraps of rock. Here in the
'summer evenings, if you lie still enough and fear the creatures not,
'you may see the merry, mad weasels come by dozens to their play,
'and run and leap and frisk in all manner of fantastic measures; and
'here I shall find the longed-for objects of my morning's quest, for
'lo! they come, pacing, the sheeted darlings, in a lengthy line of
'beauty, their advent heralded by the crooning song of boys, the
'broken rattle of hoofs, the clang of ash-stick striking stirrup-
'iron, heralded by the lark that springs from the heather and sings
'with joy suspended overhead, by the scouring hare that startled from

'her form, bounds to the next well-known shelter, they come, they come, the priceless monarchs of the stall!'

'Scribe,' says the veteran, 'that is an imitation, a most weak and pitiable imitation of a passage in one of the "Noctes." I make no doubt that dingy, grey-backed book is an ancient volume of "Blackwood"—don't stutter or look big; I saw you drop it quietly behind the sofa when we entered the room. You are positively so eaten up with conceit and vainglory, that I should not wonder at all if, in your own inflated imagination, you have transformed this musty cell of yours into the "Blue Parlour," dubbed yourself Christopher, and me the Shepherd——'

'Shepherd, forsooth!' I answer; 'a pretty substitute truly for the bard of Altrive. Besides, the Shepherd's business is to foster the lamb; you, bookmaker that you are, spend a wasted life in vain endeavours to skin it.'

'There you touch me,' my friend replies; 'mine is indeed a life of care, of disappointment, of blighted hopes, of ruinous losses. I give you my sacred word that since Goodwood I have not won enough to pay house-rent, and it is a mystery that I never have been able to solve how I escaped utter beggary over that fearful Derby. As it is, I have merely a pauper's pittance to live upon. These cigars, Scribe, are infamous: you must have made them yourself. Try a few of my Kings—they are precious, they are priceless, they are pearls among tobaccos, and every one of the beauties costs me fifteenpence first hand. The ways and means by which the Ring continue to keep in existence at all baffle discovery or conjecture. People have grown wickeder of late, I think; they are more suspicious, and have lost the trust and openheartedness that used to be so pleasant. Men are too knowing and artful now to back anything but live 'uns, and it is a sad tax upon one's ingenuity to turn an honest penny. Times wax hard indeed as the world grows older.'

'Well, Greybeard,' I say, 'it is impossible, after the dismal picture you have drawn, to avoid pitying your poor friends the bookmakers, and the sympathy I feel for them comes, I'm sure, from my heart. It is hard to think without a shudder of the sufferings they must undergo at this cruel Christmas-time. Wretched meals of salmon from Perthshire, and turbot from the Galway coast await them, I suppose; and such workhouse fare as Susquehannah canvas-backs, Kingston land-crabs, or say a Numidian crane or two from down Abyssinia way, must content the suffering angels. Men libel them sorely, no doubt, in vowing that their port is older and better than any which lies in the Prince's cellars, and that König Fritz himself never drank better Cliquot than flows for their behoof; and he lies in his teeth who ventures to assert that this or that knight of the pencil boasts a better balance at his banker's than my Lord Duke himself.'

This nettles the old gentleman rather, and he puffs angrily at his cigar for a minute or two, and fixes his eyes sternly on the cat, which

lies with its thickly-coated flank gently browning within a few inches of the grate, and its head (almost at scorching heat) resting on its fore-paw, as if he would like to kick poor unoffending puss, and would do it too, if I were suddenly compelled to leave the room. Presently he rallies again and meditates mischief to the Youth, who is lolling back dreamily in an arm-chair. His attitude is rather affected, I must admit, and he is smoking a cigarette, a sham that Greybeard abhors.

Juvenis,' he says, 'you are dull, and tired, and stupid; you have been drinking too much porter to-day!'

The assailed one frowns, and looks as ruffled and affronted as if a tipsy sweep had offered him a pewter pot of the beverage in question to 'take the head off.'

'Sir,' he growls, 'I never drink such cabman's liquor—seldom beer at all, and then only Bass.'

Greybeard's eyes kindle. 'You are only a young man, my dear Juvenis,' he begins, 'and most young men are snobs. You will grow out of it in time, but at present you are one; and so is every one else who is ashamed to confess that he has drunk porter—the noblest form of malt, save the old strong beer of Yorkshire, like pretty girls and good horses, alas! no longer to be met with. The man who says he never tasted or doesn't like porter I place in the same category with the miserable impostor who boasts that he is unable to eat and enjoy a boiled neck of mutton, with onion sauce made as about one cook in two thousand only can compound it. In the course of a long life it has been my fate to encounter several such pitiful humbugs, and I have invariably heard of them in subsequent days as men who were capable of robbing an orphan or shooting a fox. The greatest rogue I ever met with was a Wesleyan—it is a failing of the persuasion—but fortunately for me I suspected his honesty at our very first interview, when I saw him turn up his nose at the four-year old Scotch, and drink a glass of water with his Stilton when there was a flagon of Barclay's best and brownest waiting for his call.'

'Come, come,' I break in, seeing that my old friend is beginning to be rather abusive; 'don't bore us with your old-fashioned prejudices. Let Juvenis alone, and don't dictate to him what he shall eat, drink, and avoid, as if you were an advertising doctor. Let us talk of something pleasant, and avoid bickering until every topic of interest has been exhausted. Juvenis, my boy, fill your glass again, and tell us, is it some blue-eyed wench has filched your peace of mind? Do the Fenians fright you? or tell me, does the dreary dun from morn to eve besiege the dinted door? Mayhap, the steed you've trusted with your coin, to shoot triumphant through the struggling crowd, mid all the discord of the Derby Day, feels to his inmost core the pencil's wound, and backward sliding, stands at copious odds?'

Not ill pleased with the first portion of the query, he colours somewhat, and fidgets awkwardly in his chair, twisting meanwhile

seven hairs, painfully elaborated with pomade Hongroise into the shadowy likeness of a moustache. There never yet was stripling but loved to be twitted with his love affairs,—nay, courted even the gentle banter of his associates. ‘Pooh, nonsense!—nothing of the sort,’ he at last protests. ‘Walked down into the City this morning—miles; streets muddy; rather overdone myself, that’s all. Looked in at B——’s, to buy the portrait of Achievement. Achievement, you know, that you made yourself so ridiculous about, with your stupid theories and prejudices at the Leger time.’ ‘True,’ remarks Greybeard; ‘he has sickened the public with such rubbish long ago; my only wonder is that the Editor has allowed him to drivel on for so many months. It can only be out of compassion for his old age and helplessness.’ I smile feebly at the jocosity of my friends, and the Youth continues,—‘What a haunt of turf writers the place is! Never, except in the luncheon-tent, at a yearling sale, have I seen them in such profusion. Why, whilst Achievement was being tied up—(‘No difficult task,’ I add, defiantly,)—I peeped into the sanctum; not quite the correct thing to do, I must admit; and saw there the D——’ Greybeard (*hastily interrupting*), ‘Don’t talk in such a flippant way, boys are too glib, nowadays, with the name of the prince of darkness.’ The Youth continues, ‘And the O——,’ Scribe (*rapidly interposing*), ‘Ireland has ever been famous for supplying fluent and shrewd writers on horseflesh.’ The Youth (*not to be put down*), ‘Amp—’ Greybeard (*cutting him short*),—‘He opportunity for a man of taste to lay out his money, of course.’ The Youth (*game as a pebble*), ‘And Or——’ Scribe (*with decision*) ‘iginal works of every description scattered about the counter, I see you mean—Yes, it is a pleasant place to pass an odd quarter of an hour,—and the portraits of racing men and racing horses are a delightful study to the enthusiast. Few of the horse portraits are fuller of life or truer to the original than the Achievement of which you spoke just now. A great mare, gentlemen, in every way, and yet not amongst the greatest of the great. Greenhorns alone discover in the latest winner of a big race the handsomest animal in training, or the best mare that ever trod turf. Achievement is neither one nor the other; and if she be destined to encounter a good three-year old over a Cup course, your eyes will be opened to the quality of the cracks in 1867. When Lord Lyon goes the way of all flesh, no fitter epitaph could mark his grave than this: “The luckiest horse that ever looked through a “bridle.” To find a fitting motto for his sister’s tomb I would murder Gray, and write, “Beyond the good not far, and far beneath “the great.” But, come! you two men have chattered long enough about horses; the night wears on; fill up the glasses again, and draw closer to the hearthrug. Juvenis, just now you spoke of “Baily,” the brightest, the freshest, the best of all Sporting Magazines, read with equal zest in Austria and Australia, in Moscow, in Mauritius, in Malta; read and enjoyed in every corner of the world

‘where turf and chase have votaries. One bumper to its health
‘and lasting life.’ (*Rises, grasping tightly the arm of his chair, and sings*)—

Come, fill again the glasses up,
And send the Islay round,
I’ll give a toast will suit the host
Who live for horse or hound;
And all who view, the wide world through,
Each month its cover green,
We’ll wish them here, their cups to rear,
And drink ‘THE MAGAZINE!’

THE YOUTH.—Why, bless my soul, there’s something wrong—
The Youth your pardon begs,
You’ve brewed the whisky punch so strong,
He scarcely feels his legs;
Yet still this child, with stare so wild,
That blinks the lamplight sheen,
Of strength bereft, has spirit left
To drink ‘THE MAGAZINE!’

GREYBEARD.—You folks, methinks, can’t take your drinks
As sportsmen did of yore;
The world has changed, all disarranged,
As oft I’ve said before.
There’s not a book that’s worth a look—
That is, but one I’ve seen—
‘Fis Baily—so this glass shall flow,
To drink ‘THE MAGAZINE!’

S.

BROADBURY MOOR.—THE CHASE.

BY M.F.H.

AWAY!—Thank the stars, without the uncongenial chirruping of a penny whistle. In the sterile wastes of the West, the Lilliputian mimicry would ill consort with the wild scream of the curlew, and the sound be as offensive as ‘meco tu vieni, O misera,’ sung in sharps. The hounds feathering by snatches on the faint line, down the gully fringed with heather leading to the lower ground, gradually mended their pace, and without waiting for a cheer, crashed with a swing into Moor farm wood. The cracking of the dry fence as they took it in their stride four or five abreast, disdaining the pottering style of ‘meusing in,’ and dashing down with sterns up into the brushwood, augured well for a quick find. It was a smiling day,—far better than ‘the southerly wind and a cloudy sky’ of the peep ’o day of old. The sun shone forth gloriously: the light airs came steadily from the south-east,—that propitious quarter for a holding scent,—without a dewdrop on the hedges, and free also from the unwelcome sign of a floating gossamer, of which Buffon says it would take 663,552 spiders, a full pack, to make a single pound.

The weather had been even and mild, with a rising quicksilver—a great security for scent, and the wind was turned away from the fatal west.

The ‘Gentleman in Black’ stations himself on the slope of the hill close under the far-side of a hedge, where at a right angle it joins the wood, and is shadowed by an overhanging fir. He knows full well, by the night line on the moor, that a traveller from far Dartmoor has been over the ground, and not finding Lydia at home in Stoford brake, has journeyed on to seek her in the woodlands beneath. The chances are that a brace of foxes will be up in a few moments. Whitemore goes into the wood by a side gate, and the whips are in their proper places,—one well away underneath the hedge on the pent of the narrow valley, not far from the ‘Gentleman in Black,’ and the other inside the wood ready for covert emergencies. ‘Yoi, at him, good hounds—push him up there,—hark!’—a faint note—then a more determined one from Ganymede, out of Gossamer by Belvoir Guider, by the Drake Duster, by Bachelor, by Grafton Regent, by Ward Rascal, by Ward Remus, by Ward Roderick, that was by the Beaufort Raglan, out of the Ward Rachel. What’s in a pedigree? What is not? Pure in blood as the Borak steed of Mohammed, was the Ward Rachel, and authentic as the seven precepts of Noah was her grandson Rascal—patriarch and sire of some of the best hounds in England. John Ward knew what a fox-hound should be, and was a better judge of hunting merit than the fast men of the present day. Again,—Ganymede has him up, and Captain and Carver, out of Clemency by Sir W. Wynn’s Royal, by Fitzwilliam Singer, out of Rarity by Lord Yarborough’s Remnant, out of Rapid by the Drake Layman, out of the Foljambe Ruthless by Foljambe Sparkler, by Osbaldeston Ranter, going back to Yarborough Ranter, out of a Vernon bitch, by Lord Monson’s Wonder, out of Yarborough Wanton, by Yarborough Wildair—press on to him, and every hound speaks in chorus. But there are two divisions. The main body of the pack crosses the woodland stream, carrying it on in covert up the hill towards Thorn Moor, whilst Ganymede and Windermere, by the Fitzwilliam Shiner, by Scarborough Saladin, of the Monson blood, out of Sir Walter Carew’s Wary, with others, turn short back at the farther side of the wood towards Moor farm, and are glued to the old denizen of Dartmoor. The vixen, at that precise moment, reeking with a hot scent, keeps the covert, and is making her way for the earths at Ashwater and Panson woods, whilst the conjugal cur, not unlike some others of the marital genus, hopes by turning the tide of babbling tongues upon the weaker vessel, to be enabled to slink away unobserved and in safety. But fate mounted on Billy, fourteen hands and a half, by Twilight, by Eclipse, is behind him. Whitemore pauses for a moment,—one moment only,—horn in hand, and Boxall, emerging from the covert, rides at his best to Thorn Moor, with the clattering field at his heels, exulting in the spirit at being so well placed. The “Gentleman in Black,” with his back turned to the multitude, is stationary—has never moved;

neither has Charles, whose keen eye is fixed ahead, whilst Ganymede, Windermere, and the Clemency litter are literally tearing the covert into shreds—Ganymede leading, being about the best drawer and finder of his day. ‘Yonder he goes,’ cries ‘the Gentleman in ‘Black,’ and, Charles coming out from the hedge when he sees the fox free from mischief, rides on to a knoll of ground—cap high in air. A twang from Whitemore as a signal to Boxall on the other side of the short valley, and away. Out come the leading hounds in a mass, flinging straight over the grass; but ‘Archer,’ by the Beaufort Trojan, Warwickshire Tarquin, Belvoir Comus, Yarrowborough Trimmer, Fitzwilliam Truant, out of the Eggesford Amazon, by Boniface, by the Vine Romulus, turns, and seizing on the line, carries it up the grass road towards Wetherdon common. How cheery!—we are in for it. Hold hard a moment! Up go the cackling geese—that saved Rome, but not our fox—scudding with spread wings over the common towards the hamlet, and the hounds throw up.

Boxall has stopped his lot, caught hold of them resolutely, and has brought them up at a pace with a sobbing field, not half well pleased at having been obliged to hustle their horses unduly to make up the lost ground. Ignorance is not always bliss, and an over-anxiety to steal a march upon neighbours in a hunting field often meets with a reward the reverse of satisfactory. Boxall has done his part bravely. Steady! Hounds that are taken from one scent, and at a swinging gallop thrown in at the head on a fresh line, are sure to be flashy and wild for a few seconds. Hold hard!—gently there—one note on the horn to command attention, and a wave of the hand to the left. ‘Yoi, doit there, Stripling!’ a thrusting hound by Lord Poltimore’s Stripling—Poltimore Comus—Belvoir Comus—Belvoir Champion—Fitzwilliam Shiner, out of Windermere. You do credit to the old Whirligig and Whimsy sort crossed upon the Eggesford Sailor and Barbara blood, with the Poltimore Warrior Amazon and Eggesford Amazon in an addition of priceless merit. Would that the true-hearted Paul Treby—*integer vita*—were here to see the prowess of his favourite race. ‘Yoi—again, Lively,’ by the Eggesford Lincoln, with your sons—Lucifer and Lexicon, by Bertram, by Warrior, and the old Amazon of renown—‘at him, my merry men;’—and now having got over the stain they settle well down, bounding over the fence into the large enclosure, and making their way, by Yeworthy Barrow, for the upper line of moors.

On—on—they clink, with a fair and holding scent, carrying a grand head, with a noble volume of tongue, at which the hard-riding farmers rejoice greatly. ‘Oh, dang it, if we be a bit behind, us can ‘hear ‘em,’ and that’s summat always. ‘Drat those hounds; that ‘don’t say nort about it.’ And honest John Barleycorn is right; a silent brute is undeserving of the name of foxhound. He is in perpetual mischief, requires constant watching, and in a woodland, by getting away singlehanded with his fox, destroys the chance of a run day after day. Hounds hang back sluggishly and do not press forward

with a hound a mile ahead; they decline to hunt his foil, and in a continuous range of large woods the very best of whips cannot get at the persistent sinner, for he must trust to sight and his own judgment of the whereabouts a fox would be likely to break, in order to stop him. The defect is about the worst a foxhound can have; it nullifies and renders him improper for the chase, and only fit for a halter. His apologist—if such incompetent there be—on the plea of pace, may rest assured that true and perfect hounds, on the liveliest scent and in extreme pace, whimper on the line, flinging their tongues freely at the several fences, and it is only when their fox is sinking, and with bristles up, that they run silently in the last few moments for blood. A hound chary of tongue may be rendered mute by injudicious treatment; and a surplussage of whipcord, by a coarse whipper-in at the time of entry, may dispirit a hound and render him anxious ever afterwards to get away unperceived, as the French say, —*sans battre tambour*. Again, a hound overmatched in pace is disposed to skirt cunningly, and avoids proclaiming his want of ability. Still, independent of all plausible excuse, it must be admitted that the vice of running mute is hereditary and becoming general throughout the more accredited kennels of England. It is a fearful vice, destructive of sport; and the worst feature of the case is that it is rendering that sport unpopular with its best and truest friends, the yeomen and farmers of England. A public writer on hunting subjects has said: ‘Censure has been expressed concerning certain fashionable ‘packs of the day that they are deficient of tongue. It is an ‘assertion that I cannot respond to.’ What position in the field, fore or aft, could Providence have allotted that flatterer of crude notions? Three of the grand packs of the day, of hereditary and long-standing worth, are running solemnly mute—with others straining back to them, more or less in the same untoward predicament. The writer goes on to say, in describing the middle of a run: ‘At this ‘crisis there is no great amount of cry; the pace will not permit it!’ Pace, extreme pace, with a burning scent, will make hounds comparatively retentive, but that does not prove anything bearing upon the point in question. Take the hounds of Osbaldeston. The Furrier lady pack were viciously silent; whereas the Furrier dog hounds opened freely, and they were brothers and sisters, descending from the Monson blood famous for tongue. Was the dog pack slow? These hounds passed into the possession of Mr. Harvey Combe, with Will Todd, from Badminton, as huntsman. They ran mixed, and the bitches acquired tongue. The Furrier bitches were afterwards crossed with fresh blood judiciously selected, and produced the five couple lot, with full and free tongue, which were bought in at the sale at Tattersall’s for 1,300 guineas. The descendants of the Beaufort Justice, by the Nichol Justice, by Jasper, by Egremont Justice, sent unentered to Badminton in 1812, were noted for voice, and those who can remember Joiner, Jupiter, Jericho, Jason, Jessie, Jessamine, Danger, Diligent, and others of that race, may also recollect Will Long’s comparing them to a ‘ring of bells.’

Were they deficient in pace? Take the Duke of Grafton's hounds, that went to Assheton Smith with Saffron by Belvoir Splendour, Nelson by Belvoir Rustic, Nigel, grandson of the Berkeley Harrowgate, with Collier and Pontiff, by the Meynell Pontiff—all of them combined foot and tongue. When Mr. Drake took the Mostyn hounds that had become voiceless from the lavish use made of their favourite Lady, he had recourse to the Ward Bertram, Pilgrim, and Rascal, the Beaufort Denmark, Warrior, and Wellington, the Belvoir Fatal and Guider, and Sir Tatton Sykes's Wildair, by Splendour, by the Hill Alfred, by Lord Middleton's Darling; straining back to the Vernon Vigilant sort of Osbaldeston, to regain the lost voice; and truer hunters, quicker in their work, with freedom of tongue, than the hounds of the late Mr. Drake, were never produced at the covert side. Masters of hounds are not ready to give two hundred guineas for five silent hounds. The Herod, Hecuba, and Harrowgate descendants of the Berkeley, also, are notorious for flinging their tongue well and musically. It is clear that mute hounds are the consequence of a want of attention in breeding, and a sacrifice made to symmetry and pace, which is bringing discredit on many a good kennel.

But hark to the cheery voice of Nimrod, by Lincoln, by Belvoir Guider, out of the Eggesford Necklace, by Reveller out of Name-sake, as, leading, he turns down the vale towards North Combe spinny. 'He's safe for German's Wick Wood,' a strong covert a mile down the valley, cries one cunning of country, and away go the many down a lane straight for the wood. The hounds carry it handsomely into the strong gorse, no skirting, not one to be seen on the outside,—a nice pull for the leading men after a twenty minutes' burst. In the very centre of the thick and matted covert is heard the deep chop of Telegram, by Captain Percy Williams' Traitor, out of Columbine,—a full-framed hound, irreproachable in his work, with largely-developed muscle, and grand in all his points. Those who maintain that size cannot encounter covert difficulty, as well as the smaller frame, know little of the power of the foxhound when his blood is well up. Has he stopped? No. Out they come with their sterns creditably stained with blood, and Whitmore holding them on, quickly—Monody, by the Duke of Beaufort's Trojan, by Warwickshire Tarquin, by the Duke of Rutland's Comus, out of the Eggesford Milliner, by Nimrod out of Melody, hits on the line close to the orchard at the back of the farm, and with a light scream carries it at a pace over the rushy ground that stretches on—on—in the bleak solitudes of this wild country. A wild country, indeed, with scarcely the vestige of a habitation,—without trees, and the banks topped with stunted furze that alone can withstand the exposure of this inclement district. It is no longer the detestably romantic Devonshire, with its primrose valleys, wooded precipices, honeysuckle banks, and cowslip meads,—but moorlands in succession, partly heath and partly broken ground, that luckily having been found unprofitable for cultivation, have been allowed once more to run

to waste. Tales of robbery and murder belong to it; but as a *per contra*, yonder ruinous linhay, called ‘the Rubbing House,’ erected by a gallant Major of Yeomanry to shelter horses in stormy weather, at the meet, has often been converted to uses of a highly benevolent nature. Charity never faileth—it crops up everywhere, especially in the wilderness. It is a cheering sight, however, this wilderness to the non-holiday fox-hunter, who is a sportsman in the first, and a rider in the second place, in order to see hounds do their work, and there is nothing to prevent this desideratum. Over these undulating wastes hounds can be commanded for a long, long way,—a great convenience where there is not a human being to give a clue to the whereabouts if once cast.

On they sweep, but instead of taking the direction of German’s Wick Wood, up wind, which in the opinion of certain old stagers the fox was bound in honour to do, the line is down wind, over the marshy ground that leads to the rivulet which skirts the long succession of the Metherall brakes, and as the hounds stride away through the patches of rush, up fly the pee-wit and the curlew, mingling their shrill screams with the deeper notes of the clanking hounds—welcome ever this savagery of the true chase. But where is the *corpus* of the field? Wisdom, with its multitude of counselors, has gone blundering down the stony lane to the wood, and having reached the haven pauses in expectancy of reward. Alas! the old patriarch of Arabia, of the posterity of Esau, who delighted in hunting, and a killing sportsman himself, no doubt—otherwise in those early days he would have starved,—has said, and well said, that a hunter, too clever by half, ‘the vain man that would be wise, is like unto a ‘wild ass’s colt.’ And here they are, the whole kit of them—sires and colts, looking the reverse of wise, wrathful to boot, and a good mile and more away from hounds. ‘Tavy Cleaves,’ you should have known better. Over the heavy ground—for it is deep on these moist lands, the white Farquharson collar on the Gainsborough Foster has had the lead, with the Carew Student close to him, and Edgar, Trooper, Egbert, and Grimaldi well up. The tiny grandson of Eclipse, out of a Dartmoor pony, to the eye utterly incapable of carrying thirteen stone, bears himself gallantly without a sob, and catches at the snaffle as if the pace was not good enough. His experienced rider hugs the ‘rowen,’ that small strip of heather and virgin sod at the edge of the low banks that divide these extensive moorlands, so that the little fellow shall not sink his foot. As for fences, he can take the highest gate in hand standing, and seems to have been born on the very tallest of tall banks, by the way he negotiates them at his ease. The hounds rattle through the long line of Metherall brakes, on capital terms with their fox, coming out with a full head, going partly over the next large enclosure, and then throw up. Whitmore leaves them alone,—gently now—they are feeling their way a-head, but it will not do. That Furzecutter on the hedge must have headed him—Cardinal, of the Wynn Royal and Clemency litter—feathers for a moment on a greasy footpath—

brings it on for a yard or so, and then with a faint and eager cry, scores back to Metherall gorse, where Harlequin and Harmony, by Lord Wemyss' Harbinger, out of Casket, a daughter of old Clemency, quite a Victoria-cross blood, without any mistake, join in and take it up, although unsatisfactorily, at the top of the covert. A nasty check after three-quarters of an hour good going, especially with a traveller from the far forest bettering his chance every minute. Charles sees a hound, a long way ahead, come out of a ditch, jump on the hedge and down on the other side. He gets to him. It is Fisherman—a mute hound. The Furzecutter had headed the fox back into the brakes, and breaking away again, he ran the bottom of a broad and dry ditch, making good his point. Fisherman, a tail hound, had crossed the scent, and without saying a word went away by himself, and caused the loss of several minutes at a most critical part of the run. So much for mute hounds,—shapely and fast, for Fisherman is handsome as a star, and good, with the exception of this unpardonable and general vice. Never mind how he is bred,—better than dam and sire there cannot be—but he was the black spot of the family, and the Fenian is no more seen. Requiescat. Charles has stopped the inveterate traitor, and Whitmore casting his hounds well forward, the line—turning away from Hindabarrow—is fortunately recovered amidst the short heather on the waste, through which passes the Okehampton and Holsworthy road. They are getting on better terms, forcing their way by sheer hunting—flinging onwards as the tufts of heather give a side scent—which they improve upon, and go clinking away to the right-up wind towards Broadbury Castle, bringing it out, at last, to the road, and over? No,—they cannot make it good on the other side; steady, hounds. Pedlar, by Archer, by Beaufort Trojan, out of Proserpine, by the Lowndes Pilgrim, has his nose well down on the road,—he opens, and with Bounty, by Driver, out of Susan, by Druid, Morrell Sunderland, Craven Barbara,—goes away with determination. They are joined by Landlord,—by Eggesford Landlord, out of Hecuba, by Fitzwilliam Shiner,—and the three have it all to themselves,—on,—on,—without hesitation, and speaking resolutely, as if determined not to be gainsayed. On,—on,—ever the same unceasing positiveness, for more than a mile,—then a slight pause. The hounds fling right and left. No. Bounty and Pedlar once more have it on the road, and being satisfied are again away at score,—away—away, for another half-mile. The field wax incredulous. 'It cannot be!' 'Yes, it is.' On—on—the three hounds swinging away with a reaching action, as if on grass, and with the same everlasting assurance. Now they stop,—they come back for a few yards, then out upon the heath by the side,—and with a crashing confusion of tongue,—multiplied as that of the Birs Nemrood of old,—every hound takes it up, and streams away at his best, over the fence, and down the vale towards Pachecot,—then turning again at a right angle, they make for the Ashbury coverts, where there will be the danger of a change of foxes. The fence at the bottom of the hill—a boundary fence, with a streamlet

on the other side,—is a poser, for the ground is heavy on the taking-off side. It is held to be the proper system of farming in Devonshire, not to drain on either side of the division hedge between two farms, so that a warranted bog may prevent the trespass of cattle. How clever! These boundary bogs might be converted into the best of grass lands, but ‘vayther let un bide, and vayther agin avore he; and us have heerd tell ’twas always so.’ These moist strips of ground, however, hold good scent, and are often capital helps at the end of a day. A true man, all the way from Clovelly, takes the bank and its growth gallantly,—bucking over the streamlet into a very soft place—but with a flounder, or so, he is all right, and away at the head where he always is. The Gentleman in Black will not sink the hill, but takes a pull at Billy. He is confident, and knows well that it is a moor fox making his way to the right homeward to the Tors of Dartmoor, and although the turn will be in his favour, yet there are five good miles to the nearest of these Druidic temples at Sourton. Boxall, too, shirks the hill, getting away at his best to the gorse under Broadbury Castle, in order to prevent mischief. He arrives just in time,—the leading hounds have rushed in, and there is a halloo with a fresh fox from a countryman towards Ashbury.

But, listen; since the days of the Romans the old castle mounds on the hill-top have not been electrified by more appalling shouts—enough to crumble the walls of a second Jericho. Tavy Cleaves and the lane-riding squadron of German’s Wick having made their way to Brockscombe on a voyage of discovery, saw, fortunately, in the far distance, the line of scarlet coming along the Holsworthy road towards them on the higher ground, and straightway made for Broadbury Castle, thus saving an angle of miles, besides having had every turn in their favour; and Tavy Cleaves, an honest and excellent sportsman, loving hounds, and with his very heart in the cause, has arrived on the castle mound in time to view the beaten fox, lurching along high on leg, with his tongue out, going up the vale, and striving his best for his Dartmoor home. Animals, like human beings, in the hour of ultimate danger hanker to draw their latest breath amidst the scenes of early days. Man and beast have this yearning in common—also their failings—perhaps their virtues—*chien sabe?* If the Pythagorean philosophy hold good, Osbaldeston may have been littered this season in Cream Gorse, and Tom Smith may reappear at Shangton Holt. Unpleasant would be the idea that one were persecuting friends and associates over the accustomed grass grounds of the shires. It would give an acidity to the Château Margaux after dinner, besides disgustingly spiritualising the pad in the pocket coming home. But if ever Tavy Cleaves should become a Pythagorean fox, what a good one he will be! Look, there he is, the fine old fellow, perched on the top of the Roman vallum, with his hat going like a windmill round his grey head, by way of giving intelligence that he has seen the sinking fox in the very body. No mischief can be done now either by voice or any other interference, for, with a full consciousness that they will have him at all cost, the hounds are clanging on with a deadly swing. The ground is deep,

and Telegram, from sheer bone and muscle, takes the commanding position he deserves, with his progeny near him—Tomboy and Tickler, Trueman and Trojan, of different years, out of Rapid, by the Duke of Beaufort's Roderick, by Remus, by Fitzwilliam Hermit, by the ever-famous Drake Hector, by the Duke of Beaufort's Hazard; Amulet, by the Belvoir Guider out of Amazon, will not be denied; and Genial, by the Bramham Moor Furrier, presses on in a prominent place. Brave hounds are those same Bramham Moor—with power, bone, and quality, speaking well and truly, and always at their fox. They stream up the ascent opposite Wadland Moor, come out at the seven stones beyond Manstay Corner, and, crossing the Okehampton road, set their heads straight for Sourton. Now comes the test of breeding and of condition. Hounds bred in and in lose size, power, and tongue, and cease to keep their place at the end of a severe run with an afternoon fox; and the best will fail unless fed with that old oatmeal—which has caused the death of many a fox when fresh oatmeal would have saved his life. These trifling details, essential as they may be in bringing a fox to hand, are unknown to and beneath the notice of the fast man. Of what use would they be to him? He hates hunting, *quâ* hunting; goes in for nothing beyond the pace; is heedless how he can obtain it; and would rather course a fox with mute greyhounds than have a hunting run on a half scent with hounds speaking to it in musical chorus. If the latter performance be fulfilled artistically the fast one is an easy matter, requiring far less ability. A fast hound, and nothing but fast, may not have more brain than the shred of humanity cheeking him on horseback, whereas the quick hound, good at all times, lively of tongue, and stout, is the legitimate standard of sense and worth.

How the young Lincolns are racing over Thorn Down; Hebe, Ladybird, Benefit, and Clinker, with Liberal, Lissome, and Lilius, by Limerick, brother to Lincoln. The Belvoir Guider has been, verily, a rare stud hound for the west. On—on—away over the varying tracts of moorland, with every hound in view, and all rejoicing, since a track of grass roads for lime-carts from Bridestowe, on the table hill running parallel with the chase, enables the less favoured in horseflesh—with the farmers—those Prætorian guards of fox-hunting—to see the struggle for the finish. The old hounds are creeping to the head with Lappet, Larceny, by Belvoir Guider, and Mussulman, by Lord Macclesfield's Mulcibar, leading. It cannot last long; every pulse is beating quicker and quicker, and each heel is going faster and faster. The scent often dies with a dying fox; not so now: it is here, there, and everywhere, for he leaves a body scent on the tufts of furze and heather that are plentifully sprinkled over the wastes. The turns have been fortunate for the leading men—they have been riding the inner line—now, however, it is straight for Dartmoor, hard away, at the top of the pace. Blood tells in man and beast—how truly! Gainsborough, Jack-in-the-Green, Monarch, and Tim Whiffler are well represented in the first flight over Bowerland Moor; but there are doleful notes coming from the rear guard. Strange! that the voice of the hound,

which was wont to be shrill as that of a pelican in the wilderness, should have departed and entered into the steed, now roaring like a lion seeking whom he may devour. There is a long tail, and the pace, if possible, is better. Yonder he goes, under the hedge—up the slope towards Sourton Down. The quick eye of the Gentleman in Black has seen him, and, catching hold of little Billy, and keeping the upper ground, he pushes him along at his utmost for the open common. The fox gains the top of the moorstone bank on Sourton Down. He pauses. He hears that fatal cheer, and whilst gaunt and rigid, looking round with a glazed eye implacably at his inveterate foe—‘Have I found thee, O mine enemy,’—Render and Archer tumble him over into the pool beneath the bank. He sinks silently—a gallant Hector—under the mass of hounds that come toppling upon him. ‘Whoo-hoop!’ These barren wastes, grand in the desolation of their wintry solitude, may lack the fashion of the famed shires, but for legitimate hunting they possess that savage charm—the mimicry of noble war—of which those luxurious grass grounds have not a vestige.

THE CHRONICLES OF HEATHERTHORP.

V. RECOUNTS THE FIRST PART OF AN ENGAGEMENT WHICH, FOR THE HEROISM THEREIN DISPLAYED, MIGHT HAVE BEEN RELATED IN THE CHRONICLES OF FROISSART RATHER THAN HERE; AND WHETS THE CURIOSITY OF THE READER, IT IS HOPED, AS TO WHAT THE NEXT CHAPTER WILL BRING FORTH.

To every sportsman in Heatherthorp and Shipley, and to numbers of folk there and about the neighbourhood who preferred no claim to a knowledge of cricket, the particular Monday in June upon which it had been mutually agreed the two elevens should meet, seemed years in coming, so keen and fervid was the feeling of *esprit de corps* which prevailed. Golightly alone of the Heatherthorpians (as the county paper, in reports composed with much pomp and circumstance, designates our cricketers) managed to keep his head, but he not the less went about his work as though conscious the eyes of Great Britain and Ireland were fixed upon him. The season was unusually dry; and as he was pledged to produce ‘a finer wicket than had ‘been played on i’ that ground,’ his responsibilities from the moment the match was made mightily increased. Daily was he seen in command of a detachment of horse and foot, comprising a watering cart and Brobdingnagian roller, each efficiently manned; and an irregular body of excessively reprehensible boys, who, from their fetching and carrying propensities, were known as ‘old Jack’s retrievers.’ He, a little to his annoyance, was occasionally overlooked by the Hon. Sec., and outside the ground great things were anticipated from the exertions of the two officials, an expanse of turf as smooth as a billiard board being one of the results the public looked for.

'Twas lucky for Mr. Essom that he did not, like ancient members of his craft, practice surgery as well as shaving, for in his abnormally excited state of mind—by reason of the match, which ran between him and his wits—an accident might have happened, resulting in his standing before twelve jurymen of the Riding to answer to a charge of murder, or of manslaughter at the very least. Even as it was, although his too-nimble dexter hand had failed to jeopardise his neck, he shed his customers' blood freely—in the holy cause of cricket—as many a smooth chin, dotted, like the fine ladies' faces of Hogarth's paintings, picturesquely testified. His shop swarmed with enthusiastic gossipers; and wonderful rumours, wafted at odd times from the enemy's country, finding their way to Mr. Essom, and thence, appropriately coloured, spreading all over the town, the town in some measure reflected the shops.

It was now publicly known that Doctor Sutton would be one of the eleven, and grievous was the consternation of the godly thereabout. Barjona grimly kept the vials of his wrath sealed till a more fitting season; but the sisterhood who followed the lead of Miss Priscilla Cardmums, and fashioned their harmless little lives according to the example she set, were seriously scandalised, and chirped plaintively in concert when they became aware of the downfall of their idol. Doctor Sutton was soon made acquainted with the attitude of the Piety of the town, but what cared he? He had learnt, during that 'important consultation' of which the reader has heard, that his cricket had not left him; his play kept within an ounce of his best form, and he despised the askant looks of his straitlaced admirers; the only effect their sad displeasure produced upon him was one corresponding to that which water is said to have on a duck's back. He hated Woodridge—that is to say, he disliked him as intensely as one gentleman who has broken bread with another may—his arms were as strong, his legs as active, his eye as true as in the old college days, and he chafed to meet his rival foot to foot, etcetera, etcetera, that he might show Kate, etcetera, etcetera!

By a tacit understanding, politics, church rates, the forthcoming Ascot Meeting, and local scandal were shelved by the frequenters of that exclusive snuggery, the bar-parlour of the Sursingle Arms; nightly discussions of the forthcoming match taking the place of those topics. There was no betting, for a wager, like a wedding, requires the consent of at least two parties before it can be made, and within the domain of Mr. Sillery there was but one. At the instance of Mr. Daniel Essom several aliens were graciously allowed to sit under the most sacred portion of Martin Sillery's roof-tree, and amongst these was the umpire. Now Golightly's strong point was his reticence; to his 'brilliant flashes of silence' he owed much of his reputation for shrewdness. Within these walls he seldom spoke, except in answer to an appeal to his opinion, and then he generally managed to ridicule some heterodox notion Mr. Essom had previously propounded; for the Hon. Sec. and the umpire were rather jealous of each other, and when the old man had an innings he made the most of it.

Besides Golightly, several members of the eleven were in the habit of dropping in after practice hours, to be lionized by the company. Burly Joe Tadcaster, whose extraordinary powers as a long-stop were known to every parish in the Riding; Harrington, our fastest bowler; showy, but undeniably brilliant Will Cranston, the wicket-keeper; and the professional, a varmint-faced, red-headed, West Riding player, thirty-two years of age, named Leeson, were amongst the accidental patrons of the room, each complaisantly content to be trotted out by the Hon. Sec., or patronized by the umpire.

Woodridge, after practising several days on the Heatherthorp ground under the cynical superintendence of Golightly—that warm-hearted Christian taking especial care that the batsman was ‘fettled’ with a proper kind of bowler—took a temporary leave of the Wilsons, and ran over to Shipley to spend the few days prior to the match with his own team. As soon as the Doctor heard of this from Crisp, he gladdened the eyes of old Golightly with a sight of *his* style of handling the willow.

Crisp, who remained on the ground to look after his master’s cricket paraphernalia, asked Golightly if he thought the Doctor would do?

‘Do!’ replied the umpire; ‘why, Mat, he frames at his work as steady as though—as though he wasn’t a gentleman at all! See him knock that lad Ashton about; and I should think Leeson hasn’t had such a benefit for a very long time. Then the way in which he handles the leather hissel’, puttin’ on twists that fairly bothers even old Leeson. Depend upon it he has a nut!’

The subject discussed that night by the local parliament in the Sursingle assembled was a phrenological one, namely, ‘Doctor Sutton’s nut!’

Miss Wilson and the Doctor had met but once since the night of the wager, at an amateur concert, in aid of the fund for the restoration of the church of St. Martin-the-Less, and it chanced that his reversed seat was next to hers. Woodridge sang on this occasion, and had the Doctor been less generous, he might have done his supposed rival a turn by criticising his vocalism in the friendly manner which obtains at evening parties. He did nothing of the kind; and Kate, who by this time understood him better, loved him all the more for his silent magnanimity. And as, after their few words of preliminary conversation, she felt unspeakably overjoyed to be by his side again, her manner softened, and he, sunning in her mood, felt drawn nearer to her in spirit than he had ever been before. Kate spent a happy evening, and in her frank, outspoken way, said so, at which assurance the Doctor experienced such a glow of pleasure that he quite resignedly left her to the care of Woodridge; while with almost filial regard himself bade Timothy Wilson, Esq., good-night. From that moment Kate wished with all her might Heatherthorp would beat Shipley; and from that moment, too, she discovered that her toilet table required replenishing from the stock of Mr. Daniel Essom. Her maid, Burroughs, was daily intrusted with commissions for the proprietor of the principal hairdresser’s and hatter’s shop in Heatherthorp to execute; and as Mr. Essom could talk of nothing else but

the match, and Burroughs had a retentive memory, Kate was kept *au courant* with all the movements in connection with the great event, hearing amongst other things that——

‘Doctor Sutton, ’m, Mr. Essom says, is a beau-tiful cricketer, ’m ; and Mr. Essom ’opes there will be plenty of people on the ground ‘to see him play, ’m.’

At length the eventful morning broke ; the sun, ‘who looked all ‘over a stayer,’ rising behind the breezy fells, and removing, besides the clouds of night, a great weight from the mind of Golightly, who had risen before the god of day, for the simple reason that he could never sleep a wink the night before a match. He sauntered down to the Sursingle, and ascertained from the ostler that ‘t Shipley lads ‘were posting it with a coach and four,’ and leisurely proceeding along the High Street, ran against Essom.

‘Ha ! Golightly,’ exclaimed the Hon. Sec., ‘you have got the ‘start of me, then ? I did think I should rise before everything this ‘morning, including larks, thrushes, worms, milkmaids, and—um— ‘pires. A glorious morning, thank goodness ! It puts new life into ‘one to breathe air like this.’

‘Yes, I think the morning ’ll do,’ replied Golightly, who never cared to commit himself too far. ‘We shall have a blazing day ;’ and he cast a weather-wise glance at the grey, gossamer-like clouds, which the sun was rapidly dispelling—‘a blazing day ; and it’s lucky ‘I had the wicket watered last night.’

‘On Sunday night ?’ inquired Essom, with a look of consternation.

‘Why, now I come to think, it *was* Sunday,’ replied Golightly, as if the fact had just presented itself to his mind.

‘Really, you have acted very injudiciously ; you have jeopardized ‘our position most seriously,’ said Essom. ‘How can we ask cer- ‘tain people for subscriptions for the England match after this ?’

‘Oh ! nobody saw me do it. Besides, what’s the use of com- ‘plaining now, Mr. Essom ?’ said Golightly. ‘All I know is that, ‘Sunday or week day, the wicket was dry, and I had it damped. ‘I suppose our boys will be on the ground in time ?’

‘I fancy there is little fear,’ said Essom ; ‘I saw them all but ‘Emsden King and Dale yesterday——’

‘What, on Sunday, Mr. Essom ?’ inquired Golightly, ironically.

‘Yes,’ quickly replied Essom, not desiring to argue the sabbatarian point cunningly raised by his interlocutor ; ‘here are their names.’ And drawing a paper from his pocket, he read, ‘Cranston, Harring- ‘ton, Tadcaster, Leeson, Doctor Sutton, Ashton, Lee, Dale, With- ‘erington, Emsden King, and Knowsley. I flatter myself that lot ‘will take some doing.’

‘Yes, I rather think it will, myself,’ said Golightly. ‘But they ‘do tell me Shipley’s terribly strong this year. However, I must be ‘off.’

‘Shipley’ duly arrived, announced by a performer on the cornet-a-piston, who took the liberty of anticipating the result of the battle, and steadily trumpeted forth the strains of ‘See the Conquering ‘Hero comes.’ This bit of musical audacity was too much for the

philosophy of Heatherthorp, and some undeniable hisses mingled with the symbolical melody as the coach containing the cricketers and a strong party of friends drew up at the door of the Sursingle Arms. The commotion caused by the arrival of the Shipleyites had scarcely subsided when an open barouche rattled along the high street in the direction of the ground. The carriage contained Sir Harry Sursingle and some of the party from the Manor, the remainder following on horseback. Presently the family vehicle of Timothy Wilson, Esq., occupied by himself and his bonny daughter, appeared upon the scene, and by-and-by other carriages with family parties, from a greater distance even than The Place. The Sursingle 'bus brought two large parties from the railway station, the complement of visitors being made up of importations from the dales, either in spring-carts or a-foot. As the Wilsons' carriage passed the Sursingle, Woodridge, who stood outside that hostelry enjoying a cigar, lifted his hat, a mark of courtesy deeply resented by all and sundry of the juvenile population present, who considered it high treason on the part of anybody connected with 'He'thorp' to fraternize with the sworn enemies of the old town—and a sworn enemy Woodridge was undoubtedly considered. On the other hand, when the Doctor was observed, followed by his man, Matthew Crisp, wending his way in the direction of the ground, the boys gave vent to their feelings in a simultaneous cheer.

Mr. Daniel Essom was one of the last to leave for the scene of action, for two indispensable members of the eleven, Dale and Emsden King, had yet to arrive. Dale was head gamekeeper to Sir Harry Sursingle, and King a gentleman farmer, and each resided adjacent to the other, about a dozen miles off. At length the former, a wiry, dark-complexioned fellow, and one of the best captains that ever handled an eleven, was descried by Essom seated beside King in the dog-cart of the latter, and the Hon. Sec. heaved a deep sigh of relief. It would not have been a match worthy the name had gigantic Emsden King been absent. He was one of the biggest hitters in the club, and to this day one of his tremendous sloggers to square leg is spoken of in Heatherthorp.

The ground, situated without the town, by a road which leads into the heart of the Cleveland Hills, was in rare playing order, and when Essom trod the wicket he forgave Golightly his Sunday night's exploit. Having a watchful eye to the funds of the club, he rejoiced that the tribute of sixpence a head—'ladies free'—exactd at the gate of the ground, had been paid by several hundreds of what reporters of racing would term the *cognoscenti*.

No time was wasted in pitching the wickets, a process which the umpires carefully inspected. Meanwhile, in the tent set apart for the players, the scarcely less important process of tossing for choice of innings was being conducted; and when it was known that Woodruffe for Shipley had beaten Dale for Heatherthorp, and that Shipley was going in, a thrill of highly-wrought expectancy was experienced by all present, even by the occupants of the outermost line of carriages. Kate, whose daintily-gloved hand coquetted ner-

vously with a card of 'the order of going in,' was perhaps the most interested person there.

Matthew Crisp established himself in a corner of Martin Sillery's refreshment marquee, the centre and oracle of a group of gentlemen in livery. He maintained a running fire of observations, laudatory or severe, during the entire match, and led the cheering, which, by the way, during an encounter of this description, is never spared. One prominent object of interest was Golightly; another, to those who were 'native and to the manner born,' Golightly's hat. This article of clothing, a subdued white as to hue, and slightly antiquated as to fashion, had for years been regarded in the light of a barometer of the side for which the possessor chanced to be officiating. When the game looked doubtful or unfavourable for his own party, Golightly fixed his hat firmly in a horizontal position; but as soon as the fortunes of war turned in favour of his own party, so soon likewise did the hat turn, remaining thenceforward defiantly perched askew till the game was over. Golightly threw the ball to Dale, who, in his turn, handed it over to Leeson. The professional bowled a couple of trial balls, and then rolling up his sleeves and rubbing his hands with a pinch of grass—a trick peculiar to him—at once opened proceedings.

Will Cranston stood behind the wicket, which was guarded by a colt of seventeen, about whose defence there had been some flattering reports, a well-known Shipley stayer facing the juvenile; Emsden King stood on the alert at point; Dale was slip; Harrington cover-slip; and Doctor Sutton short-leg; Joe Tadcaster occupying his old place in the rear of Cranston. The opening over was a maiden, the colt stopping the last ball, 'a real beauty,' in a style which elicited a loud expression of commendation from Crisp. Then Harrington handled the ball, and the second he despatched, with terrific force, was just nicked for three. Thenceforward runs were put on very slowly, and when the colt retired from the wicket, with a well and carefully-earned score of ten to his name, Crisp cheered him incontinently, vowed he was the likeliest lad he had seen for many a day, declared he was a credit to his bringing-up, and informed his audience, in confidence, that that was exactly his (Crisp's) style of playing when he was a colt. The game grew slowly in interest as the minutes sped, but the fourth man was dismissed—a total of sixty runs having been obtained—before the enthusiasm of the beholders kindled. When Mr. Reginald Woodridge, the captain of the Shipley host, stepped confidently across the sward and took his place in front of the stayer, who had done his best to pluck the sting from the bowling, Shipley cheered, and Heatherthorp showed its sense of a foeman worthy of its steel in a multitude of ways fully as significant as the encouraging shout of 'the other side.' Heatherthorp, for the first time that blazing summer's day, began to feel its work was cut out.

Woodridge's appearance at the wicket put new energy into the scouts, and poor Kate, who remembered the wager—in good sooth she had never forgotten it—leaned forward, as if fearful of losing one feature of Woodridge's exciting *débüt*. The batsman manifested the

coolness of a veteran hand. He took his block from Golightly with as much scrupulous care as though his life depended upon having it at the proper hair's breadth; he glanced slowly around the field, and then, assuming a *pose* that old Felix would have admired, stood, slowly moving the willow in a manner that, to a practised eye, showed his supple wrist, waited Leeson's attack.

The professional's hand had either lost its cunning, or he was weary of waiting for results. Thus far Harrington had obtained all the wickets. At all events, he dropped one short, and as the pace was moderate, Woodridge stepped forward, and sweetly catching hold of the ball, he drove it fairly out of bounds, a splendid hit for four.

Loud and long were the cheers of Shipley at this marvellous exploit; symptomatic of genuine uneasiness the windy suspiration of forced breath ejected from the chest of Matthew Crisp; intense the nervous excitement of Kate, who knew sufficient of the game to be aware that this was a bad beginning for her heart-elected champion; and deep was the displeasure of the Doctor himself, for it fretted him to contemplate the possibility of a chance thrown away. It was seldom Leeson lost his head; but the reception his first onslaught had met with made him savage, and he overstepped the crease. 'No ball!' shouted the inexorable voice of Golightly. Another cheer from the Shipleyites. The third ball was worse than either of those which had gone before. It diverged to leg, and Woodridge put it away easily for three, and the long-leg buttering the ball, and returning it rashly, another run was made for the over-throw. Again were Shipley delighted, and Heatherthorp correspondingly dolorous. Woodridge stopped the next; and then a consultation was held—Doctor Sutton standing aloof—and Dale signified his intention of relieving Leeson the next over.

'What is the name of the batsman, Essom?' inquired Sir Harry Sursingle of the Hon. Sec., who, after patrolling the ground innumerable times, was now watching the game from a spot contiguous to that chosen by the party from the manor.

'I beg your pardon, Sir Harry,' said Essom, bustling obsequiously forward: like most Radicals, he had a fervent reverence for rank.

'I merely inquired the name of the batsman who just now made the drive for four,' repeated the Baronet.

'His name is Woodridge, Sir Harry; Mr. Reginald Woodridge,' replied Essom. 'He is a resident in Shipley, not a native of the place. He is in the iron trade.'

'Oh—ah—hits well,' said the Baronet.

'He *does* hit well, Sir Harry,' echoed Essom; 'better considerably than I expected to see, for he has practised a good deal on this ground; but for the last half-hour the bowling has been anything but good. Dale should have put Leeson off long since.'

'Ah—yes—true,' assented the Baronet, closing the interview by replying to an observation from my lady.

Woodridge was certainly the lion of the hour; and amongst others who were roused into demonstrative animation by his prowess, was Timothy Wilson, Esq.; but it is not requisite to remark that his

enthusiasm was, to put it mildly, rather distasteful to his lovely daughter.

'Bravo!' he shouted; 'was not that a splendid hit, Kate my dear?'

Kate was too deeply absorbed to reply.

'And there's another!' he exclaimed. 'Run again!—three!—four!—very well run indeed. I think, my love, our friend the Doctor will begin to quake about his foolish wager if this sort of thing goes on much longer.'

'I think, papa,' Kate rejoined, slightly but significantly emphasising the personal pronoun, 'nothing of the kind. Doctor Sutton has too much sense to make a foolish wager, papa,—that is, if wagers are ever aught else but foolish. He is no empty boaster. Besides, papa, we have not seen him play.'

'Yes, I dare say you are quite right, my love,' not listening to a word she said; 'but, goodness! there's Reginald at it again!'

The last ejaculation may be construed into a polite—and converse—rendering of remarks not over complimentary to the collective wisdom of the Heatherthorp team, made by Matthew Crisp at precisely the same moment to his select circle of admirers. Indeed, Crisp swore roundly when he saw Woodridge serving Dale's first over pretty much in the style he had served Leeson's last. Even Golightly could scarcely credit his own eyesight, and began to fear that this same clever Mr. Woodridge had been disguising his play.

One of those panics which sometime seize an eleven swept all before it now, and Woodridge, who seemed to bear a charmed life, did just exactly what he pleased with the ball. In vain change after change of bowling was called into requisition; in vain did Cranston achieve wonders behind the stumps, and Tadcaster accomplish wonders behind him; Woodridge made runs rapidly, and put thirty of them together with such remarkable alacrity, the stayer declared 'he hadn't a leg left under him!'

During a necessary interval for refreshment, Golightly managed to mention two words ventriloquially—that is to say, without stirring a muscle of his face—to Dale, and those two words were—'THE DOCTOR.'

Dale winked almost audibly in reply, and presently the beholders, who, being mostly connected with the opponents of Shipley, were getting the least bit tired of the uninterrupted success of Shipley's champion, gave vent to a shout of defiant delight when the Doctor took the ball from the boy Ashton, and, without a preliminary trial, at once—so to speak—threw himself into the breach, a bowler when one was most wanted.

He had thoroughly mastered Woodridge's style, and he fancied he had discovered a chink in the flashy batman's armour. Besides 'the nut' so heartily lauded by Golightly, the Doctor had another strong point—a very strong point—the capacity for fielding his own bowling.

There was a confident smile on the face of Woodridge as he stood to receive the first ball; but the smile wore off when he discovered that the bowling which broke all ways, and varied

vexatiously in the matter of pace, wanted playing. The Doctor's first over was a maiden, a success by no means overlooked by the critics.

Crisp was beside himself with delight, and exclaimed, 'Didn't I tell you?' to one of his liveried friends, in a tone which spoke volumes for his previous fanfaronade. 'Now, Mr. Arthur,' he immediately afterwards ejaculated, 'he's on his mettle: give him a 'ticer.'

The Doctor bowled again, and the ball got through; Cranston handled it, and down shivered the bails!

'How's that?' shouted Will.

'Not out!' replied the Shipley umpire.

The bowler groaned inwardly, but said never a word, satisfying himself with a significant glance at Dale, who returned the look with interest. There was a muttering among the crowd which bespoke a gathering storm.

'Try him again, Mr. Arthur,' muttered Crisp.

He did try him again. He gave him a 'ticer of another kind, one that was straight, fair, and honest, not the least suspicion of a twist about it. The batsman was all there—and so was the bowler. Woodridge drove the ball forward; but, alas! its flight was not lofty enough. Waiting alertly were a pair of hands that seldom failed. Clap!—clap! went two sounds, one following the other so swiftly you could scarcely distinguish them, and before some of the spectators had fairly realized the fact, Mr. Reginald Woodridge was magnificently caught and bowled by Doctor Sutton!

'Hurra!' shouted Matthew Crisp, at the top of his voice; 'I knew 'he would do it!' 'Hurra!' roared Heatherthorp, old and young; and 'hurra!' said pretty Kate Wilson, deep down in her heart of hearts, only an unusual brightness, and may-be an unusual moisten-of the merry hazel eyes affording an outward and visible sign of her emotion.

The Heatherthorp players crowded around the Doctor to offer their congratulations; the Shipley players crowded around Woodridge to congratulate him: the Doctor was gratified, of course; how could he help it? but he remembered likewise that his opponent Woodridge had made forty-two runs, and himself had *his* runs to make.

ATHLETICS AND SPORT.*

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

It has been presumed that amongst the serious studies of cricket, football, and general athletics at Eton, Harrow, and elsewhere, a few moments are snatched at intervals for the cursory exercise of boyish ingenuity in the pursuit of Latin, Greek, and Mathematics. I don't vouch for the truth of this—(it has been asserted)—but I notice on the retirement from public school life that the majority are still occupied in the former, while a small minority represent the adherents to the studies of the assumed interval. To say that great proficiency has been attained in the present day in these exercises of the modern

* 'Sportascrapiana,' by C. A. Wheeler. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London, 1867.

Pentathlum, is to say little or nothing for the young Englishman ; is to give no lustre to his fame, no prop to his reputation. If out of every twelve hours nine are spent in supplying the juices of the body from which muscles and sinews are derived, in acquiring quickness of eye, fleetness of foot, or in the practice of dynamics of whose theory the pupil is left in profound ignorance, it would be a very serious accusation to say that Mr. Smith had returned from school a better scholar than jumper, or a more finished mathematician than cricketer. If in the present day a young man cannot acquire that agility of foot, of hand, or of eye which will give him a reputation at Beaufort House, the Bells at Putney, or Shepherd's Bush, then I say pewter pots have been given in vain. The pewter power is of less avail than was formerly supposed to be the case. Surely he ought to be able to plead malformation of some kind or other—spinal deformity, accidental lameness, or that universal apathy which is worse than disease. I remember years ago my anxious desire was to see a private gentleman with a recognized income of one hundred thousand pounds ; to my uneducated nature I pictured him as something so truly exceptional, so removed from the common lot of humanity, as to be a species of marvel or built-up wonder of the world. I want now to see somebody who has not won a pewter pot in one form or another—for running, or jumping, or throwing a cricket-ball, or putting a stone, or at least for 'nurr and spell,' whatever that may be. I do not wish to tie myself down to pewter ; I include claret jugs, salt-cellars, toast-racks, *et id genus omne*, from the double-handled amphora to the wooden spoon.

I do not profess to be an authority, but I have been asked once or twice in the last few years whether I did, or did not, think young England vastly improved in tone from what I recollected it a quarter of a century ago. As these inquiries came invariably from the parents of some youthful Harrovian, Etonian, or Rugbeian, it seemed rather difficult to do justice to the subject at the time, for I candidly acknowledge that I do not. My recollections are all the other way. It must be remembered, however, that the test of excellence in everything is quality not quantity ; and that superiority, if such exist, ought to be proportioned to the greater number of aspirants. To say that more men run, jump, hunt, shoot, play at cricket, and row, is only to say that there are more people, more money, more idleness, and an especial fashion in favour of those pursuits ; and although I have classed them altogether here, the intelligent reader will have no difficulty in mentally distinguishing what may be called athletics, pastimes, and sport. These capabilities often go together : formerly they were almost invariably associated ; with this exception, that gentlemen who hunted, shot, walked, played cricket, and rode steeple-chases, were not to be found running and jumping for pewter pots in public, but were content to leave that to the professional element at Copenhagen House. There were exceptions of course to this rule, but they were so few, and of such a kind as to prove it. Thirty years ago there were not half a dozen gentlemen who had ever ran or jumped in public. They certainly

would have felt themselves disqualified from entering for the sweepstakes now so common, and which tend to promote small rivalries, petty gambling, and feelings of economy, instead of national sport.

'Sportascrapiana' professes to have been begun as a pamphlet for private distribution, and to have grown accidentally to its present size, that of a volume of 328 pages. I have nothing to say against this sort of accidental incubation which turns a goose into a swan. The pamphlet was doubtless nothing more than a complimentary offering to Mr. Budd, a very worthy gentleman, and probably the best cricketer of his day; while the book in its enlarged size gives us many a pleasant anecdote of the giants of his time—Osbaldeston, Col. Anson, Lord Kennedy, and Captain Ross; and serves to while away a heavy hour with reminiscences always agreeable, and sometimes profitable. But it is a grave error ever to 'crave the indulgent forgiveness of the reader for the disjointed way, &c.' If Mr. Wheeler knew much of publishing, he would never apologise to anybody; and above all things he would endeavour to take care that there was nothing to apologise for. The great fault of the book is its propensity to ramble without any fixed object; but it would have been far better to have allowed our sporting contemporary, the 'Saturday Review,' to have found it out, than to have confessed it out of hand. Of the facts, two-thirds of the present generation know nothing: and the praise or blame of critics unacquainted with persons or performances mentioned in 'Sportascrapiana' can be of little value.

That part of the book which has especial reference to Mr. Budd, as may be expected, treats mainly of cricket: and as that worthy gentleman is now in his eighty-third year, and still hale and hearty, he has had time to forget more cricket than many of my readers ever knew. He was contemporary with Lord Frederick Beauclerc, Mr. Ward, Osbaldeston, the Broadbridges, and the whilome secretary of the M.C.C., Mr. Aislable. His experiences would be worth listening to. How he must have watched, when about retiring, Wenman, Fuller-Pilch, Mynn, Felix, the bowling of old Lillywhite and Clarke, and the wicket-keeping of Box, and compared them with a past generation. How rich must he be in anecdotes of two generations of players. Did he think less highly of his own time when he saw these men? What was his opinion of the introduction of the straight-armed or over-hand bowling introduced by Mr. Harenc, and of the brilliant cutting and off-play consequent on its introduction? I should like to know his opinion of the increase of the professional element, a bone of contention which Mr. Fitzgerald would fain settle. Then he would have been astonished at the effect produced by the return to the slows by Mr. Drake and Mr. V. E. Walker; and would have found cause for regret in the withdrawal of the third of the public schools from the annual trial of strength. Does Mr. Budd see in the long scores (all attendant circumstances considered of improved grounds and increased numbers) signs of superior cricket, or an inferiority of bowling to batting? All these are very interesting questions for cricketers, which Mr. Wheeler might have entered upon with great profit to the

reader and advantage to his book. The fact is that the subject is so extensive, and so important and interesting to a true lover of cricket, that I should willingly expend more time and space upon it here, but for the recollection that all my readers are not cricketers; and that their love of the game begins and ends with about three matches a year—the Universities, the Public Schools, and the Gentlemen and Players. There are as fine players as there ever have been; Mr. Mitchell's batting has perhaps never been excelled; Mr. Grace, as an all-round player, is as effective as ever has been known; but I come back to the old question which I have often asked about horses—With such an enormous increase of candidates and opportunity, is the progress of the game in its essentials, its attack, defence, cultivation of eye, hand, judgment, and elegance, so superior to what it has been? I think not: and I believe that had the Gentlemen depended more upon themselves than upon the Players, the latter would have been taught a lesson more valuable than any they have been able to give to the former. There were some very fine players when men went in without pads or gloves, and when Mr. Budd and the old original Squire, with Lord Frederic Beauclerc, beat the then best players of the day—Lambert, Sherman, and Howard. Mr. Budd is now in his eighty-third year; but there was a time, we are told, when he was prepared to back himself at cricket, shooting, running, jumping, and sparring, against any gentleman; and tennis and billiards might have been added to the other five.

Mr. Pycroft's book on cricket is quoted as a proof of Mr. Budd's superiority, which indeed no one ever questions. There is, however, so curious a passage that, as an honest reviewer, I am obliged to comment on it. At page 250 Mr. Pycroft introduces himself to Mr. Budd to obtain the information from Mr. Budd himself on the subject. The passage written in the third person is curious as making Mr. Pycroft recall himself to Mr. Budd in the following language: 'One whose play I know made an impression on you at the time, for, indeed no Oxonian of my day had nearly as high an average.'

Now, does Mr. Pycroft mean that he was the best bat in Oxford? because, if not, he means nothing. Mr. Pycroft is a most amiable man and an amusing writer, with a thorough love of cricket, but this assertion certainly will astound Oxford players of that day; and the inference, a natural one, is singularly wide of the mark. Again, at page 252, Mr. Pycroft is quoted: 'Mr. Budd, when past forty, was still one of the quickest men I ever played with, &c. &c.' When past forty we may presume to be about forty-three. Now, Mr. Budd is nearly eighty-three years of age, and Mr. Pycroft is about fifty-three years of age, having taken his degree about 1837. If Mr. Pycroft played cricket with Mr. Budd when he was forty-three the former gentleman must have been thirteen years of age, when he would have been scarcely a competent witness as to Mr. Budd's style or form of play.

Having got through the cricket, and referring our readers, for any further information, to the book itself, we come to that part which treats of shooting. Unfortunately it extends, amidst hunting, steeple-

chasing, Fauntleroy, the Prince Regent, and half a dozen subjects, through every chapter. But the anecdotes are such as will interest all lovers of the gun, as they include one of the most remarkable men now living—the celebrated Captain Ross, the father of the first winner of the Queen's Volunteer Prize. He is associated with Colonel Anson, Lord Kennedy, Mr. Coke, the Squire, and all the great performers. Not only have we pigeon matches, which appear to have an interest beyond any handicaps of even the indefatigable Mr. Heathcote; but matches at game, rifle-shooting, and even pistol-shooting as practised at swallows instead of man.

By the frequenters of the Wimbledon meeting this gentleman is pretty well known; but there are thousands among them who have no notion that in the upright, stalwart form of the gallant deer-stalker and rifleman, they are looking at the rival of Osbaldeston, and the hero of the great Clasher and Clinker affair, which made as much noise in the steeple-chasing world of that day as the match between Cambuscan and General Peel in our own; that they see the opponent of Colonel Anson in the great partridge match of 1828, at Milden Hall, which terminated in a draw, when the Colonel was so beat that he could walk no further, and the birds were all out of the turnips, and so wild, that the Captain could shoot no more. The latter, it is said, at the end of the day, proposed to back himself for 500*l.* to walk at once to London against any one present (some five or six hundred being on the ground and within hearing), or to shoot the same match over again the next day against any man in England for 500*l.*, excepting Mr. Osbaldeston, who had been crippled by his bad fall in Leicestershire, and whose feelings he was unwilling to hurt. Many matches of this kind will be found in the book, one especially with Mr. William Coke, of Holkham, with whom I once shot, many years ago, at the late Sir Edmund Hartop's, in Leicestershire. He was a very fine shot; but he succumbed to Captain Ross, although the match came off at Holkham, and the Captain was beaten the first day. He retrieved his laurels on the second beat, however, by hard walking, and by the use of better dogs lent him by a sporting farmer, who didn't like to see a good sportsman lose for want of a little advice.

Lord Kennedy figures largely in these pages, as well he may. He was a great sportsman and a very extraordinary walker; and spent a large fortune in betting on pedestrian and equestrian feats. An instance has been given in a late article of this magazine of Lord Kennedy and Sir A. Leith Hay's powers of endurance, which corrects the mistaken ideas or information of the author of 'Sporta-scrapiana,' who describes the evanescence of the umpire's boots at the twenty-fifth milestone from Inverness, and the completion of the journey barefoot.

I hardly know which to admire the most, the goodness of the Wellingtons which lasted so long, or of the men who lasted so much longer. I have known some good walkers in my time, but the most vivid imagination has never, that I am aware of, conceived the possibility of such a journey.

Most people have heard of the Red House, some of my readers may have shot there. We all know what the Aristocratic Handicap means, and how the suburban quiet of Shepherd's Bush has been awakened from its slumbers by fashionable artillery. To kill twenty pigeons in as many shots from five traps, at one-and-twenty yards, would be good shooting; at five-and-twenty yards it is seldom done; and at thirty yards such a shot as Lord Huntingfield is supposed to be collared. Let us see what has been done when breech-loaders were not, and when Joe Manton and Nock furnished the implements of war. I give one instance, so marvellous in my opinion, as to defy competition, and *almost* to stagger belief. 'Eighty shots, thirty yards rise, five traps. Captain Ross scored seventy-six; three more hit the top of the paling and counted as misses, but fell within the ground. One got over the paling, owing to his right barrel missing fire (a bad tube), but feathered with the left.'

Now, the pardonable incredulity of the reviewer requires something approaching satisfaction. Has Mr. Heathcote anything to relate approaching to this? We trow not. Is there any confirmation of this story to be found out of the book itself? There can be no doubt that the men of those days were extraordinary shots: but is there really no mistake in these figures? Eighty shots, at thirty yards rise from five traps, out of which seventy-six were scored!!! The gentleman of whom this feat is recorded was, as is well-known, the shot of his day. At game there are extraordinary stories told of his prowess. The book before us contains some of them; but there is nothing, I venture to affirm, before or since, officially or authoritatively recorded, which can bear any sort of comparison with it. In the absence of proof comment is superfluous; and, without wishing to be unpolite, the thing is simply incredible. We all know the answer of a well-known baronet, not long dead, to a gentleman who *saw* a 'buggy with two men in it land safely over a turnpike-gate, breaking nothing, and injuring neither horse nor drivers,' and who was imprudent enough to add 'if I hadn't seen it, I wouldn't have believed it.'

I have no wish to follow out the logical sequence to its necessary result; but I fear that a great many of those who did not *see* it would be apt to endorse the opinion of the late baronet in question on the subject of eyesight and belief going together. Pigeon-shooting has become a great institution in this country: it does not always go hand in hand with game, though to suppose that the two arts are entirely inconsistent is a mistake. Men jump to very erroneous conclusions on the subject of sport when they know but little about it. A quick eye and a hand responding to it are the essentials for the turnips, the cover, and the trap, to all who pretend to be above par. There are plenty of men who can kill game moderately well in September who are not quick enough for a blue-rock at six-and-twenty yards' rise; but partridges in October or November take some killing, and are not apt to wait for the steady-going potterer while he sights them by looking along his gun-barrel. Few and far between will be his double shots; and the same qualities which

serve for winning a sweepstakes at Shepherd's Bush will be found requisite for filling the bag. A pretty good shot at game may be very moderate at the trap, or a fair pigeon-shot very moderate at game; but they who excel at either will generally be found very good at both.

It is unnecessary to continue these extracts, which abound throughout the book in the most admired confusion. I may conclude, however, with a story illustrative of that vanity for doing all things in all ways, which was a great characteristic of Osbaldeston. Indeed, there is scarcely a sportsman of high excellence in England, or anywhere else, who does not owe something of his excellence to the quality which we are all inclined to condemn in others and to overlook in ourselves. If you want to prevent two schoolboys from fighting, lock them up in a room by themselves, and desire them to ring the bell when they are tired of the amusement. If vanity be the incentive to half the vices of our nature, it is equally so to half our virtues; and it does not seem to have prevented 'the Squire' from acquiring as much affectionate regret from his friends as of admiration from the world.

To return to our story. It seems he would go shooting on Bower Moor, the property of Lord Strathmore, which was let to a certain number of guns at 20*l.* a year each. What the Squire could want with such shooting it seems difficult to understand, excepting the pleasure of saying that he had beaten all the others on the moor that day. That was undoubtedly the exciting cause. He got up at one in the morning, but it was not light at half-past three. As soon as day appeared, all the parties, which had been watching one another, rose at once and started together, 'like a storming party springing 'from the trenches.' 'It was quite a scramble,' wrote Mr. Osbaldeston; 'birds flying in all directions, men swearing, and dogs 'howling from the whip.' So I should think; nor could anything as a matter of sport be less like pleasure. But it gratified the Squire's vanity, for he shot 22 brace, and seems to have ascertained that nobody else exceeded 12½ brace in the day. A friend of mine was less fortunate on a moor, let under the same circumstances for two days, at, I think, 5*l.* per head, to an indefinite number of sportsmen, by the landlord of a particular inn. He, like Osbaldeston, thought 'he should like to see the fun.' He was an excellent shot and walker, and, as it fortunately turned out, capable of taking care of himself in other ways. As soon as it was light, men, dogs, and birds began to be mixed up in inextricable confusion. His dog made a point, advantage of which was taken by a Sheffield weaver, who advanced upon Ranger with rapid strides. A single bird rose between them, and the skilled workman took care to let off his gun at the right moment. I dare say, if questioned, he would have represented himself as the victim of a devouring passion for sport; but grouse soup has its charms. He was manifestly, by his attitude, out on strike, for he stood over the fallen bird as a Trojan hero may have asserted his right to the dead body of a fallen brother. There was but one thing to be done, and my friend did it. With a left-handed

upper cut he floored the weaver, and with his right hand collared the bird. I do not know that the Squire would not have enjoyed this part of it quite as much as the shooting; but my friend is a man of peace, and observes that it is rather hard, after paying five pounds, finding and killing your birds, that you should have to fight for them too. Perhaps he is right.

Though the greater portion of these pages is devoted to the milder forms of athletics, pastime, and sport, the author could scarcely pass over the subject of steeple-chasing and hunting without notice when dilating upon the exploits of the owners of Clasher and Clinker. Some remarks on that early exhibition of cross-country horsemanship are made, professedly with the intention of setting to rights something which was supposed to be wrong as regards the finish of the match. Either the inexperience of the author in such matters, or carelessness in omitting to correct his proofs, will leave a very hazy impression of the whole affair upon those who do not know it from any other source but this. It is so badly written that a stranger to the circumstances would scarcely learn whether Captain Ross was the owner of Clinker or Clasher. At page 31 Dick Christian is 'put upon Clasher,' while in page 32 'Dick Christian and Clinker had fallen at the last fence.' Previously to this we read, 'Clinker had always a first-rate reputation as a fencer, and "the Squire" was to have ridden *Clinker against him*;' manifest nonsense, to which the author appends a note which makes it worse, viz., 'the three words in italics should have been "*him against Clinker*."' Let me suggest a new reading which will set the matter right: read '*Clasher against him*.' I am not going at this time of life to talk about Clasher and Clinker, but I cannot help adducing this as one of those faults into which undue haste has led our author.

To the lovers of equestrian endurance Osbaldeston's match of the two hundred miles on Newmarket Heath serves as a peg on which to hang a discussion. We are referred to India at once as the scene of similar and harder exploits, and I am happily not called upon to settle the question as to whether Captain Horne did or did not ride two hundred miles in less than ten hours *along the road* between Madras and Bangalore on Arab horses; nor which is the greater performance of the two, if true. It was a striking performance, if he did, in such a climate, and not under the favourable circumstances of the Squire as to horseflesh. The poor fellow is said to have died from riding a horse called Jumping Jenny one hundred miles a day for eight successive days. The horse certainly ought to have died, and the contemplation of the feat is more calculated to make one's blood run cold than the performance. A Mr. Bacon is another Indian hero, who rode a camel eight hundred miles in eight days. I never rode a camel, and should scarcely know whether to go inside or out; but I once rode a hack of my own from Oxford to Ascot and back on the Cup day, a distance of upwards of eighty miles, and never intend to do it again. I have no doubt that India has furnished, and will continue to furnish, men of the very hardest material ('bricks' become harder by baking), and that many feats have

been performed which merit eulogy and record. Major Pearson, the owner of *Achievement*, when in India, has performed extraordinary journeys on horseback, with not much more than a soldier's duty or a mess dinner to instigate him, as may well be credited by those who have seen him over the Quorn or the Pytchley country in his best days. In fact I incline to the opinion that although the Squire's performance was a most extraordinary one, there are men in this country, or India, or Australia, and perhaps elsewhere, who may have equalled it. Flowers are born to blush unseen, and why not muscular Christians, or even heathens?

The remainder of this volume is devoted 'omnibus rebus, et quibusdam aliis.' It has scraps about red deer, the age they do *not* live to, and the way to shoot them. Among other persons, Fauntleroy, George Anson, and George Guelph the Fourth of that name, figure conspicuously. The first is introduced to prove that Mr. Budd did not endeavour to bribe the man at the gate with 800*l.* to let his prisoner go. The chapter is interesting; not so much for what it tells us, as that all great men, even great criminals, have weaknesses to expose, and Fauntleroy was no exception to the rule. He sacrificed his life, his family, and his reputation, to spite the Bank of England. *Credat Judeus.* There is a well-merited notice of General Anson, many of whose friends and companions are still alive, and who will not dispute the dictum that 'he excelled in everything he tried—a first-rate shot, a capital rider, a 'good oarsman, a great walker, and one of the best whist-players in 'England.' As the commander-in-chief of India, we had unfortunately no opportunity of testing his capacity; but he was known to be a first-rate man of business, and to possess qualities which eminently fitted him for the appointment.

The pages on George IV. teach us nothing new of his career as regent or king. There are a few of well-worn anecdotes; and the free-and-easy conversations of George Hangar, Lord Yarmouth, Mr. Mellish, and others, do not tend to alter the estimate which posterity formed of the private character of his royal highness. It is a source of sincere congratulation to the nation that the present Heir Apparent, in an equally unembarrassed intercourse with his private friends, need fear no reproaches of the same kind, but is able to blend courtesy and the graces of his youth with the dignity and self-respect which must necessarily hedge his position. It will not be difficult for him to defy and to refute the insolent attacks of scurrilous and unscrupulous journalism.

The book consists almost entirely of hearsay, the author's experience having entered but smally into the account. It is therefore the less excusable that it should have been put together without order, and that pains should have been spared to make it grammatically correct. It treats of subjects always interesting to the sportsman, and, as it is merely a compilation of past events, should have engaged closer scrutiny as to the facts, and greater care in the arrangement.

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

THE last month of this year of indifferent weather, high prices, rapine, revolution, Fenianism, murder, of Great Exhibition, brilliant races, startling society, and excessive festivity, is now to be buried in the green cover which 'Baily' places over its defunct months. December, here in Paris, has been, I confess, unusually dull, and for these certain reasons—the Court has remained out of Paris and not gone to Compiègne: therefore we have had no social joys in town, and no sporting pleasures in the country. The Court itself has had plenty of fun, I promise you, and never has such sport been seen as the Emperor has had lately, shooting in what we may almost call the suburban coverts of St. Cloud and Versailles. 'I caught a dreadful cold there the other day,' said to me the jolly little Marquis de C——; 'but I don't mind it, for I have never before seen such sport.' The Prince Napoleon, too, is away; and so we have no invitations to hunt on Sundays at Meudon. Society is, in fact, exhausted, and is waiting to catch its 'second wind' before it enters into the coming season of 1868. But although the world is dull, there is no reason that 'Baily' or its writers, much less its readers, should be. No—we must refer to our memory for our jokes, and to our imagination for our facts, before we permit such a state of things as dulness in that evergreen Annual, the twelfth number of the only greenback which is accepted as a legal tender. Paris has been visited by a large selection of English, who, having attended every race-meeting from Northampton to the Houghton, are now *en route* for some place where they can speculate. Nice seems to be this land of promise, which I fear will not be the land of pay, and flocks of your fellow-countrymen are hastening there to health, and fortune. The climate is good for one, the 'table'—I do not mean exactly the living—is very trying to the other. Monaco offers the pleasing relaxation of punting against a public bank. The system is more wholesome, depend on it, than playing high among friends. Nice would be a nice place if all the men, women, and children were not as scandalous as the elderly females who used to parade Milsom Street, Bath. Your readers will kindly remember that I have never been either to Nice or Bath, and depend on co-respondents, who are, by-the-by, very plentiful in both cities, but I know that what I say is true. Old women, majors on half-pay, and minors who should know better are the people who go to Nice, Mentone, Monaco, and spread evil reports about the visitors as, if they are ever allowed to go to heaven, they will about the angels—*par exemple*:—'Did you ever see such dirty wings as A—— had on?' 'Yes, my dear, I saw them!' 'Evidently drawn through the mud,' &c., &c. I do not mean for an instant to say that there are many angels at Nice, or, indeed, in any winter quarters which I know. One at Market Harborough, perhaps, and oh! if he would lend me his wings to fly over the Pytchley country! but otherwise not. Angels are, &c., &c. So are devils, now that suppers are gone out of fashion, though there are worse things than a 'devil,'—say a woodcock. Tell them to split him up, pour a pint of champagne over him, red-pepper him, grill him—eat him. Upon my word, I think you will perform the part of Oliver Twist and ask for more. But this is *in detail* which is keeping us from the business of the month. Business! When there is any business it is a pleasure, when there is none, we have either to be instructive or a bore. Do you know I fancy that sometimes, when trying to be the first, we succeed admirably in being the second. But I do not wish to write like the propounder of riddles.

I really think I must give you a brief list of the 'fashionable' visitors who have passed through here to Nice—gone or going I should say: Lords Clarendon, Camden, Clanricarde; Messrs. Payne, Higgins, Dashwood, Roe, Hibbert, Wallace-Carpenter, Cunningham, Naylor, Mountjoy-Martin, Sir Minto Farquhar, Sir William Fraser, with many others, too numerous to mention. The point of the joke is, that already Nice and its dependencies are so full that there is not room for a child! The weather, too, has been anything but as nice as it should be at Nice, for there has been snow in the neighbourhood, and blue noses have been detected at Monaco; where, however, people have been seen to look blue before. In Paris we have had weather as changeable

as it has been disagreeable, and men and their 'fellows' had rows every day about their dress. 'What the dash do you mean, John, by sending me out in 'this sealskin waistcoat, when it is as hot as July?' Next day—Dash take 'you, William, sending me out dressed for a pie-nic, when I believe we could 'skate.' The difference of opinion as to sticks and umbrellas has also caused several good valets to discharge their masters. The best thing for a rich and independent man has been to do as Jack Listless always does when it freezes—go to bed and stay there. Naturally, these passers-by have caused us, the denizens of the good city of Paris, to be lively. We have eaten dinners, giving, I trust, dinners in our turn: so have we heard the best stories from London, and circulated the last scandals of this highly improper, if pleasant, city. The thing which has most amused me during the month was a conversation at the door of the 'Bristol.' Swell No. 1. (a tearing one), *loquitar*: 'Bore for you, 'Jack, ain't it? Old brother got an heir, and—that sort of thing?' 'Yes,' says Swell No. 2, lighting with perfect calmness a cigar as big as a modern parasol, 'heir's come—barely due, though. Suppose he must have got a card, "Small and Early," and so dropped in as soon as he could. Of course I'm 'up a poplar-tree. Taken ticket in P. & O. Left Guards, and my liver, go to 'Line and India.'

Sporting this month, except Imperial battue-shooting, is at a discount. I have been going to Compiègne and Chantilly several times, where—thanks to Mr. Tom Jennings—I have a stud to ride, but it has always frozen. The boar-hounds, kept by the father of one of the most popular members of your Albert Gate Embassy, have, I hear, had some good gallops; and hunting the wild boar is, I can tell your readers, very *tall* amusement indeed. The deer-hunting, though you do find the wild animal, is not such jam, and you, indeed, as well as your horse (and I have ridden some very well-bred ones there) get tired after about two hours of galloping full-speed up and down rides where the turf is as good as the D. I. at Newmarket. But there is an amount of wild sport in France, which I really wonder that the English—who think nothing of Rocky Mountains, or, indeed, of Asia, Africa, or America, if they wish to slay a strange beast—do not cultivate. In certain parts of France, within what Mr. Thomas Percival of Wansford, in England (may the Heavens be his bed!—only he never used to want to go there when we, who had ridden, say forty miles—to quote 'Punch'—'ammer, 'ammer, 'ammer on the 'ard 'igh-'road,' and perhaps a good thing with the 'Duke's' into the bargain) would have called 'a nice convenient distance.' You can kill, to-morrow, boars and bears, wolves, and, of course, I will not add foxes—forbid it, Heaven! What would Tom Sebright say, in or by the spirit of an old pupil who talked vulpecide? Ah! Tom Sebright, what a man he was! as Prince Hamlet of Denmark once or twice remarked of his deceased father. Once he said to me—knowing, too, that I was on the cream of the stable—'They don't go very fast to-day, do they, Captain Scribbler? but do you, now, just go and try to ride 'over them.' He was a 'merrye man,' like Miss Juliet's Nurse; he was also a very difficult man to catch from Ashton Wold.

It froze enough for skating one day, and there was a right merrye party at Colonel McCall's, at Chantilly. Skating on good ice, over shallow water, relieved by the longest cigars, the best of lunches, and the most general and genial hospitality, offers life under a very pleasant aspect. They skated, tumbled in, down, ate, drank and were merry; and just as every one was saying how nice it was and how much pleasanter winter was than summer (Eugh!) and how much safer, cheaper, and more charming skating was than hunting (than hunting!—Eugh!!) it began to thaw. *À propos* of boots, if you will kindly allow me to use a French idiom, which is not *à propos* at all, here is a fisherman in France who has taken a miraculous draught of fishes—that is, he has caught—entrapped he called it—the oldest inhabitant of the river Oise. It was cold weather when the fool at one end put the worm on the other end of his instrument of capture; but, cold as it was, he took a carp which weighed twenty-eight pounds, was four feet four inches long, and as old as a *legatée*. This wonderful carp bore a precious jewel in its head, or rather a coin in its mouth, on which was inscribed—

V. + 6 × D + May 1771 = Aigüe Blanche.

The fortunate fisher gave a dinner to which his friends he did invite; but I regret to say that fish, unlike wine, does not improve by keeping, and this centenarian carp was nasty even for a fresh-water fish.

From fish to drinking we glide quite comfortably. There is a vintage of Bordeaux, 1865, which is very good. Unhappily, others already think so. You cannot keep dark discoveries which are for the public good. Confound the public! say I—or rather let a good public buy it all, and keep on asking us to dinner. I see that a very small Sporting, or rather *sai-disant* Sporting paper—for Sportsmen are about all true gentlemen, and 'war not with the 'dead'—has been pleased to bespatter with its little splashes of dirt the character of M. Benazer, of Baden-Baden. The owner, editor, writer, nay, the readers of the serious serial, are no doubt highly proper people in their proper place, but then why don't they stop there? We know that 'roulette' is wrong, and '30 & 40' an abomination; but, then, why come to Baden? Is there not Camberwell, Clerkenwell, Bath, Totnes, Camden Town for these gazetteers? and why should they risk their souls and their five-franc pieces—'bits' they would call them—on that board of green cloth which is, as the facetious missionary at Doncaster once kindly remarked, 'The way to H—?' Well, I will not say what that worthy churchman, or dissenter, said, but I will say that poor M. Benazer is a man to be much regretted by people who like the annual holiday of Baden. I presume we are no worse than our neighbours: I am sure we are jollier at Baden during, let us say, the Race-Meeting, the fishing, and the shooting, than many of our neighbours; and justice forces us to say that it was M. Benazer who made Baden. I fear Gazetteer must have backed 'red' when it was 'black,' and 'black' when it was the other colour upwards. Thence temper, ill-nature, and a trifle of abuse of a man whose liberality to all classes was as well known as that *regard d'air* is played in the Kursaal of Baden.

We have had a couple of novelties in the theatrical world here, both of English origin, nay, I might say three or four—'Robinson Crusoe,' 'Gulliver,' 'Hamlet,' and 'Jack Sheppard.' Offenbach's music can hardly make 'Crusoe' go, and 'Gulliver' is intolerably long and dull: but I am assured by a good theatrical authority that there is so much in it that it might serve as plots for all the English pantomimes for 1868 and 1869. Nudity is now reduced to its last rag. Between the costumes worn in 'Gulliver' at the Châtelet and those worn by our original relatives there is certainly not a pin to choose—a pin! into what could they stick one? Schneider, the first 'Grand Duchess of Gerolstein,' is now reigning at the Châtelet, where she appears as a cabin-boy; but the music is not good enough for her, and the house is too large. Her song, '*Poussez, poussez*,' will have a certain popularity; but we shall find nothing in Professor Dean Swift's operetta of 'Gulliver' to equal the sweet songs of the lion of the Variétés: no '*Dites-lui*,' no '*Sabre de mon père*,' nor will the love for the military ever be so tunelessly expressed as it was by Schneider the First. Still, if you are anybody—and we all think ourselves somebody (and, indeed, sometimes I fancy some-body else 'added')—we must go and pay fifteen francs and hear and see this last emanation of the theatrical invention of Paris. By the way, the impression among the audience of the Châtelet is, that Dean Gulliver was Bishop of Dublin, *in partibus*, and went as a sort of missionary to the country of horses, manikins, and giants. They believe this, firmly, and so say, '*Tiens c'est merveilleux*!' about every five seconds. The theatres, like everything else in Paris, are suffering from the reaction consequent on such a season as the last; but if one of them brings out a decent piece, it is sure to fill the house for weeks. The new theatre, L'Athénée, opened, as I hear, for I could not get there, with a bad piece, but the house was crowded to the roof, and all the seats except the *paradis* cost twenty francs! Marlborough went to war with a strange army. I am sure such a mixture of reputations, nationalities, languages, and lovers was never published before in the daily papers. Here are a few of the 'First representation': Auber, the grand composer, Cora Pearl, Count Gabrielli, Mdle. Deslions, Prince Murat, the Barocci, Madame Sasse, Marshal Canrobert—but I cannot go on; I believe if I did I should have to say, the Papal Nuncio and

Thérèse! The Bois, on the few days when it is fine, shows us a wonderful proof of the now great power of *corollerie*—

‘Qui que tu sois voici ta maîtresse,’

we may well say, parodying the old song. The finest carriages, the highest ‘steppes,’ the quaintest broughams, and the most gorgeous gets-up are all for that frail sisterhood which owes its golden glories to Rachel, its delicate blushes to rouge warranted to wash, its dresses to that architect who seems to outbuild and live down all antagonist man-milliners. Others perish, but, to quote Byron—

‘Oft recorded worth’

still flourishes, and I hope gets paid.

In a word, this class seems not only to like and wish for the very best of everything which is not a bit too good for them, which is natural, but to get it—which is curious. The rule is, now, wife in a brougham with one horse, a coachman with last year’s hat, and boy whose buttons are beginning to moul; female friend in open barouquette built by Peters, horses from Mr. Rice, harness from Mr. Peat, livery from Mr. Davis (we are awfully English in Paris now), lady in sealskin, and a little dog in a long red string. Wife goes home alone to *pot-au-feu* and a select dull evening reception. Other party dines at the *Maison Dorée* or *Café Anglais*, takes truffles, consumes vegetables from Marseilles, fruit from Algeria, wine from Bordeaux—yellow seal, 150f. the bottle, smokes a cigarette, looks in at a wicked little theatre, and then goes to a wicked little dance. Upon my word, rigid respectability is just now getting the worst of the race in this rapid city. Of course I am shocked—*très choqué*—to tell such sad tales; but the readers of ‘Baily’ would vote your Paris communicant a terrible ‘duffer’ if he said that we were all as good as we could be to be alive! And then, too, see how denced dull we should be! ‘Good society’ is quite at a discount, as yet; and I question if the Paris season will begin even immediately after the new year—there seems a desire for diminished expenditure; and we have known that to cause ladies to remain in country-houses while their lords go up to London, ‘dining at clubs and going to minor theatres,’ to quote Mr. Disraeli.

We are going to have a wonderful theatre here! It is great by degrees and beautifully greater—though I am not so sure that is beautiful. Imagine a theatre and adjuncts which covers eight acres!—eight acres, as I am a living contributor to ‘Baily’! At present, all one can see is a large, unfinished building with, what I have the bad taste to consider a very ugly front. They have put a low parapet over the grand entrance, and covered it with a coating of very vulgar brass—brass which overpowers the façade, and leaves it looking flat and heavy. Inside, I hear that there is a most magnificent theatre. Beyond the stage there is a second stage, or, at least, a most splendid ballroom, which on great occasions, like, for instance, ‘Gustavus,’ when we were young, and ‘Ballo in Maschera,’ when we are not so very old, certainly does produce an effect. Beyond the great stage there is to be a scene which opens out into a vast ballroom, which can be used for grand ‘last scenes,’ or for nice little dances, given to the public-private—or to nicer little dances given to the very private-public. It is simply, or will be, magnificent. Such another theatre will not exist in Europe. It will be as big as Reggio, as amusing as the Fénice of Venice. We have, too, another good new building here—the ‘New Club.’ We have a new ‘Boodle’s,’—country-gentleman’s circle. I regret to say that it is called the ‘Tatoo Club,’—a pert, too familiar, and degrading name! Why, the club is as good as Brookes’s, and the people who pay annual subscriptions are not so stupid as Travellers. They are old, certainly; but, then, we shall all be that if we keep on living and can stay a distance. Old! I believe you, they are old! A young and rising diplomatist (he is rising, though he never gets up till the last possible moment which ‘Chancellerie’ hours allow) said to me only last night as we were coming away from the Marquis de Chose’s ‘intimate’ reception of some four hundred people—‘I lost the odd trick last night by wandering in my mind over the “united ages” of the three other swells who made up the rubber. They were so long-dated that, united, they must have remembered Louis the Magnificent, and have played whist wi’ James the Second.’

The season of *hals musqués* has commenced. The first was hot, dull, and dusty; and, do you know, I really believe the other eleven will be exactly like them.

The Court has come back to Paris. Patti has had a greater success than ever in 'Emani.' The weather here is dreadful; and, as your Contributor thinks of going down to the 'Shires,' a very severe frost may be expected.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—December Dottings.

DECEMBER, the month devoted to Christmas and to hampers, and therefore the most venerated by railway porters of any in the calendar, has passed away; and as far as the Sporting World is concerned, has left but few traces of its existence behind it. Its dulness, however, has been relieved by scenes of fierce political excitement, dastardly murders, and incendiary fires, and the only person who seems likely to profit by them is that useful functionary Mr. Calcraft, who, in the language of the training reports, has been doing tremendous work lately, and who, if matters progress as they have hitherto done, bids fair to have his income tax increased. Conductors of Vans are not usually given to politics, and we confess to be no exception to the general rule; but we imagine we shall be exonerated by every one of our 'customers,' whether they are Whigs, Tories, or Conservatives, for expressing an earnest hope that the race of cross-bred ruffians, who have been recently waging war against the Government, and sparing neither age nor sex, may be extirpated as speedily as possible, and stamped out like beetles or cockroaches from the face of the land. We would also urge on our constituency to join in the movement which has been set on foot by the racing men to relieve the widow and the orphan, and so soften the severity of the blow that has been so ruthlessly inflicted on them at a period of the year usually devoted to festivity and enjoyment. Christmas has come and gone, but it has been a green one, and therefore ominous of a full churchyard; but in this respect we trust our auguries may not be fulfilled, at least as far as the Patrons of the Turf, the Chase, and the Road, are concerned. It may seem a strange notion on our parts, but to us, Christmas seems only to be enjoyed by the artists of the 'Illustrated London News,' who must be singularly agreeable people; for who but themselves witness such jolly Paterfamilias, evidently so careless of the state of the funds, or the price of Midlands or North-Westerns, and who look as if they would like to place a fiver under the plate of each of their grandchildren that are gathered round that sumptuous dinner table. Who but this staff of gentlemen, we contend, are in the habit of being waited upon by such gorgeous footmen, any one of whom has evidently put enough under his waistcoat to qualify himself for the head portership of a City insurance office? Then, where but in their imaginations do we behold such charming nieces or such well-conducted white-chokered nephews as this old gentleman is blessed with, and who are evidently guiltless of the value of a bill-stamp, or the site of the Alhambra or the Oxford. These homes must certainly be happier than the generality of the abodes of the British merchant, for there seems to be no care for the morrow and no symptom of fear being created by the double knock of the postman or the single one of the tax collector. We have thus, we think, fully showed cause why these artists should be considered among the most fortunate of men; but we think, were it requisite, we could draw another picture equally true to nature, and the fidelity of which our readers would at once recognize. However, we content ourselves with the expression of our fervent hope that the whole of our subscribers have spent that Christmas which is annually depicted in our Illustrated Contemporary.

As for the Sport of the Month, there is little to record, as the few Steeple-chases that have been run off have been constantly postponed, and the reporters might well have added to their introductory remark, like the writers of novels in magazines, that they were 'to be continued in their next.' Then we have had the annual row for the rowing championship, and the annual writ has been issued against the stakeholder for obeying the instructions of the referee. So much has this going-to-law system come into vogue with those who pretend to call themselves jolly young watermen, that we would suggest, for the sake of convenience, that in all articles of agreement for a match, the solicitors of the respective parties be named at the same time as the places where the deposits are to be made. That the sport which is so pre-eminently national in its character is going to the dogs, as far as the professional element is concerned, is much to be regretted; but it is entirely the fault of the men themselves, who have on so many occasions given such cause for suspicion and dissatisfaction, that gentlemen who might be disposed to back them, would as soon put down money for the Sprig of Myrtle or the East End Novice in a prize fight down the river.

The Ring also may be said to be almost a thing of the past, and it is enough to call up 'Frosty-faced Fogo' and Deaf Burke from their graves to think that the police, without waiting for the heroes to have their 'merry mill on the 'Home Circuit,' as the late Mr. Dowling would have termed it, now seize on the lads when the last deposit is made good, and prevent them doing further injury to their constitutions by turning the key upon them until they are bailed out. Consequently, Young Tom Oliver, it strikes us, may as well at once dispose of the P.R. ropes and stakes, and turn his attention to a more useful and humane calling. Some of our readers, we have no doubt, will regret this state of things, and sigh for the days of yore, when both men, on the eve of a Championship fight, showed at Tom Spring's in Holborn or the One Tun in Jermyn Street, and drank each other's healths, and expressed a wish that the best might win. Then very little secrecy was observed as to the fixture, and there were as many postchaises round the ring as at Newmarket on an off day, and 'Bell's Life,' with its portraits of the men, was bought up as eagerly as the 'Glowworm' with the weights for the Cesarewitch or Cambridgeshire. But now the difficulties of bringing off a fight are so great, and the hour of starting so early, and the chances of capture by 'the hostile Blues' so probable, that few care to encounter them, and peace reigns at Limmer's, from whose doors drab great-coats and bell-shaped hats have vanished to return, we trust, no more.

Steeple-chasing is certainly flourishing, and Clerks of Courses are searching for ground as earnestly as speculative builders for 'eligible sites for building purposes.' Whether the St. Albans revival will be a successful one, we are not yet in a position to speak, for printers' demands for 'copy' are inexorable, and our remarks have to be in type before Mr. Marshall has taken his seat on the judicial bench. That it will fail we can hardly bring ourselves to believe, for surely the soil is as classical to the steeple-chaser as that of Newmarket to the racing men, or Cambridge or Oxford to the scholar. For it was here all our 'old cracks,' both human and equine, may be said to have graduated and taken their degrees under the veteran Tommy Coleman, whom we are not certain we should not have termed Professor, from the varied nature of his talents. And it really seems only yesterday since we saw him heading the procession of jockeys and horses, making their way from the Turf Tavern to the Course, and followed by hundreds of people who gazed upon them with the curiosity and gape-seed of a rustic at the Lord Mayor's Show. It was here that Dan Seffert showed the goodness of Moonraker, and where Mr. Crommelin, whom we have been told we should never take, now since he has

emigrated to Australia, for the handsome dandy and ladies' pet he was at that period, rode General Charette's Napoleon in such brilliant style. Here Jem Mason gained the honours due to a poet of the first class, and Captain Becher, on Corinthian Kate and Zigzag, showed that he was the coming man of the age. Surely, therefore, with such sparkling reminiscences to cheer them, the venture cannot be doubtful, and St. Albans once more, we trust, will raise up its head as the metropolis of steeple-chasing. One Metropolitan Meeting is so much like another, that it needs no description; and of the new undertaking at Croydon, we are unable to speak, for the same reason that prevents our dealing with that of St. Albans. The Grand National Hunt Committee have sat for the despatch of business, when 'The Welsh Pope' was had up before them relative to his riding of Laura at Croydon, which very nearly cost him his life. It would seem from his defence that he was ordered to treat his Laura as tenderly as Petrarch did the object of his affections. But a Croydon audience was hardly the one before which such an exhibition of his regard should have been made. And as the Stewards had no romantic tendencies in their constitution, they read the Riot Act to him; and, in the language of naval-courts martial, admonished him to be more careful in future. The taking up of this case by the Grand National Hunt Committee, proves they are determined not to be considered a set of images, but men who will further and carry out the objects for which they were elected. And if another body similarly constituted were to show equal activity and energy in their proceedings, they would not suffer in public estimation.

The Racing World has had no sensational feature in it during the month to record or comment upon, and the weekly Sporting Papers have had to call in their Babbages and Bidders to fill up their columns by the aid of their pencils. Whether the chief winners care about having the amounts they won being given to all the world and his wife, we do not happen to know, but we should imagine that occasionally the exposure involved some inconvenience. Still these statistics are useful topics of debate in smoking rooms, as informing their tenants what sort of year their friends have had, and what stallions have done best during the season. Referring to the table of winners, we find, in the sort of handicap shape that it has assumed, that the Marquis of Hastings is the top weight, being put in with 30,451*l.*, and the Duke of Beaufort a good second, with 21,278*l.*, while the Duke of Newcastle is a moderate third with 16,610*l.* Mr. Chaplin and Sir Joseph Hawley are at the head of the commoners, having won 14,671*l.* and 14,385*l.* respectively; while Colonel Pearson's position is scarcely less creditable, and, considering the small nature of his stud, he may be said to have done even better than either of the above, for his credit is a trifle over 12,000*l.* Going down the list, we are pleased to find the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Stamford each in a good place, and Count Batthyany never, we believe, showed such an imposing front before. Prince Soltikoff has had sufficient encouragement to go on, and Mr. Merry, although somewhat low down in comparison with former years, cannot say his racing cost him anything. Mr. George Payne has not had a bad year, and considering how seldom Lord Wilton runs, he must have at least paid his training bill. Lord Falmouth and Lord Vivian are both in the four-figured list, in which 'Mr. J. Dixon' has made 'his first appearance' in this or any other season. Among 'the feathers,' the chief, strange to relate, is the once puissant Lord Zetland, who, having no Voltigeur, Fandango, or Vidette to carry his 'spots,' we find recorded to have won a solitary hundred pounds, so we may well say how are the mighty fallen. The same remark, perhaps, is also applicable to Mr. S. Crawford, who has found himself without a Mayonaise or a Cur to represent him, and who, we find, has only netted a similar sum, and may with reason complain of the caprices of Fortune. Of the winning horses, many of our

readers will be surprised to hear that Vauban is at the head of the poll, with 13,425*l.* against him; Achievement is second, with 12,055*l.*; Lady Elizabeth third, with 9,165*l.*; and Hermit fourth, with 9,105*l.* By this it will be seen that Lady Elizabeth has achieved the incredible feat of having won more money in stakes as a two-year old than even the winner of the Derby, a fact which speaks everything for Trumpeter, and which should be borne in mind by Derby bettors. The Newmarket outrage we pass over with the simple remark that the importance given to it by such papers as the 'Times' and 'Pall Mall Gazette' fully justified our previous notice of it. And while those journals have so fiercely denounced the settlement of the case out of court, we must say we do not think there is much to make an outcry of when we assure our readers the affair will cost Cannon and Parry over three hundred pounds each, a heavier sum than we are disposed to think a jury of their countrymen would have awarded their complainants. In looking over the performances of the Jockeys during the season, we find that Fordham still holds his own against all comers, as out of the 378 mounts that he had, he was successful in 143 of them. Custance, although he had naturally plenty of riding, scarcely comes out so well, for although he was up 174 times, he only got home first in 42 races. Challenor sported silk on 272 occasions, but only had 51 five-guinea rides; and Cannon, who was out 324 times, saw the Judges before his companions 58 times. Daly was put up in 151 races, only 44 of which were remunerative to him, but then the Derby compensated him for everything, and will last him his lifetime. Arthur Edwards has not been idle, for the public have seen him in 124 contests, of which 36 were crowned with success. French, one of the most improving jockeys of the age, on account of his weight, has been only able to get up 150 times, and land 31 winners; and Jem Snowden, who had 131 mounts, only got five guineas for 34 of them. Of the light weights Kenyon stands at the top of the list, having been in uniform no less than 444 times, and in 112 of these he got first past the post. That very promising youth, Jem Butler, is treading closely on his heels, for he is only two short behind him in the number of his mounts, and fifteen below him in the number of his victories. Cameron has not lost his form, as he has been employed in 425 affairs, of which he has brought off no less than 85 of them. Jimmy Grimshaw, in spite of his accidents, has managed to steer 133 animals, and got the winning number on the telegraph on 33 of them. Of the remainder, Parry, Loñtes, as the classics of the Ring call him, Marden, Mordan, and Peppler have done the best, but we have not time or space to reproduce their respective scores; and to those who are interested in their performances, we would refer them to the sporting weeklies.

Although the weather has been so unexceptionably mild, with the exception of one or two days on which Jack Frost may be said to have insisted on having a cut in for himself, our obituary list is rather a lengthy one, extending from the Black Forest in Germany to the home counties of England. M. Benazet is the first that stands on our list, and in him Baden-Baden and the entire Continent has sustained a loss which the pleasure-seekers at that charming watering-place alone well knew how to estimate. M. Benazet was no ordinary man, as we have before shown our readers. Brought up to the French Bar, he found himself suddenly called to a position by the death of his father, for which he had no especial liking, but which, for the sake of his family, he was obliged to assume. And no person could enact his *rôle* better, or lay down better forms of government for the regulation of all the amusements of Baden. As is only natural with individuals like himself, he has been the victim of no end of falsehoods and calumnies, which those who knew him thoroughly have not cared to answer; but this is one of the penalties which men must always pay for the success of their speculations. Over Baden he exer-

cised as great an influence as M. Haussman in Paris, and he made his mimic kingdom, like Madame Rachel does the complexion of her customers, beautiful for ever. In the prosperity of the Baden Races he took the greatest interest, as he wished to make it the model meeting of the Continent, and for this purpose he gave a *carte blanche* to his secretary, M. Weih, who so ably seconded his wishes, to leave no stone unturned to effect that object. Fearful that doubts should be entertained that foreign horses would not have fair play so far from home, he suggested the wise step that each country should be represented in the stewardship. Thus to Mr. Mackenzie Grieves was confided the guardianship of the English horses, and it is needless to say how safe their interests were in his hands; while Count Lagrange and M. Daru saw fair play was given to the French teams, and Count Henkell was the representative for Germany. The confidence the foreign racing public had in these names, was best proved by the extent of the entries, which are annually increasing in number, and few gayer scenes are to be witnessed on the Continent than the Grand Stand at Baden on the day of the Grand Prix. Last year the Prince of Wales honoured the Course with his presence, and when M. Benazet was presented to him, he complimented him in the highest terms on the excellence of his arrangements and the spirit with which the Meeting was carried on. His charity was very great, and no proper applicant for relief was ever turned empty away. Of art and artists he was a great patron, and never was so happy as when he was surrounded by them at his château, which overlooked the principal avenue of Baden. To sportsmen in particular he was very partial, and his 'Woods and Forests' he freely placed at the disposal of all who wished to shoot over them; and we could name more than one eminent gentleman-jockey in our own country who could testify to the abundant manner in which they were stocked. Strange to say, that although the sole proprietor of the magnificent Kursaal, he had never been inside its walls for the last ten years, and play was a subject of conversation that was never mentioned in his house. On the whole, he was a large-hearted man, admirably fitted for the station which he held in life, and which necessitated great talents, great liberality and enterprise, to maintain it in the same splendour in which he reigned for such a length of time over Baden, where his loss is felt like that of a Sovereign Prince. M. Benazet died at Nice, of congestion of the lungs, but the Race Meeting, we are glad to state, will go on as before, and the varied programme, with its richly-added prizes, will remain untouched.

Returning home, we next stop at Hampton Court Paddocks, where we miss the veteran Ransom, who has gone to those happy pastures of which he must have dreamed so often. Rarely, if ever, in our knowledge of the Sporting World, which extends beyond a quarter of a century, have we been acquainted with a man who had so many friends, or knew so well how to retain them. From the Sovereign downwards, he was respected in the highest degree, and the late Lord Jersey—we mean the owner of Sultan, Bay Middleton, Glencoe, and Co.—paid him the compliment of saying, when he heard he was coming to the Bushy Paddocks, that during the forty-six years he lived with him, he was a faultless servant. His knowledge of breeding was very great, and in pedigree lore he was unapproachable, while the value of his crosses was best proved by the prices the royal yearlings fetched, and the successful manner in which they ran. He had them always in the best condition, and accorded to all who came to see them the same hearty and respectful welcome. Orlando was one of his greatest pets of modern days, and Glencoe that of ancient times, while for St. Albans he bespoke a distinguished career, which for the sake of the old man's reputation, as well as Lord Ailesbury's interest, we trust will be realized by that horse. The last time we, and we may as well add the public, saw him, was at the sale of the Marquis of Hastings' horses at Danebury,

where the cold proved too much for him, and bronchitis setting in, he was not strong enough to bear up against it, and finally was obliged to yield to the common enemy. It was rather singular that as we took him up in the train at Surbiton he looked so well, that although we thought we should never do it again, we remarked to our neighbour in allusion to the constant rumours about his giving up, that he seemed as likely to create a vacancy as Lord Derby himself. Who will be his successor at Bushy Paddocks is not yet known, but the Hampton sale next year will not look like itself without the quaint-looking Buckstonian little stud groom being seen superintending the bringing out of the royal youngsters, and Her Majesty is not likely to find again in a servant the same excellent characteristics which distinguished the late John Ransom. To his family the best consolation we can offer is that he died regretted and respected by every owner, trainer, and breeder of the English racehorse.

We have now to turn to the consideration of the character of a very different stamp of man : viz., Col. Lowther, the Father of the House of Commons, and, we believe, of the hunting-field, and which took place very unexpectedly at the beginning of the month at his seat at Okeham. During his lengthened career, both as a legislator and a sportsman, few if any have been more successful in cultivating the goodwill and esteem of those with whom he associated, and his passion for hounds and hunting has never been exceeded. In early life he entered the 10th Hussars, and during the Army of Occupation in France, he started a pack of foxhounds where they were quartered, which had such good sport, that when the regiment returned to England they were purchased for the King of France. Of race-riding he was very fond as a young man, and he had always two or three thoroughbred mares to breed hunters from; and although he never trained any of their produce himself, he lent Samaritan and Tumbler to Mr. Henry Lowther, who won a few races with them. He also bred the black horse by Knight of St. George out of Stuff and Nonsense, which was ridden by the Prince of Wales up the course at Ascot in 1866. As a horseman there were few better, either in The Shires or the Provinces; and having fine hands and a most perfect temper, he was very fond of buying violent horses, which by his riding were quickly made tractable. Of all the horses he ever possessed the best was Postboy, which he rode for no less a period than twenty-two seasons. He never kept hounds himself, but during the latter part of the late Lord Lonsdale's life he had nearly the entire management of the Cottesmore, into which pack he introduced a lighter stamp of hound than they had before. To cricket he was also a great friend, and he played at Lord's for a number of years, where he was so renowned for his liberality, that in an alphabet song, which was sung by Mr. Aislabie at the Marylebone Club dinner, nearly thirty years back, he was thus introduced—

'K.—John Seton Karr, who paid half his score,

L.—Liberal Lowther, who always paid more—'

and upon hearing which, Mr. Karr paid up the following morning. Colonel Lowther may be said to have hunted longer than any sporting man of the present day, for he could boast of having enjoyed no less than sixty seasons. He may also be said to have died in harness, for his death arose from a chill caught by being out on his cob for five hours with Sir John Trollope. In all the relations of life he was most exemplary, while as a soldier he was as gallant as a horseman, and to be acquainted with him was to be attached to him, and Cumberland will long talk over its lost representative, and the Cottesmore people talk of their departed patron.

Over Hertfordshire a deep gloom has been spread by the sudden demise of Mr. W. Reid, whose residence, The Node, near Welwyn, was always a rendezvous for the tired sportsman, and who took the most active interest in all

that concerned the Hertfordshire and Puckeridge hounds. Mr. Reid's zeal was not confined to feeding the field on the meet days at his house, but extended itself to every department of the hunt. For during the summer he would visit every litter of cubs, and pay great court to the farmers, with whom he was an especial favourite; and in fact he was the mainstay of the Hertfordshire, and as a mark of respect to his memory, we are informed the hounds will not go out until after his funeral obsequies have been performed, which is a compliment the deceased gentleman is fully deserving of, for he was the life and soul of the hunt.

Owing to the many severe frosts and bad scent, we have nothing to say about hunting, and our budget falls sadly short of its usual dimensions; but there rarely has been a season with so little to talk about before Christmas. Masters of Hounds from all sides of the country tell us they have done nothing worth recording in our pages; but it is almost too early to cry out, and they yet live in hopes of being able to send us their 'regular screamers,' 'their 'clipping forty minutes,' and their 'real good things,' and we need hardly say we heartily trust their wishes may be early gratified. Still we are informed that there is no truth that Lord Poulett, on his giving up the Hambledon, is going to take to Stag-hounds. We may however observe, we trust, without giving offence, that Hampshire is a country adapted by nature, far more for stag-hunting than for fox-hunting; and we have often wondered how the Hampshire gentlemen can have the patience to be boxed up in their big woods so much as they are. Referring to the history of the country, we find records of stag-hunting with Mr. Shard, who in 1824 resided at Somborne, with the Hon. George Craven, who in 1835 lived at Banbridge House, and a few years afterwards, under the mastership of Sir John Halket, when the hounds were hunted by Mr. Alfred Dyson, and Mr. Campbell Wyndham used to lead the way.

It is with great regret that we hear that that very well known and popular sportsman, Mr. John Bushe, has, from increasing weakness in his legs and feet, been compelled to give up hunting. In his best days he was one of the hardest men in Leicestershire, and afterwards with the Queen's stag-hounds, there were few who could beat him when mounted on Vagrant.

Mr. Bushe is immortalized in Sir Francis Grant's picture of the Ascot Meet, and is there represented with his hand upon the shoulder of his fellow-countryman, Paddy Carroll. Latterly Mr. Bushe made Winchester his headquarters, and nothing could induce him to desert the little pack of his friend Mr. Dear. His well-known hunter Redan, once the property of General Sir Charles Windham, was bought by Mr. Joseph Anderson, of Longstock.

The Master of the Hursley and his friends repudiate their right to be specially decorated with the new Order of the Pickaxe and Shovel, and say that they really are not more entitled to it than their neighbours. We suggest, therefore, in order to avoid all odious comparisons in future, that a return be sent by each Master, giving a true and faithful report of the doings of the past season; namely, the number of cubs killed before the regular season commenced; the number of days the hounds hunted, how many times they killed above ground, and how many they spooned out. So the public would have a fair way of judging of the performances of hounds and huntsmen.

'The Field' furnishes its readers with an excellent column of Hunting Information at the beginning of the season, and they might make a return at the end, as we have suggested. We know the averages of cricketers, and the performances of race-horses and jockeys; why, then, should we not have a return of huntsmen and hounds? and so we trust that their learned Special Commissioner will take a hint from us.

In Yorkshire we are told that December commenced with a severe frost,

looking so determined that the sporting men in the North were in despair, and rushed to London to see the Islington fat Cattle Show, and threw in cleverly for the melancholy but grand burning of the dear old Opera House. And after a visit to 'Southcombe,' that talented little Knight of the Comb and Scissors, who soon makes you as neat as a game cock, returned to enjoy some good scenting weather. The York and Ainsty have, when weather permitted, had good sport, and talk much of a run from Loftus Whin; but the Christmas Eve day will be considered, perhaps, the best. Sir Charles, causing his hounds and his field to fly from Askham Bog by the peculiar high note on his horn, which has caused many a Yorker's heart to jump into his mouth, gave them a very good run, and killed his fox at Catterton. Found his second fox at Swann's Whin, went away very fast by Helaugh to Wighill Park, back towards Marston to ground, after a real good run of 1 hour 25 minutes, the field satisfied and the horses tired. The Bramham Moor Hounds got to work on the 11th of December, at the 'Boot and Shoe.' Fred Turpin, in the saddle again, fit and well. Killed his first fox in 40 minutes, ran his second fox to ground in 1 hour and 10 minutes, killed his third fox in 1 hour 25 minutes—a famous woodland day. On the 13th, from Catterton Wood, they had also a good run of 1 hour and 10 minutes, and killed. These hounds have had good sport, having hunted fifty-five days and killed seventy foxes. Messrs. 'Find-fault' and 'Forecm' cannot find anybody to listen to their nonsensical hunting talk and sneers at the establishment. Captains Grunter and Growler, who at the end of last season swore they would live and die with Goodall, are now satisfied that the system is fast enough, and quietly amuse themselves with their innocent and amiable little game, which they call riding to hounds. We hear that Mr. Lane Fox considers the gallop on the 16th of December from Harewood Bridge to the Cocked Hat Whin, 36 minutes, the most brilliant thing of the season. Hounds going quite straight and clear of horses; in fact, a hill in the early part of the run finished all but the light and resolute—Lord Lascelles, Sir George Wombwell, Captains Molyneux and Lane Fox, F. Lascelles, and a hard young mad student, having the best of it. The cheery Bramhammoorites are always anxious to amuse the ladies, and intend to give a ball at Witherby on the 24th.

Mr. Arkwright gave his friends a very fine run on the 24th inst., from Heaton Gorse very fast to Caldecott, thence to Yelden, Upper Dean, Hargrave (this is in the Fitzwilliam country), to within a field of Round's old meadow. Some labourers, two feet off, had seen the fox dead beat just as the leading men came in sight, but never told us till they went up to them. They then managed to get on his line, and ran alongside the brook in the grass meadows under Keystone and Bytho to Molesworth, where they lost in the village, 1 hour 35 minutes to Round's meadow. They had had a pretty run from Mr. Arkwright's own place on the same morning.

Mr. Gerard Leigh, in Hertfordshire, has suffered like the rest of his brethren from the elements; but on the 16th, he had one very good 20 minutes from Hullington to ground at Tingley. The other sport with which we have been favoured, and for which we are obliged, has come too late for us to do justice to it, and we would fain remind our kind readers that our printer, like Mr. McGeorge at Newmarket, waits for no one, and his watch is as trusty as that official; and so we take leave of 'The Noble Science' for the parting year.

The discussion on the Gamekeeper Rate has lately been renewed, and it is really high time the question should assume some definite shape, and that race of individuals have their *honorarium* strictly defined. We are aware that on some estates the head keepers assume tremendous airs, and wish to be regarded in the table of precedence as coming next to their employers, instead of follow-

ing the butler and the house steward, in which position we should place them, were we the master of the ceremonies in the servants' hall. Only a short time back, however, one of these worthies, who evidently did not think table beer of himself, illustrated the system and its results with practical men so clearly, that we cannot refrain from giving additional circulation to it through our pages. An Irish nobleman, who, with his gun and dog, has wandered over the civilized globe, and has killed almost everything from an elephant for his tusks down to a wren for his salmon flies, and who has had the good fortune to be dropped like a bone from the jaws of a tiger, because his shooting jacket was so impregnated with tobacco that it became intolerable to the nostrils of the royal beast, went out to shoot in the South-Western Military District. And the quantity of shooting he had may be guessed when we state that he took a return ticket from Waterloo, and returned the same evening, having gone over a couple of hundred miles of railway. On leaving his friend, he went up to the next greatest person in the party, the head keeper, and put a couple of sovereigns in his hand, expecting their receipt would be acknowledged with thanks. But he was agreeably mistaken, for they were returned to him with the remark, 'Pardon me, my Lord, I never take less than paper money.' Now there are few better-tempered persons than the Nobleman of whom we are speaking; and as he would not disappoint anybody, whatever might be his sphere in life, he received the money back, and handed it to the under keeper; who, having read in his leisure hours Lord Overstone's and Mr. Richard Thornton's pamphlets on the currency, was so impressed with the value of 'metallic reserves,' that he made no hesitation of accepting the *douceur*, and left his senior officer to repentance and reform. And if other Noblemen would follow the example set by this Irish Peer, a very desirable reform will be accomplished.

Racing gossip is very scarce, but we will reproduce for our readers what little has reached us. Mr. George Ede, we are glad to state, has so far recovered from his very severe accident at Croydon, that the issuing of bulletins has ceased. We are sorry, however, to hear that his recovery was somewhat retarded by the account in our last of the scene between Mr. Fleming and Mr. S. Merry at Warwick, which so excited his risible faculties, that his wounds were very nearly reopened. And, although we feel the compliment, we are sorry that it was extorted at so great a risk. John Scott, we are told, is flourishing like a holly bush, as is as full of Christmas. In the Fenian outrages he takes the deepest interest, and boasts he has plenty of halts left for them in his stable, although he has not so many horses as in olden time. In fact, 'John's' views are of such a Calcraftian character, that if he could communicate them to his old master, Lord Derby, and get him to act upon them, the eminent Newgate official would soon have to engage several head lads. Tattersall's Subscription Room is to be covered with carpet, in deference to public opinion and the calls of humanity and the Press; for the coldness of the floor has been so intense during the last month that it was feared it would reach from the toes of the Subscribers to their hearts, which was far from being desirable, for Thomas contends that theirs are not too large to want circum-scribing.

Analyses of the Derby are as plentiful as treatises on the Abyssinian war, or the Ritualistic practices at St. Albans, but we never read any but that of 'Judex,' who—to use the phrase of Lord Winchelsea, in allusion to the celebrated ancient Prophet of the 'Morning Post'—'couples common sense with 'sterling wit.' The reasons of 'Judex' are invariably sound, and the deductions from them natural; and one of its greatest recommendations, in our eyes, is that he does not give us half the quantity of 'Blue Riband' which other writers do when 'measuring' the Derby.



W. Reginald Corbet

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. REGINALD CORBET.

CHESHIRE has from time immemorial stood at the head of the hunting counties of England, and many a classic pen has celebrated the fame of her packs, and the prowess of her riders, both in prose and in song. Leicestershire it may be argued is more fashionable, but then its popularity is more fleeting; as witness the frequent change of Masters, and the difficulty of finding fresh ones to succeed those going out of office; and rarely has any native expressed a desire to take a vacant horn. While in Cheshire, the heart and soul of the population is in the sport, and the great ancestral houses of the Grosvenors, the Tollemaches, the Egertons, the Cottons, the Delameres, the Cholmondeleys, and the Barrys, have transmitted to their descendants that love of the sport, which has given such a high tone to all the proceedings in the field. And perhaps in no other county is the etiquette of the court of Diana more strictly observed, as may be inferred when we state that no Sportsman is permitted, even now, to subscribe to the Cheshire hounds unless he has property in the county. We have, therefore, great pleasure in putting before our readers the portrait of Mr. Reginald Corbet, the Master of the Cheshire hounds, who is in every way qualified to be associated with those Masters of the Noble Science who have already appeared in our Gallery of Sportsmen.

Mr. Reginald Corbet is the eldest son of Mr. Richard Corbet, of Adderley, and grandson of Sir Andrew Corbet, of Acton Reynald, Bart. That the subject of our memoir has claims to the Mastership of the Cheshire, may be inferred from the fact of his grandfather having been in partnership with Mr. John Corbet, of Sandown Castle, in the hounds, when they hunted that vast extent of country from Shrewsbury to Warwick, at the commencement of the present century, having their head-quarters at Stratford-on-Avon. On giving up his interest in these hounds, Sir Andrew formed a pack of harriers, which he used to hunt over the Vale of Aylesbury, his

hunting-box being at Linslade, near Leighton Buzzard. In addition, we may state, as a further proof of the antiquity of the Corbets as a hunting family, there is now in the possession of the Master of the Cheshire, a hunting horn about eighteen inches long, composed of buffalo-horn and silver, which belonged to one of his ancestors. This curious relic bears the following inscription: 'Thos. Boothby, Esq., Tooley Park, Leices. With this horn, he hunted the first Pack of Foxhounds, then in England 55 years—born 1679, died 1752, now the property of Thos. d'Avenant, Esq., County Salop, his Grandson.'

Mr. Corbet, the subject of our memoir, was educated at Harrow, from whence he went up to Oxford, where he did not let the study of the dead languages, interfere with that of the manners and customs of the fox and the hare, which were uppermost in his thoughts, while he had a greater admiration for Nimrod, than for Julius Cæsar, and gave the preference to Diana, over all the other heathen deities; for from four to five days out of the seven saw him at the covert-side in the prosecution of his study of the *feræ naturæ* of Oxfordshire. In the year 1849, Mr. Corbet established a pack of beagles, which very shortly, according to the anticipations of his father and friends, developed themselves into harriers, which, in four or five years, not only afforded him considerable amusement, but gave him a good knowledge of hunting, which is very scarce among many who figure at the covert-side in the present day. In 1866, on the retirement of Earl Grosvenor from the Cheshire hounds, Mr. Corbet accepted the Mastership, being the first gentleman who has occupied that position who was not strictly a Cheshire man. One of the first steps in Mr. Corbet's policy was to hunt another day, giving his subscribers five days a week, instead of four, which, it is almost needless to say, increased his popularity; and so far from this proving a tax upon the raw material, the foxes actually increased, and thrived upon the additional exercise that was afforded them; and during his entire tenure of office he has given perfect satisfaction in a country where real fox-hunting is so thoroughly appreciated. And this will be better understood, when we reflect he had to tread in the steps of a Barry, a Mainwaring, a Shakerley, a White, and a Grosvenor, whose names for many generations appear in the books of the Tarporley Club. As many of our readers may have only read of this famous Club in the reports of 'Bell's Life in London' we append the following particulars of it, which will be read with interest by our numerous readers:—

The Tarporley Hunt was established in the year 1762, and their first meeting was on the 14th of November in that year. Hare-hunting was the sport for which they then assembled. Those who kept harriers brought out their packs in turn. If no member of the Hunt kept hounds, or it were inconvenient to Masters to bring them, it is ordered by the 8th Rule that a 'pack be borrowed and kept at the expense of the Society.'

Their uniform was a blue frock with plain yellow-metalled buttons,

scarlet velvet cape, and double-breasted scarlet flannel waistcoat ; the coat-sleeve to be cut and turned up. A scarlet saddle-cloth bound singly with blue, and the front of the bridle lapt with scarlet.

Sportsmen now-a-days are still abed at the hour when their forefathers were at the covert-side. The 3rd Rule declares that ‘ The harriers shall never wait for any member after eight o’clock in the ‘ morning.’

According to Rule 9, three collar bumpers were to be drunk after dinner, and the same after supper ; after that, every member might do as he pleased in regard to drinking. By another Rule it is enacted that every member on his marriage present to each member of the Hunt a pair of well-stitched buckskin breeches, the cost of which was at that time one guinea a pair.

It appears that they commenced fox-hunting about the year 1769, as at that time an alteration in the Rule regarding the collar toasts orders that, instead of three collar glasses, only one shall be drunk, *except a fox is killed above ground*, and then another collar glass shall be drunk to Fox-hunting. It was also at that time voted that the Hunt change their uniform to a red coat unbound, with a small frock-sleeve, a green velvet cape, and green waistcoat, and that the sleeve have no buttons ; in every other form to be like the old uniform, and that the red saddle-cloth be bound with green instead of blue, and the fronts of the bridles to remain the same.

As to the Hunt Races, the earliest notice of them in the ‘ Racing Calendar ’ is in the year 1776. Until the inclosure of Delamere Forest, they were held on that part of it called Crabtree Green.

According to their signatures in the Club Book, the names of the original members, the founders of the Club in 1762, were as follows :—

Obadiah Lane.	Henry Mainwaring.	Rich. Walthall.
J. Crewe.	George Wilbraham.	R. S. Cotton.
Booth Grey.	Edw. Emily.	R. Wilbraham.

In the field Mr. Corbet is always with his hounds, ever anxious to show sport. Both Master and men are well mounted, there being between forty and fifty horses in the stables in first-rate hunting condition ; and at the expiration of each season, they are sold by auction without reserve. His country is well supplied with foxes, as up to the end of December they had brought forty-four brace to hand, and ran eighteen brace to ground. And we may observe with great truth that all classes, from the highest to the lowest in the county, combine with a united effort to promote sport, with a view of showing their respect for the Master of the Cheshire. Mr. Corbet, we may add, is married to Miss Egerton, eldest daughter of Sir Philip Egerton, by whom he has two sons, the eldest of which and ‘ the hope of Troy ’ bids fair to keep the Mastership in the family.

Our Portrait, which is so correct that it scarcely needs the autograph of the subject attached to it, is from a charming photograph by Southwell, of Baker Street.

THE LORD OF THE VALLEY.

A STAG-HUNTER'S SONG.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE.

HUNTERS are fretting, and hacks in a lather,
Sportsmen arriving from left and from right,
Bridle-roads bringing them, see how they gather !
Dotting the meadows in scarlet and white.
Foot-people staring, and horsemen preparing ;
Now there's a murmur—a stir—and a shout !
Fresh from his carriage, as bridegroom in marriage,
The Lord of the Valley leaps gallantly out.

Time, the Avenger, neglecting, or scorning,
Gazes about him in beauteous disdain,
Lingers to toy with the whisper of Morning,
Daintily, airily, paces the plain.
Then in a second, his course having reckoned,
Line that all Leicestershire cannot surpass,
Fleet as a swallow, when summer winds follow,
The Lord of the Valley skims over the grass.

Where shall we take him ? Ah ! now for the tussle,
These are the beauties can stoop and can fly ;
Down go their noses, together they bustle,
Dashing and flinging, and scoring to cry !
Never stand dreaming, while yonder they're streaming ;
If ever you meant it, man, mean it to-day !
Bold ones are riding, and fast ones are striding,
The Lord of the Valley is Forward ! Away !

Hard on his track, o'er the open and facing,
The cream of the country, the pick of the chase,
Mute as a dream, his pursuers are racing,
Silence, you know, 's the criterion of *pace* !
Swarming and driving, while man and horse striving
By cramming and hugging, scarce live with them still ;
The fastest are failing, the truest are tailing,
The Lord of the Valley is over the hill !

Yonder a steed is rolled up with his master ;
Here, in a double, another lies cast ;
Thicker and faster come grief and disaster,
All but the good ones are weeded at last.
Hunters so limber, at water and timber,
Now on the causeway are fain to be led ;
Beat, but still going, a countryman sowing
Has sighted the Lord of the Valley ahead.

There in the bottom, see, sluggish and idle,
 Steals the dark stream where the willow-tree grows !
 Harden your heart, and catch hold of your bridle !
 Steady him—rouse him—and over he goes !
 Look ! in a minute a dozen are in it !
 But Forward ! Hark Forward ! for draggled and blown,
 A check though desiring, with courage untiring
 'The Lord of the Valley is holding his own.

Onward we struggle in sorrow and labour,
 Lurching, and lobbing, and 'bellows to mend ;'
 Each, while he smiles at the plight of his neighbour,
 Only is anxious to get to the end.
 Horses are flagging, hounds drooping and lagging,
 Yet gathering down yonder, where, press as they may,
 Mobbed, driven, and haunted, but game and undaunted,
 The Lord of the Valley stands proudly at bay !

Then here's to the Baron, and all his supporters—
 The thrusters—the skitters—the whole of the tale ;
 And here's to the fairest of all hunting quarters,
 The widest of pastures—three cheers for the Vale !*
 For the lovely she-rider, the rogue, who beside her,
 Finds breath in a gallop his suit to advance ;
 The hounds, for our pleasure, that time us the measure,
 The Lord of the Valley that leads us the dance !

TO 'DOVER'S' AND BACK.

'O who will o'er the downs with me ?'

'WESTWARD ho !' was our motto on a day that broke coldly and drearily to the dwellers in the little village, a day on which rain and snow strove bitterly for victory, and in their struggle for supremacy diffused their noxious influences around, as in a war brought by the sons of ambition to be decided on some fair neutral ground, which is powerless to avert their devastating march, and profits nothing by the defeat or victory of either party. But the cosiest of carriages and most genial of companions are here to lighten the terrors of a Siberian journey ; and as the open country is reached, and the smoke of London no longer broods over the earth, our tongues wag as merrily as the train whirls us along at a pace to which even 'the Doctor' admits the 'time test' is applicable. Anon we descry in the distance the mighty castle, which, looming afar,

'O'erlooks the woodland and the waste,'

as it stands like some huge rock in a weary land ; but it is in vain we strain our eyes for one glimpse of the turrets of Mater Etona, which seems sleeping in the shadow of its statelier companion in the vale

* The Vale of Aylesbury.

below. Maidenhead Bridge brings Turner's famous picture before us in all its grandeur of rain and speed and mist, and from the hospitable chimneys of 'our William' of the Orkney Arms, the blue smoke rises straight and high into the frosty air. The father of English floods rolls down a muddy, foam-flecked stream, as if he would fain shut out from reflection on his surface those now leafless woods, which his transparent wave so delights to murmur beneath in the gaudy summer time. 'The 'proud alcove' of Cliefden frowns coldly from its eyrie on the wintry landscape, where, adown the most beautiful river reach in England, no light shallop floats along to the music of merry voices, whence no strains of melody arise to charm the wood nymph from her green retreat; but Nature still lies in her first deep sleep, awaiting the joyful summons of spring. Onwards into the very heart of Berkshire, through the 'back-woods'-settlement' dreariness of Reading Station, and the pace begins to decrease as a more open country is reached, the patches of snow lying as if waiting for more on sheltered land and windy field, and above all the cold grey sky, withholding for the present the mimic thunderbolts of rattling ice, and the soft, 'silent' treasures of snow lodged in its hyperborean stores. A long drive is before us, towards those distant hills whose shadowy outlines we fail to trace, more vague, more undefined than ghosts in a mist, whose very existence might seem uncertain, were it not for black patches of pine and larch which wrap their shoulders in gloomy belts, like islands rising from some frozen deep. The larks sweep in twittering flights over the stubbles, and the iron clods defy the beaks of the black commonwealth of rooks, who are gathered in a hopeless coterie on the site of some newly-garnered rick, but few are the grains of comfort which they find to solace them withal. The rustics blow their fingers as they turn from their work to gaze at our receding vehicles, wondering doubtless what could have brought us poor benighted beings into the wilds of Berkshire from our warm firesides. But a long string of thoroughbreds, doing their constitutional on stubble and straw bed, warn us that our destination is reached at length, as we rattle through the main thoroughfare of the old-world Berkshire village.

'Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill'

lies Ilsley, with its ancient red-brick houses placed at intervals among the more humble dwellings, which are scattered in picturesque confusion on the hill-side. So quiet seems the village, that fancy might picture its inhabitants as having gone into dormouse quarters for the winter: only the fire in alehouse taproom glows bright and clear, and the carter at the door cuts his bread and bacon in meditative mood, or an unmistakeable stable lad whistles along the slippery road. Happy youth! perchance some embryo Challoner or Fordham, he—unconscious as yet of wasting, unknowing of the anxieties and cares which perplex the lives of the most favoured of his exemplars, unthinking of aught save the mid-day meal to which he is hastening! But a hearty welcome

awaits us as we turn into that neatly-ordered yard, where our kindly entertainer stands ready to greet us, and soon are we set on our legs again by the side of a cheery fire and the kindly influence of the spirit-ual comfort which he administers. A cosy, old-fashioned room, where from the walls heroes and heroines look down upon us, and as we bow to each in grateful remembrance or respectful homage, we would fain give the toast which rises to our lips—'Stet fortuna domûs.' From under yon roofs have the mightiest of steeds gone forth to victory, to defeat, but never to disgrace, and a long line of notables has elevated the Heralds' College from comparative obscurity to fame and renown, and its ancient feudal names have become household words throughout the length and breadth of the land. Nor have the glories of the line concluded with a Hatchment: the evil omen of the name has been averted by the conventional motto 'Resurgam;' and right brilliant are the memories of the past, which require no monumental column to hand them down to posterity, for are not those names of renown inscribed upon the hearts of millions?

' Still is thy name of high account,
And still thy *deeds* have charms.

* * * * *

Lord Lyon, king at arms.'

The canvas on which the canny hand of the limner has depicted to the life some one above his fellows in the annals of the turf, remains for ever as a monument of the skill and ability of his trainer: it will illustrate to future ages the lustre of his triumph and the splendid result of his energy and fidelity; but the brightness of its light will only serve to distract the attention from the shadows which lie black and deep beyond—his bitter disappointments, his unrewarded labours, his head defeats, and all the thousand and one difficulties which ever surround the perishable attributes of the noblest animal of the brute creation. How many a youngster full of promise has gone astray in the morning of life! how few of those brilliant two-year old performers have succeeded in keeping up the charter of invincibility to which they laid just claim in the hot days of their youth! what daily anxiety and sleepless nights of apprehension and fear has the care of these mighty coursers entailed upon their vigilant tutors and guardians! For them there is no appointed time of rest nor cessation from their labours; and the succession of the seasons in their endless variety sees them daily at their appointed task, whether they stand in the cold wind watching their frisky charges careering in ordered file round the ample straw bed, or whether they 'drive 'their team afield' under the sultry summer sky, when the huge rolling downs pant for rain, and the gallops sound like the echoes from paved streets beneath iron heel, and the dust rolls away in a hazy cloud from hoofs that flinch as from contact with adamant. Yet the trainer's is a glorious occupation, and merry times with his brethren in the craft on the yearly circuit, and the alternations of

victory and defeat, go far to reconcile him to the 'coaching' of his youngsters during the vacation, and the long evenings sacred to the 'Calendar,' and 'Guide,' and ever welcome 'Greenback.'

Fortified against the air which bites so 'shrewdly,' we quit the cosy fireside in search of those argosies cruising hard by in 'The Downs.' The Cerberus of the establishment comes forth to bear us company, and wags his tail in our honour, and the 'Lyon's' cat purrs forth a musical welcome as she rubs herself against our legs indiscriminately; and we rejoice that appearances, at least, are in our favour, for the sagacious old hound knoweth a nobbler intuitively, and the tout slinks frightened away at his approach. Pitiless weather this for the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties; for that proscribed race against whom is every trainer's hand, and upon whom the curse of the serpent has fallen: 'On thy belly shalt thou go, and 'dust shalt thou eat;' yet on their reports hang the prophets, and many beside. The steep frozen path brings us to the hill-top soon, winding past that venerable church tower which for eight hundred years has summoned the dwellers in distant grange, and lowland farm, and shepherd's windy cot to the shelter of its fold; under whose shadow rest the 'rude forefathers of the hamlet,' whose bells, perchance, have told to every merry breeze some well-earned triumph of that stable which nestles close beneath its walls. Round and round the spacious straw bed file a string, of which the Lyon and his peerless sister are the alpha and omega; the bay with those unmistakable quarters, hard steely legs, and white feet; and Achievement, cast in far different mould, all wire, whipcord, and whalebone, with that springy elastic gait, and corky carriage, and quick nervous glance, half terror, half amazement, and the least touch of temper in the flashing eye. Like Aaron's rod, this glorious pair absorb our whole attention a while, and the head grows giddy as the eye follows them in their smart quick walk round the magic circle. And of the illustrious progenitor of the noble pair it may with truth be said in Shakespeare's words, that

'He hath *achieved* a maid
That *paragons* description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in the essential vesture of creation
Doth bear all excellency.'

Others are there in their goodly company over whom we would fain hang in admiration, but their 'constitutional' is at an end, and the long string winds homewards. And it has been a 'brave sight for 'sore e'en' to see them here, in the retirement of their training quarters, rather than on the crowded race-course, where the uneducated many flock round the bearers of the 'rouge et noir,' to the exclusion of those who would linger over their beauties in quiet contemplation. No man, it has been truly said, is a hero to his own valet; and it is the prestige of owner, or trainer, or strain of fashionable blood which surrounds with a momentary halo of light many a

showy impostor : it is the cap and jacket, or high-sounding pedigree, which attract the gaping throng which follows in his wake ; what to them are his ' understandings,' so that he bear the popular or fortunate colours of the day ? Positively and figuratively they see only his attractive top, and worship the golden image till it topples down in ruins on their heads. Such is the hero-worship of those to whom the ' glory and the nothing of a name' are as will-of-the-wisps, leading only to destruction ; and who turn away their gaze from the steadfast light of the planet to a hopeless contemplation of the meteor's track. In the well-designed yards cleanliness and order reign supreme, and the most elegant of toilettes would emerge from a thorough inspection of the boxes and their contents without a spot or stain. See, even the cats have learnt to step more gingerly over the sanded passages as they hail, like familiar spirits, the return of their Sahibs ; and when the last finishing touch has been put on the shining coat, and the winter garments carefully adjusted, they spring lightly on to the backs of their patrons, and survey the intruders into the sanctum of their pets with sleepy surprise. There is much corn in Egypt to-day, and the boxes are full of all sizes and ages, from the old mare who, after long and successful labour, is destined for the honour of the stud at last, to her brother, who as yet knows nothing of public life, and whose name shall hereafter be a stumbling-block to both Jew and Gentile, and to the uninitiated foolishness. And so to the snug sanctum of our host again, chatting pleasantly by the way on subjects which the events of the day have inevitably evoked : and last, not least, crops up again the great Breeding theory, with its myriad intricacies, its perverse combinations, and its unsatisfactory conclusions—a theory to the elucidation of which the many have brought sophistry and the few science ; to whose successful application the many have opposed the doctrine of chances, and the few have attributed the gleanings of experience and a long and severe apprenticeship to the study of Nature's designs ; a theory which has caused endless heart-burnings and fomented hot disputes, but which is slowly, though not less surely, working its silent way towards perfection, in spite of schisms and heresies. Here, however, between circling glass and merry jest, bitter feuds give way and fall to the ground : Blacklock upon Waxy, and Stockwell upon Touchstone have all the good things of this life in common between them, and peace and harmony reign supreme. We shrink closer in round the hearth as we gaze out upon the snow-bound earth, and think of the spring tide, which shall set the steed free to range those breezy heights, and on whose first warm breath shall come the bleating of lambs and the lark's jubilant song, and the welcome perfume of many an early flower. Like the poet, we may moralize over those billowy steppes upon which the evening mist is descending fast : how many aspirants to racing fame have they known careering over their grassy bosoms ; and out of that vast multitude how many have passed away and left no more enduring mark on the records of fame than their own evanescent track over the soft yielding herbage : how few shall

posterity recognize as landmarks in pedigree tables, or read their names enrolled in the annals of the mighty past. But with the dead of some the past will be linked with the future; and as long as the 'everlasting hills' remain, they will stand as memorials of their prowess. Of these it may be said—

' Their spirit wrapp'd the dusky mountain,
Their memory sparkled o'er the fountain;
The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
Roll'd mingling with their fame for ever.'

Pledge we, therefore, once again, in a brimming cup, the founder of the fortunes of this house; and may the Ilsey bells ring in many a winner yet, to swell the long list of those who are her glory and her pride!

But time, on whose 'arbitrary wing' the pleasant hours have flown with lightning speed, warns us that the hour of departure is at hand, and that we must again cross that bleak and barren waste on our homeward journey. Like pilgrims, who have toiled along many a weary mile to pay their devotions at some eastern shrine, we linger fondly on the threshold, conscious that we are leaving behind us the objects of our homage and admiration, to retrace our footsteps towards the city where we dwell, and exchanging the calm repose of primitive antiquity for the tumult of the modern Babylon. The crisp rugged road crackles beneath hoof and wheel, and the night comes down silently upon us in the treeless, lifeless solitude. But the warmth of hospitality has diffused its genial influence over body and soul, and the keen bracing breeze has but added zest to our pilgrimage, and borne far away all traces of that clammy and smoke-polluted atmosphere which it is our lot to breathe. As we drop off into a broken slumber, the sights and sounds and events of the day are hurried in hopeless confusion before our wondering brain; but in every phase of fancied action do the Lyon and his sister bear the chief part. There may be other stars in that constellation of high-bred steeds which it has been our good fortune to inspect to-day, but still the eye is carried away from the contemplation of its lesser luminaries to the admiration of those 'bright particular stars' of the first magnitude, the acknowledged leaders of the effulgent host. So come these vagaries of the brain, so depart, so are forgotten, but not so soon will fade from our minds the memory of a pleasant day; and often will our thoughts be carried away from the cares of business and from the business of pleasure to wander again along iron way, over breezy down, and through the old Berkshire village to 'Dover's and Back.'

AMPHION.

THE SCIENCE OF FOX-HUNTING.*

HERE is a book about Fox-hunting, dedicated to the Duke of Rutland, but it is a work little suited to the age we live in, and the writer might as well expect the rising generation to study Beckford. Men, horses, hounds, countries, manners and customs have all changed, and the clock cannot be put back. In nothing is there a greater change than in the hour of meeting. Lord Blophous's hounds are advertised to meet at eleven o'clock, at which hour his hounds are leaving their kennel, on a December or January day, to go to a meet ten miles distant. His father's hounds moved away from the meet at half-past ten to the minute, whilst his grandfather's hounds met at daybreak. But in grandpapa's days the country was more open, and there were no gorses, enclosed as fox-covers, for a speedy find. Those ancient sportsmen depended, therefore, upon hunting the drag of a fox who had been out upon the prowl for his food, and they always maintained that there was no such beautiful hunting as this, and nothing that could test more surely the nose of the hound. It is certain that in those primitive times sportsmen would ride long distances through the night to reach a meet at daybreak, and enjoy this treat. Nimrod tells us that a Mr. Stubbs used to give an account of a run with Sir Edward Littleton's hounds with this preface—'I breakfasted with Lockley at twelve o'clock at night.'

At such an hour the hunting man of the present day is just emerging from the dining-room on his way to the billiard-room, and has not yet lit his first cigar.

At midday Lord Blophous's drag comes round to the door, but the impatient sportsman must curb his ardour, for at the last moment his Lordship has to write letters to his trainer and his lawyer. It is a maxim as old as Beckford, that 'The morning is the time of the day which generally affords the best scent,' and, however much men's habits and ways may have changed, the laws of nature have not. Here then the best part of the day has been cut to waste, and it gets rather dark at four o'clock about the 25th of December, but under Lord Blophous's system of hunting the horses will have had quite enough of it before that hour arrives. It is the pace that kills.

'By George, they have found! Tally ho! there he goes!' but the hounds are upon another fox. What does that signify? Lord Blophous and his huntsman mean to be after the one that has faced the good country. An old worn-out whipper-in, who can hardly read, and cannot write his name, growls to himself, 'Now then, you idiot; where are you going to?' as Lord Cairns gathers his horse together for a start. But his Lordship is not such an idiot as to lose his place, and sends his horse along as hard as his legs can carry him after the huntsman, who is blowing his heart out. Two hundred brother sportsmen are all at the same game. The old whip mutters something about nobody knowing anything now-a-days, and dives

* By Scrutator. George Routledge and Sons.

into the wood. For two fields the huntsman keeps the fox in view, after which his skill is put to the test. The modern system has been clearly demonstrated by Charles Payne with the Pytchley, and by Jem Hills with the Heythrop, to be the only orthodox one, and as such is carried out in all the fast countries. We want a quick step, and we don't want a psalm tune. People have no fancy for rehearsing their funerals. With the decision of a Napoleon the huntsman's mind is made up as to the fox's point: he is confirmed by a friendly halloo on the opposite hill, and away he goes. A brilliant lark is the result. Every one gets plenty of jumping, and not a few get down. The cleverest huntsman will, however, occasionally be deceived by a false halloo—some rascally boy bird-keeping, perhaps—and he will have gone two miles in one direction, whilst the fox has gone two miles in the other. In such a case he must clap on, as quick as thought, to the nearest cover, and throw in what hounds he has with him. He may have the luck to chop a fox, and, if so, it makes a good finish. At any rate he will soon find another, and he will have further opportunity of showing his talent for beating his own horse as well as the horses of other people. We are tempted to borrow from the pages of 'The Post and the Paddock' a description of a run, written by the late Sir Charles Knightley, in which that great artist Dick Knight, then Lord Spencer's huntsman, had full scope for his genius. He found a fox at Sywell Wood, and recognised him as an old friend, from a peculiar mode of twisting his brush over his back. He had beat him several times, and he was determined, if possible, to have him by fair means or foul. Knowing the line he had before taken, he did not lay the hounds on the scent, but lifted them beyond Orlingbury, where he viewed him, and where he laid them on close at him: at the first check he lifted them again beyond Finedon, where he viewed him again; and at the next check beyond Burton Wold, where he again viewed him; and thus either chased him or lifted them to Grafton Park, where they ran into him. The distance was at least ten miles from point to point, and it was supposed the hounds were not four miles on scent the whole way.

Now, would the great John Warde ever have caught such a fox? If any one objects to seeing a fox split up in this masterly style, he must be some old Tory fogey, a retrograde, quite behind the times, and only fit to go hunting with Jack Thomson. But the old fogey sometimes asks this somewhat awkward question—Of what use are the hounds? Well, they afford Lord Blophous an opportunity, during the summer months, of talking about legs and feet, shoulders and loins, and of showing for prizes at York, or some other dog show. Old fogey says that, in his day, dog shows were confined to Jem Burn's parlour, where bull-dogs and fancy spaniels were shown for their 'properties,' but which Masters of Foxhounds call 'points.' Really there is no use in arguing with such an obstinate, prejudiced old man.

To return to the work before us; its pages treat of kennel management, of breeding and entering young hounds, of style of hunting

and peculiarities of hounds, and of other matters about which Young England cares not one straw. To enjoy any game or sport it is necessary that a person should at least know the rudiments, and to appreciate it thoroughly he must understand the niceties. But, if hounds are never allowed to hunt, where is a beginner to learn anything about the work of hounds? and the opportunities for learning diminish every year. Verily jealous riding has much to answer for. It is at the root of all the evil, of which the wild lifting system is only one of the consequences. The railways, too, have done their share to destroy hunting, by cutting up rural districts, and by bringing to every meet a host of evil-doers from manufacturing towns, garrisons, and fashionable watering-places, to override and perhaps maim the hounds, ruin the sport, and try the patience of the most even-tempered Masters. We shall never forget the speech of Osbaldeston, delivered in his shrillest note, to a Leamington swell, who had ridden in front of his hounds, describing the habits of the offender at home, and his intentions with respect to the fox; but it would not be suited to the pages of 'Baily.' The reason lately assigned, by a well-known sportsman, for declining a handsome subscription to hunt a country in the vicinity of London, was, that he should swear more in one day than the rest of the week spent in repentance could wipe out.

THE OLD OAK TABLE.

CHAPTER VIII.

' Ah, love! there surely lives in man and beast
Something divine to warn them of their foes :
And such a sense, when first I fronted him,
Said, " Trust him not ! " '

Tennyson's Sea Dreams.

If the sudden shock of a galvanic battery had been brought to bear on Lampern's horses it could scarcely have produced a livelier effect than the sound of that gentleman's foot and voice as he entered his stable door. Every horse raised his head to the full extent of his halter, and planting the fore-legs a little forward displayed his points and shape to the utmost advantage. A long Indian silk pocket-handkerchief, held firmly at one corner, dangled from Lampern's hand; and, although a casual observer might fail to detect the service to which it was applied, that handkerchief had no little share in producing the posture and animation now exhibited in every stall. The knout of a Cossack might inflict a heavier blow, but not a keener sting, than the silken lash in Lampern's practised hand.

Of the twelve fine weight-carrying animals over which his eye now ranged with a rapid and close scrutiny, not one was sound; but some defect, patent or latent, though chiefly the latter, either in

wind or limb, temper or action, fell to the lot of every horse in that stable. Oh ! it was an exhibition worthy of Belial, whose

‘tongue

Dropt manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason,’

to hear the persuasive accent with which this master in horseflesh as well as ethics pleased the ear and raised the expectation of a probable customer : and he had the power of Talleyrand in using his tongue for the concealment rather than the expression of his thoughts at such a time.

But, to deal with a man who was not well up in the crafts of the trade, not steeped to the heel in the Stygian pool of those mysteries (and even then some Paris will discover his weak point), this was dull work for Lampern’s sharpened wits. For a flat or a greenhorn he had no taste ; such customers could not excite his passion nor give piquancy to the plot on which his whole soul was set. It was only when a Greek met him that he bared his blade ; and then the mastery of his weapon—the tongue—was consummately displayed ; and all the ingenuity, all the artistic skill that an enthusiastic fisherman is wont to use when he is tempting a big fish to take his fly, Lampern practised when he applied himself to catch a fish worthy of his hook and brains.

When he had rapidly scanned the occupants of the several stalls, all of which were regularly numbered with conspicuous figures from 1 to 12, he turned to his head groom and inquired how many grains of opium he had given to No. 8, when he had shown him a few mornings ago to Capt. Lindo.

‘Fifty, sir,’ was the reply ; ‘but it was not half enough to keep the devil down in him.’ This was the big chesnut colt that Fulbert had come expressly to see.

‘Well then, Tom, to-morrow morning as the clock strikes five give him ten more ; clap a hundredweight of blankets on his back, send him out, and walk him for three hours ; and let Paynter and Simmonds dress him for parade by ten o’clock. He’ll be quiet enough by that time.’

‘That may do,’ said Tom, with a scant measure of credulity, founded on a full knowledge of the horse’s character ; ‘that may do, sir ; but if that gentleman in the house is to see him at ten, I’d like, after he is dressed, to keep Bob Paynter on his back till he is shown out : ’twould warm up the saddle and make his back comfortable, before the gent goes to mount him.’

The horse, on being first mounted, was given to bucking inveterately, insomuch that for the first ten minutes it was almost impossible for the rider to keep his seat ; and frequently after bounding furiously into the air on all fours, and taking a succession of leaps for a distance of fifty yards, on finding his rider still in the saddle, he would lie down and groan like a camel under his burden. In every other respect, when he could be started, the brute was a

brilliant performer across country, and could travel like oil. However, by the help of opium and the above elaborate treatment, it was confidently hoped that night would be the last for the big chesnut in those stables.

‘Very well, Tom,’ said Lampern, pretending to defer to the superior practical craft of his chief groom; ‘handle him as you like, and if we sell him you shall have double luck-money in this event.’

Tom chuckled at the prospect; and, knowing how intensely his master loved hunting, and that this was the only horse in his stable he dared not mount, he mentally resolved that plenty of opium and work should not be wanting to secure the desirable result.

The survey of other numbers then followed: ‘Have you looked at No. 10’s near eye to-day?’ inquired Lampern, as he stood behind a clever brown horse occupying that stall. ‘It’s very likely Capt. Fulbert may wish to see him out; and if he does, one eye must be as good as the other, you know, Tom, or he’ll very soon find that out.’

‘That’s right enough now, sir; I blew a spoonful of powder into it this morning; and, unless the Captain gets the sun square upon it, I’ll warrant he don’t twig the speck, nor see any difference atween one and the other.’

Tom’s specific for the occasion, and for that only, consisted of the inside of the cuttle-fish shell, which, when reduced to a fine powder, was blown through a quill into the diseased eye, and this, by its tritulating effect, soon cleared away the cloudy film that obscured the surface of that organ; so that nothing was left to indicate the presence of incipient cataract, save a small indistinct speck, which, without the aid of a bright sun striking fairly on the horse’s eye, no one but a Gnostic in such matters would ever be likely to detect.

The circuit of the stables was soon made, and when Lampern had whispered a few private directions to Tom with respect to one or two other horses, he returned again to his friends. The groom, too, retired to the saddle-room, and there taking out a rickety old scale and weights from a cupboard adjoining the fireplace, he sat down at a small table and proceeded to weigh out the narcotic dose intended for the big chesnut.

‘Cook him right this time,’ said Bob Paynter, who had followed at his elbow: ‘the beggar grassed me four times running t’other day; and the last fall nearly broke my back: it was not half enough.’

‘Master ordered ten more grains,’ said Tom; ‘but I’ll double the dose; and if that don’t do, sooner than keep the devil a day longer, I’m a eating his head off for nothing, I’d cut his throat if I was master.’

One drachm and forty grains of opium were then deliberately weighed off, and, mixed with garlic, were soon rolled into a ball, which, by its soothing effect on the evil temper of the horse, it was hoped, would convert him for the time into a docile and tractable creature.

When Lampern reached his dining-room, he found his two guests still sitting at the table; and, as if the thread of their conversation had only been dropped for the convenience of the host, Fulbert on his reappearance picked it up again and went to work with an energy that all Lampern's tact was unable to check. In vain he alluded to the unquestionable pluck and stamina of the Belzoni blood; in vain he described his horses as possessing more quality than Mehemet Ali's stud of world-wide fame; Fulbert turned a deaf ear to his enchantments, and dashed on with his terriers like a foxhound flinging on a scent.

Grace had withdrawn from the table for some time and so escaped the infliction; but Lampern, who entertained Fulbert precisely on the principle of the Cyclops when he detained Ulysses in his cave—namely to fatten him first and then to devour him—inwardly groaned under it. Never was his limited stock of good breeding so tested before; nevertheless, he stood fire with the patience of a veritable martyr, consoling himself under the strong faith that, when the torture was over, he should triumph in the end.

'At the present moment,' said Fulbert, 'I know but two places in England where the genuine fox-terrier is to be found, and that is in the Belvoir kennels, and on Dartmoor. The intermixture of bull-dog blood has been the ruin of the race; and a fighting animal, instead of a marking one, is now the fancy dog produced by such a cross. To old Tom Cribb and his Westminster-pit associates this mischief is to be traced; badger-baiting and dog-fighting, of all amusements the lowest and most cruel, being the sole object of the cross; and the bull-terrier, of all dogs, the sharpest and hardest for such work.'

'But surely,' interrupted Stoford, 'if you expect a terrier to go well up to a fox at earth, he must be both hard and sharp, if he means to bolt him.'

'True; he can't be too sharp, but he must not be too hard; that is, he must not go in and pin his game and kill it, if he can, as a bull-terrier will do before he relaxes his hold. So far from adding to your sport, such a dog would only mar it, and be the fruitful cause of many a blank day; indeed, so well known is this to Masters of hounds, who know their business, that they look upon a hard terrier, with bull-dog blood in his veins, as the greatest curse a country can have.'

'And so he must be,' said Stoford, 'if his size and power permit him to go to ground easily. But you've told us what a terrier should not be; pray tell us what he should be, for I long to get a wrinkle or two on that subject.'

An involuntary groan from Lampern followed this remark; but Fulbert either did not or would not hear it, for the question seemed to give him fresh wind, and he proceeded to answer it with a volubility that knew no bounds.

'Well, as I told you before, you must go to Belvoir or Dartmoor to see the real article in that line; and yet the terriers of

‘those two localities differ widely from each other in appearance at least, if not in other respects. The former, bred by Goosey, the huntsman, are models of beauty: as to colour, with the exception of a small patch of tan over one ear and eye, they are white as a ball of snow; and although far from being wire-haired, their coats are strong and close, carry little water, and indicate hardy constitutions: while, at the same time, they are well adapted to protect them in the rough work they are called upon to perform. Then they have small drop ears, fine muzzles, straight and somewhat lengthy legs; the last a very important feature for a terrier whose business it is to follow the chase, and to be near, there or thereabouts, to do his work when hounds throw up and the fox is no longer above ground.

‘It is a mistake to imagine that long legs are an impediment to a terrier working up to his fox at earth; on the contrary, if, as is the case on Dartmoor, the holt consists of huge blocks of granite piled, like Ossa on Pelion, one on top of the other, no short-limbed dog can follow a fox into the shelves of such a retreat. But the most serious impediment of all is a broad chest: a terrier so formed is physically unfit for the close quarters in which he is required to work, and should neither be entered nor bred from, as a fox-terrier. I need hardly say the Belvoir race is famous for its many heroes; some of which, like Curius Dentatus, bear a hundred scars, and all in front; yet no drop of bull-dog blood contaminates their veins. They fight hard, but don’t pin their fox; and although they can’t drag him out, as Hercules drew Cacus from his den, they worry and bully-rag him so unmercifully that he is soon forced to quit the earth and trust to his legs for life. Now the fox, thus bolted, but not mangled as he would have been by a bull-terrier, probably shows a run, and, if he can beat the pack, may live to fight them again for many a day. So, depend upon it, Stoford, if ever you keep hounds, which of course you will do some day, you will do well to follow Goosey’s example, eschew bull-dog blood, and for the sake of your country, sport, and fair play, use only the pure fox-terrier.’

‘Good advice, no doubt,’ said Stoford, who, delighting in Fulbert’s dog-tongue, but at the same time not quite easy in his conscience as to the farther continuance of it on Lampern’s account, was not a little relieved on discovering that gentleman to be fast asleep in his arm-chair, and giving sonorous proofs that he had fairly sunk under the infliction. ‘Go on, Fulbert,’ said he, capping him on to the scent; ‘your admiration of the Belvoir beauties has almost made you forget your first love on Dartmoor.’

‘Not a bit of it,’ said Fulbert; ‘they are too good to be forgotten; but, as I have already driven the dealer to ground, or rather to sleep, which is an equivalent so far as his company is concerned, he’ll turn rusty to a certainty if, when he wakes up, he hears me still clinging like a talbot hound to the old line. Besides, he’ll clap an extra tenner or two on the Belzoni colt, I’ll warrant him, for

‘the riot we have already run : so let the Dartmoor terriers stand over till we meet at Oxford to-morrow night and then we’ll resume the subject.’

To this Stoford readily agreed ; and, as he had to make arrangements for his departure on the following day, he whispered a good night to Fulbert, and quitting the table quietly, crossed the hall and speedily reached the drawing-room to which Grace had retired. There, as usual, he found her in the recess of the old oriel window, now consecrated by the revelation of his first love—a nook in which many a happy hour had been already spent, and many a vow of eternal constancy exchanged between them.

‘So you really will go to-morrow,’ said Grace, in a low, measured tone, that indicated intense feeling, and went, like a winged arrow, straight to his heart.

‘Yes, the evil day has come at last : the authorities of my college have consulted Mr. Masters, and he has pronounced me no longer an invalid ; so they have summoned me to appear to-morrow or lose my term.’

‘And is the term so precious that you are bound to keep it at all cost ?’ said Grace. ‘I think, if they had consulted the nurse instead of the doctor, she would have managed the matter very differently.’

‘Ah ! I wish they had : but you know the laws of the University are like those of the Medes and Persians ; they must be obeyed. However, cheer up, my darling ; our parting will be but for a day ; the distance is nothing, and I shall be able to ride over and see you constantly ;’ and he pressed her to his heart with all the tenderness of a man who had surrendered his whole soul to her keeping.

How long this scene might have lasted it is vain now to conjecture ; but an hour had probably elapsed, a brief time to them, when footsteps approaching the door, and the babbling but not unmusical voice of Fulbert ringing through the hall made them start asunder like a broken bow, and assume the air of propriety customary on such occasions.

Lampern, as he entered the room, was now laughing uproariously at something Fulbert had said ; for he, poor fellow, having lost his listener, and being under the complete control of an unruly tongue, had been forced into a fresh groove, and was now giving unlimited swing to that member on the subject of Lampern’s stables. No wonder the dealer was interested when Fulbert inquired with apparent seriousness if the sire of the chesnut colt had been called Belzoni from his big bone, the distinguished traveller of that name being remarkable for that feature. Probably his sleep had refreshed him, for he now seemed keenly to appreciate the point of Fulbert’s jokes, as he described, with touching humour, the difficulty experienced by the welter-weights in mounting themselves with the Mostyn hounds ; ‘and as for the huntsman,’ said he, ‘nothing less than a griffin on wings could carry him in his place over the Marsh Gibbon Field in that country.’

Lampern believed he had now the ball at his foot ; and he felt it would be his own fault if, having turned his guest adroitly towards the stable, he did not keep him there till he had won his game : so he patted him on.

Who that has read ‘Tam O’Shanter’ can forget the inimitable description of the Landlord’s very excusable craft in holding his guests together, while they are consuming his ale ?

‘ The Souter tauld his queerest stories,
The Landlord’s laugh was ready chorus :’

so was Lampern’s ; but it was that of one who could ‘ smile and ‘ smile and be a villain.’

The wariest, however, will often outwit themselves, and be caught in their own toils. The dealer, deep as a coal-pit himself, was apt to underestimate the depth of his customers in general ; and, from what he had seen and heard of Fulbert,—his craze about terriers, and his devil-may-care talk,—he had come to the conclusion that this customer in particular was little better than an educated fool. Lampern had probably acquired this habit (and it was very natural he should have done so) from his early experience as clerk to the county magistrates, in which office his extensive acquaintance with the Shallows and Slenders of life tended to create in him an unqualified belief in his own ability, and considerable distrust in that of others.

But in Fulbert’s case he was never more mistaken : if ever a weasel was wide awake, he was ; for, whenever he came into contact with a man like Lampern, a kind of instinct warned him of danger, and put him warily on his guard ; and a heron on the look-out, perched on the topmost branch of a solitary pine, might be circumvented with greater facility than Fulbert with his weather-eye open in such company. ‘ Still water,’ the proverb says, ‘ runs deep ;’ so it may, but there’s many a deep hole to be found in a brawling stream, and Fulbert, with all his talk and rattle on the surface, had a fund of caution and good sense below it that Lampern, with all his craft, could in no wise fathom.

A tray laden with hot water and tumblers now making its appearance, warned Grace to be off ; but the gentlemen sat chatting for an hour or two longer, and consuming, as was the custom in those days, a bumper or two of strong brandy and water ere they parted for the night. Their boilers were, doubtless, very strong, too, or they must have been burst by the pressure !

At breakfast, next morning, not a word was said about the stables : Stoford and Grace had other thoughts to occupy them ; while the dealer and his expected customer were far too intent upon the work before them to talk about it in a general way. Even the terriers were forgotten for the time ; and while Stoford, in anticipation of his departure, was thanking Lampern for the unbounded hospitality and kindness he had received during his stay at Lovelstone, Tom, the groom, rapped at the door, and popping his Gorgon head inside, re-

requested his master to step out, as he wanted a word with him just for half a minute.

Lampern, who saw enough of the man's face to discover that something had gone amiss in the stables, rose instantly and followed him to the hall: but before he could inquire what had happened, Tom, in a hollow whisper, said—

‘No. 8’s all wrong, sir; the big brute is down in his stall, and me and all the boys can’t get him on his legs again.’

When the loss of Austerlitz, and the consequent failure of his great scheme, was suddenly announced to Pitt, he turned deadly pale; and, but for a glass of brandy, would have fallen to the ground: but Lampern, in his smaller way, gave no sign whatever of the vexation he felt at this sinister news; on the contrary, it seemed rather to rouse his ingenuity, and at once to pave the way for a further plot.

‘Down is he, Tom? then don’t disturb him; and bring out No. 2 instead.’

‘Yes, sir; but I’m afeared t’other ’ll die: he seems all of a heap on the ground, and won’t stir anyhow: the dose you ordered was a bit too strong for him, I reckon.’

‘Oh, he’ll soon come round,’ said Lampern, little knowing what the dose had been: ‘he’ll sleep it off, and will be all right again to-morrow. No. 2 will do quite as well for the Captain.’

Now, that horse was also a big chesnut, and a tolerable hunter for one day a fortnight, and no more. If the run was at all a severe one, his constitution was so bad that he would not look at a grain of corn for a week afterwards; but he had now a rare complexion, carried a good cupboard, and, though somewhat gross, was apparently in fine condition,—in fact, he was a flat-catcher all over.

‘Most extraordinary fellow that of mine,’ said Lampern, as he returned to the breakfast-table; ‘he never will deliver a message nor take orders before company, if he can avoid it. Sir Robert Throckmorton’s groom has just called to say if I have not parted with the Belzoni colt, his master would like to try him on Monday next. But he is no horseman, and one’s stable gets the discredit if you sell a horse to a man who never shows him in the front rank.’

‘We can’t be all Lamperns and Lindos,’ said Fulbert, jokingly; ‘there must be tail hounds in every pack, as well as “clippers and cranners, and hill-top abiders” in every field.’

As the breakfast drew to a close, busy and perplexed were the thoughts that occupied Lampern’s mind at that moment; for the tangled web he had been weaving was giving him more trouble than he bargained for. On the one hand, the stable difficulty was imminent; and such was his passion for a deal that, if he were selling his own soul instead of a horse, for a sum of money, he could scarcely feel a keener interest in the bargain: on the other, Stoford was about to take wing, and the wily fowler had reckoned at least on pinioning the young bird, having, as he believed, trapped him in the springe set for his capture. But as yet there was no proof of entanglement:

Stoford had given no sign on which Lampern could rely, and had extracted a promise from Grace not to reveal their affair, until he was able to speak to her father on a more convenient but not distant day.

‘Now then for the big chesnut, whenever you please,’ said Fulbert, as he finished a glass of the fine old liqueur to which Lampern had invited his attention; an act of hospitality the wily host never omitted on such occasions, and which he described as the ‘luck-drop’ indispensable to a good deal, and away they went to the stables.

‘You’d like, perhaps, to have him out at once? ’t would save ‘time,’ suggested the dealer, scheming to keep Fulbert, if possible, from an inspection of the stables. But, as the latter had come to see all that could be seen in Lampern’s establishment, he was not so easily foiled.

‘Thank you,’ said he, ‘I should like first to look at every horse ‘in your stable, and then have the Belzoni colt brought out, and ‘anything else that may suit my purpose.’

This answer was so explicit that Lampern, not to awake suspicion, at once led the way, and beginning, as they entered, with No. 1 stall, he proceeded to describe the characteristics of the several occupants from that to the 12th stall, with all the slimy eloquence of which he was capable. ‘No. 2,’ said he, ‘is the horse to carry you; ‘he can fly with hounds, and stay there; no day too long, no fox ‘too strong for the Belzoni blood over any country.’

At the 8th stall, in which lay the real Belzoni colt, Fulbert came to a halt; for the animal, as his ears lopped listlessly on one side, looked like a horse in a heavy sleep, and, with the exception of an occasional sob, was motionless as a corpse within its shroud: he was also so begirt with bandages and body-clothes that it was quite impossible to make out what his shape was, or his fashion might be.

‘Bad case there,’ said Lampern, facing the difficulty; ‘caught a ‘chill with the Heythrop last Friday, and is now weak as ditch- ‘water; we won’t disturb him.’

Fulbert merely saw he was a chesnut, and passed on; and in a few minutes, when he had gone through the catalogue of the stables, No. 2 was saddled and bridled, and brought out for further inspection. The horse did his show-work admirably, galloped together, brought his hind legs well forward, and took his fences with the ease of a perfect hunter; but it so happened that Fulbert, having once seen the Belzoni colt under Griff Lloyd, had noticed that his near-side hock was a capped one; and, moreover, that in landing over his fences, he jerked his tail with a kind of flourish, like a hound making a hit. Now, No. 2 exhibited neither of these marks; and Fulbert, with the instinct of a Trojan when he first saw the wooden horse approaching the walls of Troy, looked upon the animal with the gravest suspicion. Still, as he was so like the Belzoni colt in every other respect, a first-class hunter, full of quality, and a rare goer, he said nothing, but determined to obtain further proof of his non-

identity ere he declined to purchase a horse that promised so well.

Accordingly, to the surprise of Lampern, who, as he fancied, had all but landed his fish, Fulbert said, 'Thank you; that will do. I should like now to take one look more at the stable, before I make up my mind about that horse.'

'Very well,' replied Lampern, 'so do;' and as Fulbert could not disguise his misgiving, but stalked off directly to No. 8 stall, the dealer's barometer dropped suddenly, as if a thunderstorm were at hand: yet, instantly mastering his discomposure, he assumed again his usual placid smile, under cover of which lay a thousand guiles, as if the result of Fulbert's investigation were a matter of utter indifference to him, one way or the other.

One glance at the hocks of No. 8 satisfied Fulbert that the veritable Belzoni colt was no other than the horse now lying before him, motionless, and apparently dying in his stall: the fixed enlargement on the point of the near-side hock was so conspicuous that he could have sworn at once to his identity.

'Halloa,' said he, 'why, this is the horse I came to see; *this* was Griff Lloyd's; I'll swear to him in a thousand.'

'Well, that's strange enough,' said Lampern, with indescribable coolness; 'you talked so much about terriers last night that I could not for my life make out which of my Belzoni colts you wanted to see: both were hunted last year in the Bicester Vale, and Griff Lloyd certainly rode this one, but as he is not fit for work just at present, Tom and I thought the other might suit quite as well.'

But it would not do: the plot was too transparent for Fulbert, who, indignant at the idea of being 'done' in so shifty a fashion, put an end to the negotiation by asking leave to order his tilbury; then, jumping into it, with his three dogs, he turned his back on Lampern, and escaping, like a bluebottle from a spider's web, trotted off to the Bicester kennels.

WHEN IS FOX-HUNTING NOT FOX-HUNTING?

SIR—As a sportsman of large means and little experimental knowledge in field sports, I would fain ask your opinion, and that of the perusers of 'Baily' who may perchance notice these lines, what fox-hunting is, in the true acceptance of the term? Having come into a considerable fortune by the death of a kindhearted old uncle, I feel quite at liberty to gratify my taste for field sports, which had ever been uppermost in my mind since I quitted the paternal roof in the country, to fill a heavy clerkship on a three-legged stool to a mercantile firm in the City. When a boy from school during the Christmas holidays, Farmer Deacon, my father's churchwarden, and head man in the parish, gave me an occasional mount on his cob, to

meet the harriers which hunted in our neighbourhood, and were kept by old Squire Heathcote,—who owned more than half the parish—at his own expense; and the Squire and the parson were equally orthodox in their ideas about their several professions of hunting and preaching; everything was done according to rule or precedent. The Squire would not tolerate halloaing or screeching in the field any more than my father would extemporaneous effusions in the pulpit. Methodists, Anabaptists, and Free-thinkers of all denominations were held in as great abhorrence by the latter as steeple-chasers and first-flight riders by the former.

‘I keep hounds, sir,’ he said very indignantly to a young Engländer, intent on riding the hare to death, ‘to hunt a scent, sir, not to run a muck with helter-skelter fellows like you, who don’t know a hound from a hedgehog. Let me hear you halloa once more, or attempt to ride within twenty yards of the tail hound, and I’ll send them home to the kennel. We profess hunting—hunting first, sir,—riding afterwards.’

Well, the old Squire, although ever so kindly disposed at other times, was a perfect martinet in the field. Have his own way he would, and there nobody else could. He never would allow, if possible to prevent it, his hounds getting a view of their game at starting; and if any of his friends or co-thistlewhippers committed the enormity of vociferating at such a juncture, he was down in his diary that same evening as ‘non compos mentis.’

The dog of all dogs in the Squire’s pack which more particularly attracted my attention, exciting both my wonder and admiration, was an old blue-mottled hound of genuine Welsh extraction, who, if not the leader of the van, might be fairly called the driver of it. In queerish scenting-days, or when the younger branches of the family had gone too far ahead, the Squire’s eye rested immediately upon old Harbinger; and never shall I forget the extraordinary conduct of this most extraordinary dog upon such trying occasions. He paid as little attention to the sayings and doings of the other hounds as he would to the cry of peewits or chattering of jays, but went about doing his work in his own business-like manner. To behold him unravelling the mystery when all the others were at fault was worth riding thirty miles to witness. His plunging in *medias res*—i.e., into a fallow, with his sensitive nose all begrimed with dirt; his head then raised aloof to admit of easier intonation from his expanded chest; the way in which he sprang back to explain in louder notes his marvellous dexterity in recovering the lost line of scent—were performances to be remembered during a man’s life. Poor old Harbinger and his master are now, alas! gone to that bourne whence they will never return to their old hunting-grounds.

‘Huntsman, rest; thy chase is done.
Think not of the rising sun;
For at dawning to assail ye,
Here no bugles sound réveillé.’

There is an old and very true saying of some Latin poet, ‘Quo

'semel est imbuta recens, servabet odorem testa Diu;' and the hunting lessons I received from the old Squire in my boyhood still hold a prominent place in my memory.

So much for my antecedents, until relieved by my uncle's bounty from the counting-house into an atmosphere more congenial to my nature. Once only in my earlier life had I been out with foxhounds, and then so great was the rushing and crushing of horsemen at every moderate fence, that I felt happy when clear of the whole lot. Still there was a wild enthusiastic feeling about me for this sport, which I had never experienced in hare-hunting, although a boy on a pony had no chance with hard-riding men upon thoroughbred hunters. Whilst ruminating one fine morning in April, at my quiet hotel in Albemarle Street, upon my sudden change of position, an old chum from the country made his appearance, and after profuse congratulations said—

'Well, Harry, now that you have become a great gun, how do you intend spending your ammunition? Lots of fine women already in town—Ladies Emily and Theresa Vernon, belles of the season, besides many minor stars less glittering. A fellow with an abundance of gold dust can, of course, make his choice; and of course the first thing you can think of is to marry well and get a lift up the ladder.'

'And most likely,' I added, 'get a tumble down it again, the reverse of pleasant. No, Tom Matthews, I am not contemplating any such freak, and when I do marry, my selection of a wife would not be made from a very fashionable and aristocratic family. You have heard, I dare say, of "lighting a candle at both ends."'

'Yes, Harry, I understand. Well, then, I suppose yachting or grcusing to begin with?'

'Neither, Tom; my fancy is for fox-hunting.'

'Then, by Jove! here's a sale of hunters next week, by Tattersall, the whole stud, and well-trying nags in the Shires, just the animals for a beginner.'

'I am, unfortunately, Tom, no great judge of horseflesh, and should certainly be done at a sale without trial. No; I must pick up one or two at a time, warranted sound, free from vice, &c.; money not paid until ridden and examined by a veterinary surgeon—'

'Or your grandmother!' shouted Tom Matthews. 'Ho! ho! ho! you're a greenhorn, and no mistake. By Gad, sir! you'd be done brown at this game by dealer and vet.: that sort of thing won't answer with a novice like yourself. Well known and well-trying hunters will realise their value at an unreserved sale. Men from the country who have ridden with and against them come up to bid for those that will suit them; they are not dealing in the dark as you suppose, and require no warranty for what they know, and have seen proved to be really good ones; the figure may be high, where two or three fellows want the same animal, but in the end it pays better than trusting to dealers and vets. Bob Fletcher, a friend

‘of mine, has been hunting all last season in the same country, and will tell me frankly all he knows about this stud,—so come along, we shall find him at Limmer’s,—just his breakfast hour.’

‘Holloa, Tom! what brings you to town?’ inquired the aforesaid Bob, as his friend entered the coffee-room.

‘Would it be impertinent if I asked you that same question?’

‘Oh, not at all. I have nothing to do in the country, so came up to see if I could do anything in the mighty Babylon.’

‘Ah! I guess the game you are after. Deuced good-looking; lots of tin; but her papa wants a coronet.’

‘I wish he may get it, Tom, for *himself*.’ And up rose the form of as fine a specimen of humanity as one could meet with in a walk from Apsley House down to Temple Bar; and having made his salaam on introduction to Harry, resumed his seat and occupation in discussing the merits of a half-raw beefsteak.

‘Equine or bovine, Bob?’

‘*N’importe*, old fellow. ’Tis no use in these days asking questions about the viands set before you.’

‘Well, never mind us; we will look over the morning papers whilst you are taking your breakfast.’

Within ten minutes the table was cleared by the waiter, when Bob said, ‘Now, Tom, what’s in the wind?’

‘This sale of Lord H——’s stud; I want to know all about them, and you can, I suppose, help me to the information I require.’

‘Yes, they are a fair lot of nags without reserve; in short, pounded to Moses, Levi, and Co., and must be sold. Needs must, you know, when a certain friend of yours drives.’

‘Mutual friend would be nearer the mark; nevertheless, now, as to lot one?’ producing the catalogue.

Bob made a wheezing kind of guttural noise from his throat. ‘Ah! I understand, not quite right in his pipes; whistler, I conclude?’

‘Just so; but the stud-groom can keep him in tolerable order when wanted. A good hunter, Tom, notwithstanding; knows his business right well, and can go a certain distance within a certain time; hurry him, and it’s all over with horse and rider.’

‘Well, he would suit a novice, wouldn’t he?’

‘Just the thing for him; teach him his steps like a dancing-master; won’t pull an ounce, or go a yard further than suits his convenience. By Gad, sir! he is a capital judge of following hounds, and there’s no fear of getting his owner into disgrace by going over them. Sound as a bell in other respects, quite thorough-bred, and a grand horse to look over.’

‘Well, as to price; under three figures, of course—about eighty guineas, eh?’

‘Those who know him won’t go much higher; yet I think his form and fashion will carry him into the threes.’

‘Well, Bob, I will put my mark against him. Now, as to lot two?’

‘A slasher; can go the pace and keep it: Lord S—— is very sweet upon him.’

‘Then it’s no use our thinking about him.’

‘Lots three and four will be knocked down at high figures. Five—a screw—can go when he is warmed up.’

‘Six?’

‘Slow and sure; snaffle mouth; better in the provinces than the Shires: suit a sexagenarian.’

‘Then he will suit our book, Bob. Eight and ten?’

‘Should go into the same stable; honest nags, and good in any country; worth two hundred guineas each, to a man who likes riding comfortably.’

‘Lot twelve?’

‘Irish extraction; a three-cornered one; fiddle head, ewe neck, hare shoulders, crooked forelegs, cuts speedy, big ribs, muscular loins, and rare hind quarters; can jump anything, from a turnpike-gate to the river Thames, and goes like the wind; wants only the hand to hold him together with a single snaffle. Nobody will go high for him. For a really good hunter, with a workman in his saddle, he’s the pick of the basket—*notû bene*, Tom.’

‘He’s registered, Bob. What next?—lot thirteen?’

‘Aged and accomplished; has been hunted that number of years with fox-hounds; knows his business, of course, and in good hands may go two seasons more. You may sit on his back, as in an arm-chair, and read “Bell’s Life” while he is taking his fences.’

‘Lot fourteen?’

‘Five off; raw, and wants to be ridden by an artist. Emerald bred; a big, burly brute, sixteen and an inch; flat legs, with plenty of bone and muscle; right all over; cost only sixty the beginning of last season, but will realize three hundred when seven years old. A capital spec: I mean bidding for him myself.’

‘Then of course we shall not.’

‘Yes, you may: I shall not go beyond one straight and two round figures; after that, you can drop in, and take up the running.’

‘Well, Bob, we both feel greatly obliged by letting us in behind the scenes before the play begins: and now, suppose you dine with us at eight in Albemarle Street?’

‘Stop a bit; let me have a look at my note-book. “Honourable “Mrs. B——’s *Conversazione*, at 10.30.” Very slow: shan’t go. “Countess of C——’ *Soirée Dansante*, at 11.” Must put in an appearance.’

‘Heiress expected at this meet, Bob?’

‘Not unlikely. Short list for to-night, so I’m good for Albemarle Street until ten. Don’t order a hippopotamus dinner, that’s all I protest against. Bottle of soda-water and sherry, Tom? you look reddish about the eyes.’

‘Had two already, old fellow, before breakfast. Good morning: going down to Tat’s, to see if the nags have arrived.’

'That's not a bad sort of the genus homo,' remarked Tom to his companion, as they sallied forth into Bond Street ; 'and I dare say you think me a deuced cool hand in asking him to dine at your hotel ; but *inter nos*, knowing he belongs to the Upper Ten, and may prove of service to you hereafter in more ways than one ; he's an honest fellow at heart, and will never desert a friend in trouble. That's more than I can say of the other ninety-nine of my chums and acquaintances.'

'I am much obliged by your introduction, Tom ; and now let us go and order a thorough good dinner for him before we go further—anything and everything you think will suit his taste ; never mind the cost, that comes out of my pocket, but let the thing be well done.'

'So it shall, my boy ; and if we can pick up two or three congenial sporting spirits in our morning walk, let us have them also.'

'Oh, by all means, Tom ; in for a penny, in for a pound ; I'll stand the racket ; and whilst they are drinking my champagne and claret I may be repaid by their effusions on hunting subjects. Ask a dozen if you please, only order dinner enough.'

'Very well, Harry ; half that number will suffice ; you don't mean to get drunk, neither do I ; that sort of thing does not pay ; getting swipy may be pleasant enough while it lasts, but getting sober after a debauch is anything but agreeable.*'

At 7.45 that same evening, half a dozen entries were made in Harry Clifford's saloon by so many accredited fox-hunters, men of some celebrity and status in society, as well as in the field, who had been introduced to him that day, and sooth to say, under the tutelage of Tom Matthews they felt tolerably secure as to the respectability of their host. Harry's manner pleased them also. He was evidently and unmistakably a gentleman from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. He looked and carried himself as an aristocrat—a man of high family and lofty feeling ; and so he was, none better bred in the land, though his branch of the family-tree had been withering down to the root, until, by a sudden glowing gleam of sunshine, it became resuscitated in the person of our hero.

The dinner set before his guests reflected as much credit upon Tom's selection from the bill of fare as upon the *cuisine* of the establishment. Tom, knowing that much, very much depended upon the *lucidus* order of things on his friend's first introduction to the *beau monde*, took every necessary precaution, and the first nobleman in the land could not have been better attended to than Harry's guests on this occasion. There were nearly as many waiters as gentlemen invited ; and men accustomed to this sort of thing understand how silently, yet effectively, these officials perform their duty, especially under the surveillance of the *maître d'hôtel*. Tom had also laid particular stress upon the vintage to be produced—he would have the best the cellar contained. 'D—the expense !' he said to the landlord ; 'Port of '20 vintage, or '34, nothing less.'

* Continued now in third person.

‘Very well, sir; we have it in our cellars, but now it is very scarce, and of course the figure high.’

‘Yes, I know that, and the taste of the wine better than most people; so no tricks upon travellers, Mr. Landlord, or I shall find you out in the first glass; and mind, then the bottle goes down the area to your cost. Fox-hunters know what’s what; a hint to a wise man is sufficient.’

‘Yes, sir; your orders shall be obeyed implicitly.’

A more *recherché* entertainment had never been provided for any set of guests, not excepting a lord mayor’s feast. The two head waiters were creeping continually and noiselessly round the table, bottle in hand, with the soft, seductive whisper, ‘Champagne, sir; hock, sir; sherry,’ &c., and as men began to warm up after soup and fish, conversation assumed a more lively tone.

‘Egad,’ whispered Bob to his neighbour, Lord Lavington, ‘this fellow seems to know how things ought to be done. Take my word for it, he is no *parvenu*; these waiters have got their orders: the Duke could not do it better.’

‘Quite of your opinion, Bob; he is not to be pooh-poohed, and I shall of course leave my card upon him to-morrow.’

‘If you can, but there’s mischief in Tom’s eye; he will sew us up if he can.’

Without doubt this was the end and aim of Tom’s intentions, and when dessert had been placed on the table his efforts were directed to the free circulation of the bottles. The ‘20 port elicited universal approbation, and being patronised extensively, produced the natural result of warming and opening men’s hearts. There were fox-hunters from the Shires as well as from the provinces; one from Melton, another from Mr. Tailby’s Hunt, and a third from the Pytcheley, against whom were pitted two from Berks and Hants, and an old Devonian.

‘Well, Huntley,’ asked Tom, ‘what sport with the Pytcheley last season?’

‘Not much worth repetition. Of course you heard or read about our great run, which nobody saw or wished to see. Walking a fox to death does not accord with my ideas of fox-hunting. Hunting, hunting, hunting, for three hours in succession, appertains rather to beagling a hare than chasing a fox. Men get starved to death with cold at this slow, muddling work. My motto is, “Sharp, short, and decisive,” and if you can’t catch your fox within forty minutes give him up and find another. Let us have a gallop at any rate. ’Tis the pace, sir, we look to——’

‘And nothing else,’ replied the Devonian; ‘and I beg to say, sir, that if such are your ideas on fox-hunting, you know as little about the noble science as a child of six years old.’

‘Doctors differ, sir,’ replied Huntley, rather sharply.

‘Clever ones do not upon essential points, sir,’ replied the Devonian. ‘Fox-hunters in the West of England consider that to constitute fox-hunting in its legitimate sense, the animal is to be fairly

‘found, fairly hunted, and fairly killed. All twaddle, of course, to your pace-men of the present day. Why, sir, it is no difficult matter to kill a fox or half a dozen in a day by your system. Halloaing and screeching at him the moment he shows his nose out of covert, even before found by hounds; hurrying and hustling them on to his brush before he has gained one field from the bit of gorse or little spinney; the huntsman cheering them on and riding alongside the few leading couples, scarcely allowing them to feel the scent, whilst the whippers-in are bringing on the body of the pack—clapping round to the far-end of another covert for which the fox was supposed to be running by telegraphic signals—lifting and going to halloas, the bloody object may be accomplished by killing your fox. But, sir, can any man calling himself a genuine sportsman subscribe to such practices as consistent with the noble science? And I should like to know what a pack of foxhounds so managed would be worth to any man hunting our rough country in the far west.’

‘You would never see them,’ answered Huntley.

‘We should see too much of them,’ replied the Devonian. ‘At every check their heads would be up in the air, waiting for a holloa, and we should be obliged to wait their pleasure until they might condescend to put them down again. Then, sir, your hounds are bad drawers, foxes being generally found for them instead of their being obliged to find their own game. This sort of thing would not suit our woodlands. Another point of objection, they are as mute as fish.’

‘Our hounds in the Shires, sir, go too fast to throw much tongue, and unless they could go the pace, half the pack would be killed or maimed by being ridden over.’

‘Not unlikely,’ replied the Devonian; ‘yet hounds in our country must run hard as well as hunt to kill a wild moor-fox. They are as highly bred as yours, in fact of the same descent, but under different management and tuition. Yours are taught to run at a scent and go over it, ours to carry it with them and not go beyond it; and my firm conviction is that our hounds, if transferred to the Shires, would never be ridden over, because they would never be off the line of their fox, and always going. The continuance of the chase, sir, without interruption is the thing which galls and tails off your pace men; and if a burst of twenty minutes or less scatters nine-tenths of your field to the four winds of heaven, where would they be in a run of fifty minutes or more, without a single check? Heads and sterns up at the first little *contretemps*, when your beauties are snatched up by a scientific huntsman, so called, who knows as little of fox-hunting as of algebra or mathematics, and hurried forward to strike on a line which had diverged at right angles half a mile behind them, gives your horses time to recover their second wind, and have another spree of like nature with your second fox—the first being, of course, lost, nobody knows how—excuse, horrid bad scent; more disgraceful weather never seen. It has been said, ironically, that a good

‘scent makes good hounds; the real meaning of which is, that any lot of odds and ends might kill their fox with a burning scent, without any merit whatever, and entitle themselves, in the opinion of ignorant sportsmen, to the aforesaid encomium; whereas, sir, the reverse is the truth, that a bad scent makes good hounds. Again, tongue may not be of much consequence in the grazing districts, where hounds are rarely out of sight, but what would become of us in our big woods, with a silent pack?—never hear what they were doing or which way they were going. Take my word for it, sir, this system is altogether wrong and false. Even in kennels of long standing and well-earned reputation, huntsmen of the present generation pay too great attention to form and fashion, overlooking the more sterling qualities; and within a few years, if an alteration is not made in breeding fox-hounds more for hunting than racing, with plenty of tongue also, fox-hunting will come to a dead-lock, and your fine packs be renovated by harrier blood, to give a tone to their proceedings. The worst fault belonging to a foxhound, is, running mute;—it is an incorrigible one; nevertheless, I know that there are many mute hounds tolerated in some of the best-bred packs, for form and fashion sake, where they have no right to be. *Ecce signum.* I was out with one of the oldest packs, of more than a century’s date, not very long since, when I noticed a large black hound, running the fox far ahead of all the rest, without even a whimper; and, as a natural consequence, the other hounds showed the usual distaste to run his foil, and this brute being very speedy as well as mute, actually ran into, and killed his fox single-handed. I witnessed the finish to this solo performance in some short under-wood of a year’s growth, being posted on the opposite side of the hill. The hound caught his fox, worried and left him, and, save for my “whoo-hoop” and galloping up to the spot, where lay the dead animal, nobody would have known that the fox had been killed. After the body of the hounds had been got together and disposed of the carcass, I spoke freely to the huntsman about this hound’s malpractices; and his reply was, “We can’t afford to part with him, sir; he is a little shy in throwing his tongue, but first-rate in other respects.” “So, then,” I replied, “you would spoil the efficient working of the whole pack for the sake of one smart, good-looking dog, not worth a halter.” More than this, to my surprise, in the next year’s entry I noticed several hounds by this atrocious vagabond!”

‘Well, sir, with all due deference to your opinion and experience in fox-hunting,’ replied a young Meltonian, ‘I go for pace, and don’t care a rap about the music of the pack. The Huntsman to the Quorn is just the fellow to suit my fancy. Not much time allowed for coffee housing. In go the hounds at one end of the gorse or spinney, and with a crack of the whip out goes the fox at the other—away go also all the men ready for a start—spoonies of course nowhere—ten minutes best pace, a dozen only show in front—a pause for a second or two—hounds overshot the mark. “Never

‘“mind, Will,” exclaims Captain Dashwood, “go ahead, keep clear of the ruck !” Scent or no scent, off gallops our scientific handler of hounds at a rattling rate for another gorse two miles distant, into and through it. No go—away again, this time for the Coplow, three miles more at least. A find, and flourish of trumpets, four miles racing to a drain, bolt him and eat him, with only three fellows up at the finish, besides the officials and your humble servant. Pronounced, sir, *nem. con.*—for those in the secret kept their tongues within their mouths—the run of the season. Twelve miles from point to point without a check, and done in forty-five minutes. Tipped Will a Bank of England for the brush, being first man up, and sold Nutcracker, a three-legged one, for two hundred the next day. That’s the sort of fox-hunting for me ;—no bow-wowling—no time for funkng or crancng at fences. Hounds up to the fun—hark ! halloa ! off they go like the wind. Steeplechase work, sir.’

‘Exactly so,’ replied the Devonian. ‘But you will hardly have the effrontery to tell me this is “Hunting the Fox.”’

BRIGHTON BY EASY STAGES.

‘All the world’s a stage !’

WHEN people are accustomed to travel at thirty or forty miles an hour, it is rather slow work to go at ten or twelve. But it is quite one thing to travel for pleasure, and another to find pleasure in travelling. When a man is popped into a railway carriage as a brown-paper parcel, and then hurled through the country like a cyclone, he can have but little notion of the scenery he catches spasmodic glimpses of as he rushes by ; nor can he take much pleasure in the act of being rattled along two iron rails drawn like Euclid’s parallel lines, and apparently like them made up of points. Railway travelling, regarded merely as travelling, can hardly be said to be an interesting or agreeable mode of passing a day. Novelty, certainly, has something charming in it, and a coach in these days may be considered at once as a new, and to the elder among us as an old, friend, bringing back to the old thoughts and feelings long since supposed to be dead and buried, and raising ideas of wonder among the young as to the way in which the world could have got along before they were born. After this little ‘bolt out of the course,’ we come to the relation of our adventures in the coaching, and not the railway line. Feeling more than ever the penetration and natural shrewdness of the lawyer’s clerk, who wished that ‘every night was Saturday night, and every day was Sunday,’ though differing from him in the latter point, as it would have deprived us of our expected jaunt (the coaches not being Sabbath-breakers), we arrived at the White Horse Cellar, Piccadilly, about a quarter before twelve o’clock on Saturday. The morning was unpleasantly damp, but the ardent spirits of a coach

traveller are not so easily extinguished. Just glancing at the coach itself and its appointments, we noticed that the vehicle was admirably got up in the regular old coaching style, with guard and horn all complete. The horses appeared a capital team, leaders a shade smaller than the wheelers, and well matched in point of shape and appearance. Precisely at twelve o'clock we started with a horn obligato accompaniment along Piccadilly, and down Waterloo Place, admirably driven through the crowd of things upon wheels by Mr. Angell. The rain was coming down in a way that suggested an overflow of the cisterns, or a bursting of the pipes up above, and a reetotaller and a duck would alike have been in their element. But, notwithstanding, on we merrily rattled past crowds of people standing under dripping shop awnings, and apparently waiting for the rain to cease. Vain hope! the further we went the faster it came down. Had not Pratt, the coachman, obligingly shared his waterproof wrapper with us, we fear our earthly course would have been run, our last stage performed, and ourselves, as well as our place, booked. The moisture dripped pleasantly from the brim of our hat and ran down our nose, extinguished our pipe, which it was hopeless to attempt to light again, and forced its way into our mouth, whenever we ventured to say a word, in a manner that was enough to shut any one up. But when we had cleared Kennington, and the long lines of dreary Brixton villas, and were bowling along through Streatham, our spirits once more began to rise, and a glass of excellent 'bitter,' which we took as a corrective to the water at our first stage, enabled us to bear up pretty well. We reached the 'William IV.' at Streatham in fifty minutes from the start, and putting-to four fresh horses, off we went again. The beautiful richness of the colour of the fields was very striking as compared with the exquisite pale pea-green of the hedges, just putting forth their delicate leaves, and scenting the air with the delicious fragrance of the 'country.' We soon entered the quaint old street of Croydon, with the signboards of the principal inns across the street, looking as if the inhabitants had an eye to escaping from fire, should it occur, by 'walking the plank,' and stopped for a moment at the 'Greyhound,' where the whole concern reminded the little knot of on-lookers of a large boiling tea-kettle, so completely were we enveloped in clouds of steam. Of course the wags remarked at once that we appeared to have got the 'steam up.' Who would not be a wag? Our next stage was the 'Windsor Castle,' on the Brighton Road, about a mile out of Croydon, where we changed again, and then rolled along that splendid bit of level 'going,' which reminds one of the old Roman roads, so straight and smooth. There were only two outside passengers besides ourselves who faced the peiting shower. One of them had come for pleasure, and was going to return with the other coach from Horley. He discoursed pleasantly upon coaches and coaching, and said they were one of the wheels of the glorious British Constitution. It was suggested that when coaching was relinquished it was an 'off wheel.' He smiled faintly, and said it was not bad, and

then relapsed into melancholy silence. And now we came to the queer old Mersham church, and pulled up at 'The Cottage of Content' for fresh horse power. This procured, we started on our 'watery path' once more, passing through Redhill, with the Earlswood Asylum on our left, whose inhabitants probably mistook us for a fresh batch just arrived. Then we proceeded gaily over the wide expanse of cotton, with what would have been a beautiful prospect before us had the weather been more favourable. Horley is the point selected for refreshing the inner man; and as we turned round the corner of 'The Chequers,' where we were to lunch, we were charmed with the pretty situation of the inn; the green before the door, the pond, and trees gave an aspect of rural simplicity and freshness to the place. Nearly wet through, we proceeded to attack a capital cold lunch, to which we all did ample justice. Being emboldened by Mr. Pratt's praises to taste the cold leg of mutton at the bottom of the table, we found ourselves so much taken with its merits that we were upon the point of putting the remainder under our arm, and taking it on to Brighton with us. Upon reflection, however, we felt that however unobjectionable 'sheep's eyes' may be under some circumstances, pocketing sheep's legs would be thought a breach of decorum quite inadmissible. So with a sigh of regret we gave up the idea. The coach from Brighton driven by Tedder, formerly on the Oxford line of road, now arrived, but there was a very meagre show of passengers, either outside or in. When lunch was finished, we found the coach ready to start again, and here Mr. Angell handed us over to the tender mercies of Tedder, after having toolled us in first-rate style thus far. The weather had now picked up a little, and the sun, like a strong man in a crowd of boys, had begun to knock the clouds right and left, and show his face. We left the pretty little green, the trees, and pond before the door, and luncheon with regret, and once more were on the road. Many animals are so altered by breeding that it would be quite impossible even for Mr. Darwin to imagine what the original was like from an inspection of the improved copy. It is, nevertheless, a strange freak to breed sheep with white bodies and black heads. We saw some of this kind in a field shortly after leaving Horley. The day was now fine, and a beautiful breeze blowing already wafted the briny smell of the ocean to us, and thus, in fine style, we rattled into Crawley at 3.40. On going into the bar of the 'George,' where we changed, we were rather astonished to see ourselves surrounded by a number of pigeons coolly walking about; indeed, we were almost inclined to ask them what they were going to stand, but the horn warned us that 'boot and saddle' was the word, and once more we mounted our lofty post. From Crawley to Handcross the country is very pretty, and we got to the 'Red Lion' at 4.10. We were much amused at a picture we observed in the 'Red Lion' of a most forlorn-looking dog lying dead among some barrels of beer, or other strong drink, with the melancholy inscription, 'Poor Trust is dead; bad pay killed him.' We confess that

had we been on a coroner's jury, to discover the cause of the animal's unhappy end, we should have found a verdict of 'Died 'from bad beer,' as he had a very dropsical and bloated look about him. Off again! And now the beautiful green of the fields and hedges was interspersed here and there with the pale primrose, and the violets, peeping out like stars on a cloudy night, made the banks and the air alike delicious. How charmingly, after a shower of rain, do these lovely spring flowers seem to pour forth their thanks to Heaven for the relief it gives them, in an increased fragrance which renders balmy the surrounding air! Musing upon these things we reached Cuckfield, where we changed again at the 'King's Head' at 4.35. On leaving here we had an animated race with a wagonette, in which were two grooms. They kept a-head for some little distance, till we came to the bottom of a short hill, when Tedder letting the horses come away, we won literally in a canter, and saw their faces no more. At 5.10 we reached the 'Friars' Oak,' where we again 'put to' a fresh team. This was our last change, and we plucked up ourselves again for the final run into Brighton. The rain, which had been coming down for some little time past, was now suddenly illuminated by the god of day, and a beautiful double rainbow was the result. On the left some breezy downs were dotted with sheep and lambs, which, at a little distance, forcibly brought to mind the trays of silkworms, large and small together, which used to delight us in early days. Amid the blowing of the horn, and the gaze of crowds of people, we trotted through the streets of Brighton, and arrived at the 'Albion' at 6.1, having performed the whole journey, including changes, and twenty minutes at Horley for lunch, in six hours.

A more enjoyable day we have seldom spent. Had the weather been fine nothing would have been wanting. A coach is a sociable conveyance. It is an event. Everybody in a village must come to their doors to look at, and cheer it as it passes. Even the 'maids of 'merry England' lose their native bashfulness as it passes by, and, radiant with blushes, wave their hands in friendly welcome. In several of the towns we passed through we noticed the head of the 'oldest inhabitant' looking through an upper-floor window, and feebly endeavouring to remember when and where he had seen anything like that before. We can safely recommend our readers to take a trip by this old English conveyance, and we doubt much whether 'Eight hours at the Sea-side' would do any one half as much good as 'Six hours on the Brighton Coach.'

Croydon, May, 1867.

A CHASSE IN THE MAURITIUS.

AT 6.30 A.M. on a certain morning at the end of August we were seated in a light carriage, drawn by a pair of fast horses, on our way from Moka to Curepipe, ten miles distant, to take part in one of the last chasses of the season, given by Mr. Currie, the owner of this

part of the forest. The morning was drizzly, and, as we gradually increased our elevation, became almost cold. The plain on each side of the road was covered by a monotonous succession of sugar-fields, in which a few Indians were working, huddled up in old military tunics and great-coats, for to them the climate is severe. The Mauritius seems to be the great market for the cast-off uniforms of the British army, and on the backs of Indian labourers on the estates may be seen tunics of Hussars, Dragoon-Guards, Infantry, Militia, and Volunteers, not looking so smart as when worn by their original owners, for the want of trousers detracts from the appearance of this costume.

We passed many sugar-mills, scenting the air with a heavy smell, and a few country houses in nicely-kept gardens, but these places were too few and small to give a comfortable appearance to the country. On arriving at Curepipe we found drawn up on the side of the road vehicles of all descriptions just arrived, groups of dogs held by Indians, and, about the door of a thatched hut, forty or fifty sportsmen opening gun-cases, and getting their rifles and ammunition in order. These included most of the principal men, English and French, in the island.

When all was ready we were told off into batches, each under a keeper, and started to take up our positions, which was a work of time, as the piece of forest to be surrounded was a mile, or a mile and a half, in diameter, and to be guarded by nearly fifty guns.

Curepipe being the highest ground in the island is almost always damp and showery, and a waterproof coat is a necessity; besides this the old hands brought an umbrella, a camp-stool, and a book, carried by a servant; the book to read while waiting for the deer, and the servant to give notice of their approach. The first part of the ground we came to was broken, and afforded good cover from bushes and grass, but was clear of trees. As we traversed this the chasseurs of our division were posted one by one by the head keeper, Jean Marie, and received directions how to fire; two sides were generally forbidden, as there were other posts within range. Further on the forest became thicker, with small open glades here and there, the most likely-looking of which were guarded by guns.

The last three of our party were posted on the railway, with permission to fire in every direction except along the line.

When all was ready the beaters were sent into the enclosed ground with sixty couple of hounds, who soon made the forest ring with their cry. The greater part of these were French staghounds, but there was also a proportion of underbred dogs, as too many well-bred hounds would stick too long to the same deer. The French hounds are heavy-looking and slow, but possessed of wonderful voices. One old hound named Brocador could be distinguished from the whole pack at any distance; he acknowledged the scent by stopping short and roaring in a way which made the hills echo: his voice must be almost unrivalled amongst dogs.

As the pack is heard to approach our posts on the railway the

excitement becomes great. The cry comes nearer and nearer, so near that the deer must show, and the next instant a herd of does and fawns steal gently out of the bushes, and stand for a moment looking over the opposite railway fence of wire, not ten yards off. Their lives are, however, quite safe, for it is forbidden to shoot does, fawns, or daguets (which are stags without branches to their horns).

The first sight of game, and the sound of shots on every side, increase the excitement, and presently the dogs are again heard giving tongue most lustily as close as before, and again a herd, this time headed by a fine stag, with his nose in the air, emerges cautiously from the bushes.

A suspicion of danger decides him not to cross the line, and the only chance he gives is a difficult shot as he walks straight away. The ball misses its aim, and with a bound the herd disappear into the bushes and are safe for the present. Again the dogs give tongue close by, and a herd breaks wildly out, crosses the railway, and clears the second wire paling not five yards from where the chasseur is concealed behind a bush. There is no stag for him to fire at, but, while he is looking after the departed deer, a slight noise on the gravel of the railway reaches his ear; a run of a few yards brings him to a bush which commands an open glade, and there, about forty yards off, stands a magnificent stag, with his head high in the air, listening to the distant dogs. The next instant he is lying dead on the grass, the bullet having pierced his jugular vein close in front of the shoulder, and killed him without a struggle.

This is a lucky post, for many more does and fawns show themselves, and at length a stag crosses an open space at some distance at a gallop. Straight in his line is another small glade about ten yards wide, and this the chasseur watches. Next moment the stag appears, still galloping, and a fortunate shot through the head kills him as he is entering the bushes again, about sixty yards off.

After about four hours' shooting the keeper came round the posts at one o'clock, and brought us all in to luncheon, at the hut where we met, and the beaters brought in the fallen deer, about thirty in number, the heads of which were appropriated by those who had shot them. No one had killed more than two stags, and some had not had a shot the whole morning. Amongst the slain appeared a 'daguet,' and the man who had killed him became the butt of every one's wit, for, in the Mauritius, he who shoots a daguet is looked on in the same light as he would be in a hunting-field in England if he holloaed a hare for a fox.

Some fine stags had been seen to go by one gentleman's post without being fired at, and he was obliged to confess that, after waiting a long time for a shot, he had fallen asleep. Another had stepped from behind a tree to get a shot at a stag which had escaped about a dozen shots, and was coming straight towards him; before he could fire the frightened animal had run over him, knocked him down, and made its escape. In the afternoon we surrounded another

small piece of the forest, but without success, nothing appearing but does and daguets.

When it became dusk we walked to Fressanges, about three miles off, where Mr. Currie has a shooting-box in the centre of the forest. This place consists of several one-storied wooden houses built round three sides of a courtyard. A long house at one end is the dining-room; the smaller detached houses serve as sleeping-rooms. Opposite the dining-room, at some little distance, are kennels for the hounds and stables for shooting ponies.

We sat down to a capital dinner, to which full justice was done, after the adventures of the day, which were all gone over again; and to judge from the stories told of stags which managed to escape with bullets through their heads, shoulders, legs, and all parts of their bodies, these animals must have more tenacity of life than any animal yet written of. The evening was enlivened by many stories and much chaff, of which such unfortunates as the slayer of the 'daguets' did not escape their full share. Great also was the variety of songs, for some of the Frenchmen were most musically inclined.

Each day for two days more we attacked a new part of the forest; and the same scene was enacted over again, with varied success to each individual; but the number of stags killed did not come up to the first day. It is much easier to miss easy-looking shots at running deer than might be imagined; and the number of stags which are killed bears a small proportion to those which are fired at.

A chasse, though a tame sport compared to some in other countries, is quite a novelty, and a day spent in these forests is very enjoyable.

The district round Curepipe is about the highest in the island, two thousand feet above the level of the sea, and from this elevation the scenery is beautiful and very extensive. All around is the rich tropical vegetation of the forest—tall Australian gum trees, with bare trunks; almond trees, which give a delightful shade; graceful tree-ferns; trees and bushes of guava, citron, myrtle, cinnamon, and many other species; with grass and underwood green with a perpetual spring; the open glades of the forest, brilliantly lit up by the sun, contrasting with dark recesses so thick that the sun's rays cannot penetrate. Close by is a ravine, with sloping sides densely wooded to the bottom, where a rivulet, broken into an almost continuous stream of white foam, tumbles over stones and boulders.

The forest stretches far into the distance, covering valleys, hills, and ravines, and is visible for a long way from the nature of the ground. Beyond the forest, in the far distance, are extensive plains covered with light green sugar-cane, backed by low hills covered with rich dark forest. On each side of the island the sea can be seen, as, shining under the sun's rays, it runs into many bays and creeks between high and forest-clad promontories.

The evening sky is often very beautiful, and on this occasion set off the scene and vied with it in contrast and variety. In one direction

it resembled a fine summer's day—light blue, with small and high clouds; in another it was dark, misty, and dull; and in the west the sun was setting in a flood of crimson light, and round it were massed heavy and grotesquely-shaped clouds, fringed and lighted up with colours of gold, crimson, blue, and purple in every variety of shade; and the atmosphere and everything around seemed to be tinged with mauve.

The deer of the Mauritius grow to a considerable size, being almost as large as red deer. At two years old they have horns without branches, and are called 'daguets;' at three years old they have three tines, but the horns are small; they are then called 'trois cornichons.' As they grow older the horns increase in size, and they are promoted to be 'gros cerfs.' Some of the heads are very fine, but they never have more than three branches to their horns.

These deer were originally imported into the island by the Portuguese, and, at first, increased in numbers very fast. In time, however, it was found necessary to preserve them by law to prevent their becoming extinct. They are now successfully preserved, and there are several properties, the forests of which afford good sport in the season, which commences in May and ends with August.

Some years ago stags were very rare at Curepipe, but now it is the best chasse ground in the island, owing to the exertions of Mr. Currie, who takes a great interest in preserving the deer, and to whom both the inhabitants and visitors owe much for his hospitality and the excellent sport he shows.

S. J.

THE VETERAN'S LAMENT.

THE heathercock I love to hear,

While yet the morn is grey,

As strutting on the mountain-side

He greets the break of day.

And sweet it is on rugged stream,

If tackle true be thine,

To feel the fish that flashes off

On forty yards of line.

But, oh! to me more thrilling far

Is that wild sound of sylvan war

That bursts upon the vale;

When headlong, as a mountain flood,

The dashing hounds, athirst for blood,

Are pelting on like hail!

Late on a winter's eve it was—

I mind the day full well—

That long and keen the chase had been,

And many a good steed fell:

And homeward, by the grey stone walls,
By many a farm and fold,
The huntsman held his weary hounds
Over the Glos'ter wold.

Now plodding onwards, cold and wet,
Ah ! who that saw them could forget
That peerless sight at morn ?
When, dressed in all their glossy pride,
They glistened at the cover-side,
Like dewdrops on a thorn.

Now glimmers on their lonely path
The crescent moon on high ;
And here and there a merry star
Comes peeping through the sky :
And night has spread her wings above
That avenue of oak,
Whose mighty limbs have never bowed
Beneath a woodman's stroke.

Behind the pack, still hale and green,
A gallant soul may yet be seen,
Of fourscore years and more ;
Ah ! when the chase was hot and strong,
A wondrous man was brave Will Long
In merry days of yore.

A Centaur once, but pensive now,
He bends above his saddle-bow,
And thus, in thoughtful mood :
' Farewell, stout hounds, your day is done ;
Farewell,' said he, ' to triumphs won
By courage, strength, and blood.

' Alas ! that I should live so long,
To see those beauties suffer wrong
By such a Pagan plan.
No ! horseflesh, in this old cuntry,
The food of hounds should ever be—
'Tis not the food of man.'

Touched was the noble owner's heart
The sage's grief to see ;
And thus unto his henchman bold
In winged words spake he :
' My badger-pie, my ancient race
Will dwindle to decay ;
Ah ! Will, you know, in headlong chase,
What brilliant hounds were they.

‘To men who venture thus to feed
 What maladies are stored,
 For, doubtless, many a glandered steed
 Will smoke upon their board.
 Roast or ragoût, whate’er the stew,
 They’re welcome to my share ;
 For cannibals the men must be
 On kennel-flesh to fare.’

‘Strange things I’ve seen,’ quoth brave Will Long,
 ‘And, should the times be worse,
 With thankful trust I’ll eat my crust,
 But never feed on horse.
 The thought I loathe ; and oft I pray
 That when I’m run to ground,
 No lying lip shall dare to say
 I ever robbed a hound.’

RING OUZEL.

NOTE.—At a Council held in the year 785, under the Presidency of Gregory, Bishop of Ostia, it was decreed as follows:—‘Many among you eat horses, which ‘is not done by any Christians in the East. Avoid this.’

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

THE month of January of our new year, 1868, was peculiar. In London where, with an immediate view to hunting in the highest shires, at an outlay, for body clothing which Messrs. H. P. and Co., D. and Co., and B. and Co. will long remember, I repaired just before the ‘*Jour de l’An*,’ thereby escaping ‘*Crennes*,’ that is to say, new-year’s boxes—I found just frost enough to stop hunting, and an atmosphere so dense that gas was the rule and daylight the exception. Here in Paris it was the reverse—bright sunshine, but frost so excessive that it literally froze out the bottom of a tin pot—a fact in the history of congelation rarely recorded. It froze so hard that shares in the Skating Club rose above zero at an inverted ratio with the thermometer. The night fêtes were brilliant. All aristocratic Paris in costume—fur up to the knees—so far visible ; fur down to the shoulders—so far evident ; sealskin caps ; velvet boots ; pretty little feet held up to have pretty little skates rivetted to them ; a seat in a sledge ; a Prince, Duke, Marquis, perhaps an Emperor, pushing that sledge. ‘*C’est à en mourir*,’ said an American, the wife of the greatest democrat in Demagogueville, U. S. (in fact, Colonel Hezekiah I. Bunt). Fireworks illumined the sky, and music, chiefly of Offenbach—‘*Grande Duchesse*’ and ‘*Pelle Hélène*’ school—filled the air, and attracted the *biches au bois* of the Forest of Boulogne, while over that water into which, last June, Mr. Heathcote’s ‘lambs’ so artistically knocked their birds, the *haute volée* of Paris society glided and danced like fairies—‘they did ‘on my word.’ It was highly select, all those who had done wrong AND BEEN FOUND OUT being rigidly excluded from the enclosure of the Club. That is, I think, the *ne plus ultra* of Paris morality. After a frost naturally comes a thaw ; and as we had some inches of snow, you may easily imagine the condition of the streets of Paris. The annual fair of New Year’s gifts—gifts

ranging from a thousand-franc doll to a penny cigar—was utterly destroyed by the elements, and charity not only began at home, but very wisely stayed there. The *lals musqués* also suffered from stress of weather; and the poor barbers' clerks, who received a shilling and their supper for dancing every dance from midnight to four A.M., were nearly left alone in their tawdry glory. By the way, the frequenters of the *lals de l'Opéra* are getting moral and particular—a state of mind perfectly abnormal during the season in which men and women are 'buying repentance ere they grow devout.' They have lately taken to hissing females for being too little dressed—a piece of prudery which comes charmingly from the audiences of the Porte St. Martin and the Châtelet. The theatres have had no great success this winter. Schneider failed in 'Gulliver,' the Châtelet being too big both for her singing and her acting, the asides and other minute details of which are its great charm—and no new piece has as yet been produced. The light musical world of Paris is divided into two parties, one of which is faithful to Offenbach, while the other has erected an altar to Hervé, whom they declare to be the coming comic composer. Before this appears in 'Baily' we shall be in the very agony of Carnival gaiety—ministerial masquerades, fancy balls in the hôtels of Austrian and Russian princesses, Hôtel de Ville scimmages, Imperial balls—then sackcloth and ashes, small receptions, Lent, and then back to busy life again. Paris is pronounced to be duller than it ever was known. We have literally no English resident in or passing through Paris. Respectable families are at Nice, and disreputable persons at Hombourg. The cohort of Plungers who favoured us with their company last year has deserted us for 'fresh fields and pastures new'—pastures where they can find anything green. By-the-by one of them this month took a 'sensation 'header,' and plunged into matrimony; and indeed the only sporting members of society whom I have seen this month were some members of that permanent institution the British Betting-ring. One of our Jockey Club swells, the Prince of Orange, is going to commit matrimony with a Princess of the ex-House of Hanover. I hear that certain 'bad nights' had to be repaired before the royal bridegroom could comfortably settle down into domestic life; and as the kind gentlemen ('parties' is, I believe, the proper expression) who advance 'sums of money to noblemen and landed gentlemen' in distress, on nominal security and at purely ridiculous interest, were very tardy in their advances, a tender for a loan was made to the London market, and the money was sent by return of post. It was not much more than a plunger stands on a 50*l.* plate (three starters) at Newmarket. Nobody else, that I remember, is going to be married, or otherwise ruined, just now, if, indeed, I except that bright particular star, Mdlle. Patti, who will briefly cease to be La Signorina Adelina Patti, and appear on the stage of society as La Marquise de Caux. Le Marquis de Caux is 'not only a nobleman, but a 'gentleman,' as the Irishman observed of George, fourth of that name. He is an equerry to the Emperor, and in very constant attendance on the Empress, and was selected as honorary equerry to the Sultan when his Ottoman Majesty was at Paris last year. Mdlle. Patti will not retire from the stage just yet, having, indeed, to fulfil an engagement next year at St. Petersburg—500*l.* a night, two nights a week, for three months, a benefit, all expenses paid, and a doctor kept on the establishment. Not bad business, is it? Lawyers and singers alone know the value of the 'human voice divine,' and also how to work that valuable organ. Dancers do good business, but they 'shut up' when tried against such performances as this.

But your readers will cry out, 'How about the heading of this paper?' 'Where is your Paris Sport?' I will be frank with you. I have got very little sport, that is to say, sporting sport, this first month of our new year. Frost has entirely stopped all sorts of out-door amusements (bar skating) except the shooting of great preserves, and as yet those are rare in France. The Emperor, a few noblemen, a Baron de Rothschild, can show as good a head of game as any keeper in England; but they are the exception and not the rule, and so shooting is soon over here. There has been some wonderful wildfowl shooting, though, and the markets are full of odd birds. Wolves, too, have been killed in large numbers, and are sent up to market with foxes, badgers, and even polecats, on the off chance that some speculative eater, already weary of horse, should like to eat the 'last new thing in food.' In Rome, you know, fox is considered such a delicacy that it is reserved for the tables of cardinals. Perhaps it is eating 'sly Reynard' that makes themselves so sly. Hunting at Compiègne and Meudon has been quite ruined as yet this year; but I have heard that the Emperor intends to have some few days later in the year in the splendid forest of Fontainebleau—woodlands finer even than those of Compiègne.

As to racing we are quite in the dark, but I hear the young ones are very backward, but that when they are fit they will prove flyers! It is time we had another Gladiateur here, as our backers did badly last year, and, as I hear, are backward at parting with what remains of their former winnings; it is not that they have not got any money, but that they want it themselves. 'Why don't you sell that farm you spoke about, and pay me what you lost to me?' said Lord George once to a defaulter. 'Well, my lord,' was the reply, 'I've been thinking of it over, and I have come to the conclusion that if I sell my farm nobody will give me another.' This seems to be much the case with the Paris swell, so he declines to settle till the opening racing season allows him to get something to go on with. It will be a bad year for the Ring, I fear, for the two great Mahomedan backers of favourites are out of the race. Mustapha Pacha is away on private and political business, and so cannot take 600 to 400 napoléons of Mr. Morris, and lose them, as was his wont; and Kahlil Bey (the private property of the International Commissioner) is selling his pictures, which I have always found to be a sign of coming dissolution; however, Jack Brag's father, you remember, once dropped a 1000*l.* note, and what do you think he did? Picked it up again, you will say. Not a bit of it. No; he went home and got another: and so it will be with our Bey; he has dropped thousands, and now he will 'go home and get some more.' There will be weeping and wailing, and gnashing of bright ivory teeth. The Rue de Breda will echo with shrieks of woe (they cry woe, but he won't stop), and the cabinets of the House of Gold. The 'Opulent' and the 'British' will be hushed when our Bey is no more to the fore, for he was a noble entertainer and a liberal 'parter.' The *demi-monde* must, however, content itself with the certainty that, if the Bey is overpaced just now, he can stay, and will surely 'come again,' and probably win by a head, for, like most Orientals, he has got a very clever and long one. The Bey's racing establishment has already gone to the dogs, or the lawyers, who are worse, and more addicted to worrying than dogs. I see our 'Gladiateur' Count is back in Paris—his hat a trifle more on one side than usual—his manners even more than ordinarily courteous; and, indeed, he looks all over like a winner—a man who has wintered on a 1000 to 15 which will see 2 to 1. You know the look. The Vermouth stable declare they have nothing good,

which makes me view them with intense suspicion. The Court is going down to Compiègne for one day's shooting and one day's hunting, 'weather permitting,' which I dare say it will not. The royal stables are filled with the usual scores of good-looking horses in 'Gamble's patent condition,' and it is quite refreshing to know that some forty or fifty will have a good gallop. Where General Fleury and his A.D.C., Mr. Gamble, continue to find so many good-looking harness horses and hacks—price even being no consideration—fairly beats me. They have, to be sure, the pick of the best stables, both here and in London, but even then they must have both luck and judgment. It is some years since I saw the stud at Buckingham Palace stables, and I hear it has very much improved. That there was much room for improvement there was no doubt. Here they would not mount the youngest equerry on the best horse in the royal stud of England, and would reserve your carriage horses for the *fourgons*. Changing the subject, and returning to what we really in Paris may call 'every-day life,' we have had a nice little scandal. One Catherine Schumacher was, and indeed is, a very pretty woman—so pretty, indeed, in her very early dawn of life, that her respected and respectable parents—Schumacher, *père et mère*, cab proprietors and drivers—thought that to keep her at home was to waste her sweetness on the desert air, so they kindly kicked her into the streets, and told her to 'gain her own living.' Venal beauty can, fortunately for the exile from the balls, or rather stables, of her parents, always be sure of sympathy and relief in gold in the moral city of the Seine. First 'La Schumacher' created a sensation, and then she realised a fortune, a *dot* which rarely falls to the lot of young ladies the most moral (*il y en a*), a *dot* of 1,000,000 francs, or 40,000*l.* of sterling money. Now enters on the scene the Marquis de Maubreuil d'Orvault, who converts the frail shoemaker into a very pretty French marquise, and thinks he has done good business, dearth of money being chronic with our Marquis. The young or middle-aged couple lived 'happy ever after,' though they did not have any children—ever after, that is, till their troubles began. First of all Cabby and his wife bring an action against their daughter, the Marquise, to obtain means of support from her. She pleads that cab-driving is a lucrative profession, and her husband backs up her opinion; still she is 'cast,' and has to pay her parents an income of 40*l.* to keep them from the streets into which they had thrust her. This was hardly over when another of the worthy family makes his *début*. He forges on the Comptoir d'Escompte—is detected—forces his sister to pay; and when she pays, but refuses to receive him again, this grateful and pleasant brother fires three barrels of a revolver at her, wounds her severely, and tries, but unluckily fails, to shoot himself. The last act of this domestic drama is the appearance of the Marquis as a suitor for a divorce, on the grounds that the marriage was celebrated at Luxembourg, and that the officer performing it was incompetent to marry any one. It is a nice little story, is it not? The father and mother nice people—cheap at 40*l.* per annum. The brother a nice young man for a tea party; and the Marquis quite a husband of the good old sort. I pity the girl who was married, fined, and shot at, but nobody else.

The Imperial Court gave a ball—the second this year—on Wednesday, the 22nd; only six English were presented, which will tell you how scarce are our countrymen here this season. It was a very good ball, though perhaps the country visitors were a bit too hungry before feeding-time; and, indeed, a kennel huntsman and his whip were rather required. The incident of the evening was the introduction to the Empress of an American family named

F—, the same name as the wife of the Prince Murat. Her Majesty asked in French—'Are you by chance related to the Murats?' 'What?' asked the *princesse*. 'Oh!' then said the Empress in English, 'are you related to the lady whom Prince Murat married?' 'No; I'll tell you,' said the American, 'the Murats' (kindly pronounce 'rats' like the vermin) 'don't belong to our house!' There was a *débutante* there who will be heard of again in England. 'Who is that glittering young girl?' was asked me by a Parisian, and I looked round and saw the fair daughter of a fair mother, who literally beat the rest of the party by 'miles.' For once I went to a French state ball without seeing the usually inevitable 'Deputy-Lieutenant,' under the shadow of whose acorns and oak leaves we have all supped at every court in Europe. I used to think he bored me, yet I missed him. *Così, volti, sìcino, così*. When he is here we don't want him; when he is not here we miss him. Same through life.

Madame Sanchez—*dame d'honneur* to the court of the *demi-monde*—gave a great ball last week. On the cards of invitation were written the orders, which were as strong and as binding as those of the 'Maids and Parsons,' as the nearsighted scripture-reader once translated the Medes and Persians. Women dressed as nurses—men as recruits! The world, however, was before them where to choose. You could nurse your 'dusky brood' in India, or recruit your national army at the North Pole, where there is more fur, of course in the uniform, than there ever was in the 11th Hussars. It was a great ball, and more fine 'nurses' than I have ever seen since I was weaned—weaned? no! since I left the senior nursery. Some nurses brought their blessed babes (dolls), some twins—one had *thrins*—and one had thrown in with the deuces and landed a four. Dancing began early with great spirit, and was kept up by the aid of 'rhum-grogs' (a deceptive compound, chiefly headache and sugar) till daylight did appear. Recruits are indifferent dogs, even when they are dukes in disguise; but altogether we got on nicely, and were very pleasant and friendly; indeed everybody embraced everybody else during the whole evening when the least occasion served. A great ball—good company—very lively—pretty decorations—music I should say like that of the 'spheres'—if, that is, they ever played 'Grande Duchesse' and 'Belle Hélène.' Supper! Ah! don't talk of that. A slight repast is all that I took. A little clear soup—an oyster—a *bechamelle à la Patti en Sennambule*—an epigram of lamb made by a *grand esprit*—some asparagus reared in Algeria, and accompanied by its compatriot pea. Nothing to drink but some simple Château Yquem, and a few dozens of Château Lafitte—champagne served to the attendants—truffles *en robe de chambre* sent up in place of chestnuts. You see at these little friendly parties you do not wish for display or expense. The dancing was charming—so much expanse—so much heartiness. We had every costume, and, I think, every manner; and as for manners—perfect! Dancing was kept up to a late hour, and so, indeed, was supping, for the music tired before the hospitality.

So we inaugurated the Carnival there—it will be kept up elsewhere, I dare say. Now I must close my monthly record. I ask you, Mr. Baily, what have you done with our travelling English—English of a good sort, I mean? Where are they? Paris is so dull that shortly 'Paris Sport' will be a fiction, and 'Paris Life' an invention, and he who writes this a wretched individual, with all the wish and none of the means of being an amusing contributor. I have a great mind to turn 'good.'

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—January Jottings.

JANUARY, the month sacred to Weatherby and to Turkey, has glided away so quietly and unobtrusively, that but for the calls of our Printer we should hardly have been aware of the near approach of its dissolution. Before, however, it is numbered with the past, we would simply remark that it has been pre-eminent for its dulness; and every class of sporting man has suffered from its atmospheric pressure, except the Billiard World, who have had a series of brilliant field days, in the shape of handicaps constructed with as much skill as those of Berkeley Square and Burlington Street for a different class of competitor. As however they were understood to be of a private character, it would be contrary to etiquette to reproduce them here. It has long been said, and we believe upon excellent authority, that the builder of a house without bricks can lay claim to architectural powers of no mean order; and, arguing upon these premises, we think it will not be denied that to pack a Van with the scanty materials of January, is also a feat requiring some professional skill. We must, therefore, spread our articles in such a way that they may appear to the best advantage, like an army of supers in a country theatre, and conceal the hollowness of the interior. In the first place, then, we may remark that Trainers have not known what to do with their horses for two days together, so rapid have been the changes in the weather, and Derby favourites have even been more steady than the barometer. This of course has told upon the reports of the professional horse-watchers, which is the new-fashioned term for the British tout; and these erratic individuals have had their inventive powers taxed very highly to prove to their employers they combine the pedestrian powers of a Mountjoy or a Townsend with the vision of the Great Northern Eagle. Hunting men also have been kept in a state of perpetual excitement; and the exodus from the Shires to the Pantomines and Clubs of London, has been positively alarming, and yet their visits have been but of a transitory nature, like that of wildfowl driven inland by the severity of the weather. Coursing Meetings like Steeple-chases have likewise suffered by the alternate changes of snow, sleet, frost, and rain; and those usually important persons, Clerks of Courses, have had to give way to the Clerk of the Weather, whom there is no squaring, or putting on a hundred to nothing. Sporting Writers also, like dock labourers, have been frozen out, and compelled to fall back on those stock pieces, analyses and reviews of the past Racing Season, which is nothing but putting our Guide to the Turf in a different description of print. Then a discussion has sprung up relative to the proper pronunciation of Typhæus, which at one time bid fair to attain the same dimensions as that of the Iliona one some years back; but the authorities (not racing ones), as well as common sense, were so unanimous on the 'e' being pronounced long, and the 'o' being mute, that the controversy may be said to be at an end.

At the commencement of the month we were promised to be swamped with a host of gate-money Meetings; but, happily for the *morale* of the Steeple-chase and Plating World, there has been a lull in these 'man-trap' affairs. For during their continuance, the honoured name of Rous is taken in vain, that of Weatherby ignored, and the conventional maxim of 'Win, tye, or wrangle,' might be well inscribed over the weighing-room. As in the report of almost every Meeting, the number of objections are sufficient to convert the Stewards' Room into a Registration Court, and the whole proceedings are only calculated to enrich the lowest class of betting men. At one of these gatherings, the

name of which we do not care to repeat, for reasons which are obvious to those who, like ourselves, have an inherent dislike to law costs in any shape, the following innocent little game was played with great success. A horse, entered to be sold in a hurdle race for 60 guineas, was brought out, and weighed as if not to be sold. He then ran, and came in first, to the great satisfaction of all his party, who through one commissioner backed the second animal, and through another agency laid against the one that came in first, thus skinning the lamb in the most finished manner. Then at Kingsbury, Love in a Mist came in first for a selling race, and the jockey took a pound for a double bridle, when a double snaffle was brought in, which of course was objected to; for, according to custom, a double bridle means a curb. The Steward, who was perhaps pressed for time, argued there was nothing in the objection, but we contend to the contrary; still, whether right or wrong in our conclusions, we conceive some authoritative declaration on the subject should be made. Again, at St. Alban's, Cripple disappointed his friends by coming in first, and getting disqualified in favour of Patience, who got the stakes, as she had been anticipated to do. But her career of triumph was not of long duration; for she broke her back at Reading, and was destroyed, as many other people's patience have been at the same place. We might multiply these instances *ad infinitum*; but we think we have shown sufficient cause for an entire New Reform Bill, of Radical dimensions, being brought in and carried, to meet this growing evil in steeple-chasing. The Garus Case, upon which Dr. Shorthouse has gone straight to the head of the Court of Appeal, will no doubt lead to a lengthy discussion, which will fill up the columns of the newspapers until the Racing Season sets in. To many of our readers, the circumstance of a race-horse being sold by a trainer to a gentleman, who does not pay for him, but disposes of him to a third party, with the strict stipulation of the terms being ready money, which he puts into his own pocket, instead of into that of the original vendor, may seem odd, if not worse. In fact, we should be afraid to make use of the phrase Lord Glasgow, with all his eccentricity, would apply to it, or state how Mr. Justice Blackburne would put it to a Common Law Jury in the Court of Queen's Bench. Nevertheless, it is of frequent occurrence; and the body of Noblemen and Gentlemen, who are so jealous of the honour of a gentleman rider, that they would rather he pawned the shirt off his back to pay his travelling expenses, for risking his neck for a Peer with a hundred thousand per annum, than charge him his railway fare (the Attorney and Solicitor-General, we may observe, never moving without railway and hotel expenses being paid in advance), have never thought proper to notice it. We therefore suppose that it is a venial offence, and does not disqualify the author either from riding with gentlemen, or being a Steward of a race meeting. But perhaps this exposure, which has been made by 'The Sportsman,' may perhaps awaken attention to the matter, and cause it to be viewed in its proper light. To Admiral Rous's decision of the question put to him by the learned Doctor, we must with all humility take exception; for we are convinced he has overlooked the Statute of Limitations, within which Garus clearly comes, if the case has been properly stated, as we assume it to have been, by Dr. Shorthouse. And we should not be surprised if in a short time the Admiral saw the error of his way, and recanted it. Newmarket is flourishing; and if the Chancellor of the Exchequer has ever time at his disposal to glance at the published list of horses in training there, he must be delighted with what they must bring to the Revenue. And we dare say, if he was appealed to at the time, he would not be indisposed to lend his sanction to the grant of one or more additional Queen's Plates.

As this is the period when owners of brood mares are thinking of mating them, it may be as well to take a Parthian glance at the returns of last season, which will be guide, in some shape, to those who have not yet made up their mind on the subject. In doing so, we will first remark that the front lot is composed of a couple of old and young stallions, as Stockwell and Newminster are within a year of each other, Newminster being twenty years old, and the son of Pocahontas one year younger; while St. Albans and Trumpeter are far their juniors. These, it will be seen, are right in front of all the others, as may be estimated when the Stockwells have earned 41,906*l.*, mainly by Achievement; the Newminsters, 30,837*l.*, chiefly by Hermit; the St. Albans, 17,401*l.*, owing in a great measure to Julius; and the Trumpeters, 16,736*l.*, through Lady Elizabeth. Next to these comes Muscovite, the very cheapest horse, we have always contended, that ever left Hyde Park Corner, as we saw him taken away by Carter for 'a monkey,' and now by Vauban, he is actually fifth on the list of winning sires. King Tom keeps up his prestige with 10,769*l.*, but the greatest portion of this sum has been contributed by Hippia, and Beadsman has rather astonished the natives by running next to him with 10,295*l.* For until Rosicrucian, Blue Gown, and Green Sleeve came out, there was no temptation to send to him more than any other high-bred horse. This trio of clippers will of course induce Sir Joseph to stick to him, and it is quite on the cards that Mr. Gully's famous old Mendicant may turn out in time a second Pocahontas. Weatherbit's stayers have brought no less than 7,494*l.* worth of grist to the mill; and while the Osbornes exist among the trainers in England he will never want mares. Voltigeur, considering all that has been said and written against him, does not come out so bad after all, with 6,347*l.* standing to his name; and Wild Dayrell, Rataplan, and Chevalier d'Industrie are all working their way well up the ladder of fame. Marsyas has had a good year, and Claret is one of the fast-coming horses, as all of his stock run, and his young growth look as if they would pay for keeping. And we would here remark how curious it is that the great Claret Houses of the age have been seized upon by these fanciers for names for his colts. Thus we gather that Mr. George Angell is a follower of 'Heatly,' and John Scott does not desert 'Carbonnell;' and in time we suppose we shall have a Wallace, a Webber, and a Dore. Going down the list we find Orlando merged in Trumpeter, and Gemma di Vergy, although he has not yet realized the expectations of his owner, is still a very long way in front of other horses, some of whom are Derby and Two Thousand winners. Teddington has shared the same fate as Orlando, and from the same cause; and of the other failures, the most remarkable is Thormanby, who is very nearly at the bottom of the poll, although he has had some of the best-bred mares in England put to him. Turning from the past to the future, we may remark that possibly at no previous time have we had so many promising and valuable young sires located in the North of England as now, and anxious indeed must their owners be to see how their stock will turn out. This year will show us a number of Blair Athols, Adventurers, and Macaronis, which will put their sires on their trial. If they are as successful as their good looks promise, then the authors of their existence may be said to be made; but if, on the contrary, they do not run, then their procreators must retire into the cold shade of the opposition, and give way to fresh candidates for fame. Of the most prominent horses in the North is Thormanby, who, we hear, has returned to Croft in disgrace, and it is reported that no progress has been made in his subscription. It seems hard that so good a horse, with such valuable

blood in his veins, should be discarded; but unless something unforeseen occurs, this is likely to be the case. The handsome Macaroni is in the same neighbourhood, and as he also is so rarely bred, we shall look with interest to the running of his stock this year, upon which his future will depend. From the size and quality of many of the Blair Athol colts and fillies, we may surely venture to predict they will do well. The magnificent Lord Clifden may be fairly said to be the best big horse at the Stud at the present time; but we must wait another year before we can know of what sort of stuff his young stock are made. At present we can only say that, so far as we have seen, his yearlings promise to be quite, if not rather above, an average quality, and to combine plenty of size with substance; and those who imagined they would be light of bone below the knee will be agreeably disappointed when they judge for themselves. And when we state that no less than six thousand guineas has been offered and refused for him, it is quite clear that others share our views. Also near at hand may be seen Victorious, a nice useful short-legged horse, who at so moderate a fee, and with other recommendations, ought to inspire more curiosity among breeders. Claret, a neighbour, we have before alluded to, therefore we only observe now that, if his stock run this year as they did last, he bids fair to be at the top of the second class of stallions. Nutbourne, who is as handsome as a picture, has deserted the Sussex coast, and joined the Northern Circuit, but whether he will get any business on it remains to be seen. Little Underhand, who has been modelled for his symmetry, only wants, like Adamas (also a Yorkshire Pilgrim), to be one size bigger, to be the best-looking horse in England, stands at Rawcliffe, and it may be consolatory to his friends to know that his stock are bigger: would that they were as good as himself. Skirmisher being one of 'the accursed tribe,' seems to be not much inquired after; neither do we hear anything of The Marquis, whose stock are bound to do something for him this year, or else he will be shelved. It is passing strange that this horse, who is so much admired and inquired after by foreigners, should not be put into Button Park, or the Three Per Cents, by his worthy and respected owner. Travelling north, towards Middlethorp, we find Cathedral at his old quarters. But for one little drawback about his conformation, he would be a splendid specimen of a horse; and as he is being well supported by his owner and friends, no doubt in time we shall hear a good account of some 'Churches.' Cramond is going to stand beside Blair Athol at Fairfield; and a few more Orions will do him no harm, and perhaps bring him up to the price his owner sets on him. Neptuneus will be among those, also, who will be put on his trial this year; and we shall then know whether Mr. Jackson was right in refusing the offer which was said to be made for him by the foreigners. Newminster, who is the trump card of Yorkshire, is as fresh and vigorous as ever; and those parties who have got Camerinos are highly satisfied with them, and as this horse possesses the much-valued Stockwell and Touchstone cross, we submit he ought to have been more sought after by breeders.

In the North-west District the Salopians have two very powerful high-bred and useful horses at their disposal in Buckenham and Honiton, the latter a rare bred animal, being by Stockwell out of Flax; and if they do not distinguish themselves by their thoroughbred stock, by want of opportunity, their half-breds will speak for themselves. Coming back to the metropolis, we have heard nothing of the Middle Parkers, save through the ordinary channels of communication, so there is no necessity for further allusion to them. In the Far West we understand that Crater is very much sought after, and having seen him last

month, we can only vouch that, as he grows in years, he develops himself to greater advantage, and his young things all take after him, both in make and shape, as well as colour. At Newmarket probably three handsomer or finer-bred horses were never seen at one establishment than Newcastle, Citadel, and Cambuscan; and if their stock do not turn out well, then good looks go for nothing, and choice blood is of no avail. At Clumber, William Scott has charge of Exchequer and Wingrave, both horses with good personal recommendations, and who are not put up too high, as is the case with some stallions. And in allusion to the extravagant prices which are asked for the produce of some sires, we may remark that West Australian, 'the triple victor,' as it is the fashion to term him, stands in France at the very moderate sum of eight sovereigns. The start of Moulsey is regarded with much interest, for he brings to the performance of his stud duties good symmetry, good size, a pedigree without a stain, and a public career of no ordinary merit. When he was in training he was one of the very few animals of a high class that could stay, and go fast at the same time. To give him every chance, he will start with some first-rate mares; and those who are in doubt where to go will, if they have suitable mares, do well to chance Moulsey. John Day is in great hopes that Distin may prove a second edition of Trumpeter, and Asteroid, a really genuine good horse, keep up the fame of Stockwell.

Our Hunting intelligence does not give us many good runs, and except in Yorkshire, all counties have felt the effect of the weather. Her Majesty's, like her subjects' hounds, have had a great deal to contend with in the shape of the elements, which have been as hostile to sport in Berkshire as in other counties; and we fear it will be some time before we shall hear of another such a run as that of which so much has been justly said, and which is fully worthy of being perpetuated in our pages. We therefore give it with the accuracy of a land surveyor, and feel certain we shall receive the thanks of at least our Berkshire subscribers for the pains we have taken with it, and we only wish we had more of the same sort to chronicle to the end of time. But to our task without further preface. An untried deer was uncared on Highway Farm, near Harefield, at the back of Bayhurst Wood, a fox cover of the old Berkeley hounds, and went away for Swakeley Park. On arriving at the park gate he bore to the left, and passing the village of Ickenham, set his head straight across the Down Barns country—although so near London, as wild a bit of country as any in the kingdom, and a favourite line of Jem Mason's for a lark. From not having been ridden over for years, there were no gaps; the rugged blackthorn fences took a deal of doing, and many of the ditches were little brooks. Fortunately the ground rode lighter than it usually does in the Harrow country. No one went better than Harry King, and with him were Mr. Shirley, of Twickenham, and Mr. Roe, on a chestnut horse. Lord Colville and Mr. Stephenson, too, were in close attendance. The line lay between Northolt and Roxeth, and thence by the Pesthouse at the foot of Harrow Hill; but so dense was the fog that neither hill nor spire were to be seen. The hounds and the leading men here crossed the Green Lanes, which were taken advantage of by the majority of the field. On they went by Greenford Green, and, skirting Horsendon Wood, left Sudbury railway station half a mile to the left. They next crossed the river Brent, at a ford, near Twyford Abbey, and took their deer at Willesden Junction, twelve miles from point to point, in one hour and a quarter, without having seen a ploughed field. If any one had run a drag he could not have selected a finer line. Towards the latter part of the run George Fordham got into a good

place. Lord Colville appropriately named the deer Harrow Boy on the spot. The hounds and servants' horses returned to Windsor by train from the Paddington station. From Yorkshire we are given to understand that the York and Ainsty hounds continue to snatch an occasional day's sport between frost and storms. On the 16th of January they had a lively forty-five minutes from Swanns Whin to Grange Wood; and leaving the kennels on the left, pulled him down in a grass field below Acomb, hounds being well in front of horses all the time. The Bedale have had one or two good runs, and killed their foxes. Mr. Booth is a sportsman, and his huntsman, Carr, is clever; but we should like to see less game-dealing and more honest fox-preserving. Lord Middleton has been hunting six days a week, with fifty couples of hounds, consequently his hounds and men are stale. The Badsworth, finding it difficult to make an amusement of fox-hunting, advertised a meet in the Ball-room at Pontefract, and a merry gathering they had. All the houses near were well filled, and when the company arrived, Lord Hawke and his chief supporters, dressed in new red coats, gracefully received them. 'Surely it is rather hard to have to pay seven-and-six at the door to see this old bird, and all this pomp and vanity. If they would give more and good champagne, the money would be better laid out than in buying hunt uniforms.' So said a young wag. The Bramham Moor men have been asking themselves why they have had such a good season—runs, and killing foxes, whenever there was half a scent. It cannot be all luck. They have come to the conclusion that a painstaking Master, a pack of hounds bred for years with the greatest care, a Huntsman who brings out his hounds fit to go, and who is ever anxious to catch his fox, energetic but patient, good-tempered in manner towards hounds, horses, and men, and with a reason for holding on his hounds or casting here and there, has much to do with making good sport. Perhaps the two red-letter days in January were on the 13th, when they met at Stutton Mill, found in Tadcaster willow-bed, ran 25 minutes, and killed below Towton village. They found their second fox in Patefield Wood, ran in cover for 14 minutes, and killed. Ran their third fox to ground. Found their fourth fox in Heyton Wood, ran a large ring, then away to Renshaw, and after another ring rattled him away to Patefield Wood and Church Fenton station, racing the fox back to Scarthingwell Park, and away towards Saxton, racing him a few fields and back, and pulling him down before he could reach the Park, at 4.10, having run him for two hours. On January 20th met at the Boot and Shoe, found in Plaster Pit Wood, went away towards Buttrip Hill, and pulled him down near Barton Salmon, 35 minutes. They then trotted back to the Micklefield Woods, found, and ran hard in cover for 25 minutes, and forced him away and killed in the open. Their third edition was found in Daniell Hartley, and ran to Aberford back to Hook Moor. Here a long check gave the dulce domum lot an opportunity of sloping off. Turpin, with admirable science, now hunted his fox over foiled ground, and came up to him in Pain Hall Wood, rattled him away to the back of Micklefield village. From hence he turned back to Porlinton across the park, skirted the old wood, away by Scholes to Morrick, over Whin Moor to Scarcroft, and when rattling him hard in the cover, two fresh foxes jumped up before the gallant bitch pack, and at 5.10 they were whipped off, after a magnificent run of 2 hours and 15 minutes, nine miles, as the 'cow goes,' from Micklefield, where this stout old fox seemed determined to try what the pack could do, and a narrow escape he had. All the men who saw, or tried to see, this great run will long remember it. These jolly Bramham Moorites are in great force. 'Do come and shoot to-morrow—I must get my covers done.' 'Oh, bother

'shooting! The hounds meet at the Boot and Shoe. Send your servants to 'shoot food for the house.' Lady Cutabout drove to the place of meeting frequently, in hopes of finding an idle man to get up a ball, but came back in despair. Foxes are found instantly, and 'Forward!' is the word. At last a very good-hearted, jovial, and well-known resident on Bramham Moor, who is always ready to jump down and push behind, determined to help the ladies; and, although now not so often to be found as of old the life and soul of the coverside coffee-house, blundering through a run; not quite so devoted to 'ye 'old English sports' as of old, when handling a badger or a bull-dog came as natural to him as handling a knife and fork does to a fat boy—and why? Alas! he is now a 'Working Man'—great penman to a party—one of the most energetic politicians of the day. 'Politics—bosh!' said a party who is, perhaps, a trifle free with his tongue. 'Don't you know he is the fellow there is a mystery 'about? He is always preparing baskets full of chaff for that evergreen friend 'of fun, "Baily."' Never mind; he set the 'ball' a-rolling, and it was quite a pleasant one. Over two hundred county people, a very pretty room; and how pretty the people looked, and how good the champagne was! and the girls looked prettier every dance, and the champagne——! Oh, forward Bramham Moor! and five-and-twenty couple!

From Cheshire we gather that the hounds have been enjoying a succession of fine sport for the last fortnight. On Thursday, 9th inst., the meet was at Marbury, near Northwick. A fox was immediately found in the reeds alongside of the beautiful Mere, who pointing for Belmont Gorse, which he entered, there remained a few minutes, giving the hounds time to dispose of a small fox that ventured to come in their way. No sooner was he broken up, than a halloo put the hounds on the line of the hunted fox, who then pointed for Arley, through the woods here, then in the direction of Hoo Green, making for the Mere. Leaving this, he made for Tatton Park, where he was run to ground, after a fine hunting run of 1 hour and 20 minutes, distance about 11 miles. On January 13th they met at Hargreave Green, trotted on to Saughton Gorse, found there, and went away at a great pace over some of the well-known Saughton copses, where many of the field came to grief. This fox, not liking the pace up wind, turned back, and got to ground. Subsequently a fox was found at Stapleford Gorse, who gave them a very good ring of an hour, over a stiff country. This fox saved his life by finding a substitute. Friday, 17th.—Cholmondeley was the fixture, when they found in Norbury Reeds a dodging fox, who, after trying stack-yards, stick-heaps, and a variety of other pranks, including going to ground in a wet drain, which soon proving too cold for him, he was lost. Found again, in Spurston Spa, a fox which took one turn round the cover, and broke, giving a quick burst up to Wardle. Here he dwelt and was viewed away, and after another scurry got to ground in Hill's Gorse, the hounds close at him. January 20th, they were at Beeston Station, and found in Huxley Gorse. Ran their fox to ground in 12 minutes, racing pace. They then had a nice hunting run from Clotton with a second fox that got to ground at Tilston. Tuesday 21st, met at Darsbury. Found at Appleton Cliff; ran down through Appleton Park to some small coverts abutting on the park wall. Here the fox was nearly chopped, but escaping over wall, with the hounds at his burst, he made for Grappenhall, passed this on his left, going straight for Lymm Bogs, through these coverts. About two couples of hounds had the lead up to this, the body of the pack racing in vain to catch them. The Knutsford and Warrington road was crossed at Soreton Heath, the fox pointing straight for Arley Woods, passing the Sink Moss on

his left. Reaching Arley Woods, he passed through the Gore Wood and Gore Gorse. Here the hounds got on the line of a fresh fox, three couples sticking to the hunted one, and running him up to High Legh, where he was so beat, that in trying to jump a 2-feet 6-inch wall, he fell back into the hounds' mouths and was killed. The distance was, at the very least, 15 miles, and time a little over 1 hour and 20 minutes. No one saw this run throughout; but Jones, the first whip, was well with the hounds up to Arley, where they were fallen in with by some stragglers. On January 23rd, they found in Brereton New Gorse—a magnificent covert—and went away at a rattling pace, the hounds close at him, for 20 minutes, to a slight check; but they soon hit him off again, running a ring through Somerford Park, time 30 minutes. Here a fresh fox jumped up, and was run back to Brereton, much the same line, in about the same length of time, and was lost. On Saturday, the 25th, Darnhall found two brace of foxes in Whetenhall Wood; but, owing to the vast number of foot people, he was soon lost. They then trotted on to Aston Gorse, which never lacks a fox. The covert being very strong, it was some time before the fox got on foot; he however, did not dwell long, but broke right in face of the field, and with the hounds close at him, they raced him up to Wistaston Old Gorse, where a slight check ensued from his being headed. However they were soon on his line again, and hunted him up to Crewe, back again round Wistaston to Crewe again, where he was caught by some men and dogs, and handed over to the pack.

In Hants, owing to the very hard frost, which completely stopped all hunting during the first fortnight of the month, we have not much to report. The Vine have had a very good run and a kill, from Freefolk wood to Itchen Albots; and the followers of the Hursley had their somewhat drooping spirits raised by a very good run on the 20th. They met at Stoneham House, found at Toothill Brick-kilns, and killed at Tatchbury in the Forest, crossing the Test and a very close country. There was a rare scent, and the hounds did their own work throughout as well as ever they did; and all those who had to ride, and got to the end, returned delighted with this extraordinary run. Nobody is yet named as a successor to Lord Poulet, and it is supposed a committee will be formed to manage the hounds. We are sorry also to hear Sir Bruce Chichester, from ill health, is going to give up the Vine, but we trust not the juice of it. Mr. Willes has consented to take on the Craven for three years longer, to the general satisfaction of the subscribers, although, like other Masters, he has been prevented from showing as much sport as he could desire. The H. H. have lost a good sportsman and a staunch supporter by the death of Sir Charles Miller. Lord Coventry has done nothing worth speaking of with the North Cotswold, although before Christmas he had a run every day he went out. The Quorn, although done in first-rate style by the Marquis of Hastings, who brings more omnibuses to the Meet than any other previous Master, has had very poor sport from the same causes as his contemporaries. Since these remarks were penned, a complete change in the weather has set in; and as there has been a capital scent in most counties, the past will no doubt be soon made up for, and the shortcomings balanced. With the Pytchley the Duc de Chartres made himself very popular last week; and Mr. Harvey Daily has had some good days with the Rufford.

Our Obituary is happily a brief one this month, but it contains the name of one who was as dear to Hampshire as William Scott to Yorkshire, and one who will be remembered in its annals as long as the other. Alfred Day, to whom this remark applies, was no ordinary jockey; and he shone in a time

when there were good men to compare him with, as they say of a Derby horse in a good year. And when we call to mind that he flourished when 'Little 'Nat' was wearing the dark blue and silver of Mr. Greville, and the black and white stripes of Mr. Payne; when Frank Butler was visible in the all black of Mr. Bowes, and the all white of General Anson; when Job Marson donned the spots of Lord Zetland, and the cherry of Sir Joseph and Mr. Massey Stanley, the excellence of his riding became more apparent, for each in his turn had to yield to him. The biographies which have already appeared of him in 'Bell's Life' and 'The Sporting Gazette' have robbed us of the opportunity of giving his history in detail, for we are decidedly averse to inflicting a second-told tale on our readers. But while memory is preserved to us we shall never forget when, with Vivandière, he had the best of Nat, on Iris, when Yorkshire went mad about him; and again he drove the Tykes wild when, with Old Dan Tucker, he beat Frank Butler on Nunnykirk for the Great Yorkshire. These, with his riding of The Hero in the Ebor Handicap, may be summed up as his chief Northern victories. In the South he won every description of race, from the Bath and Somersetshire with Miss Barns, to the Ascot Cup on West Australian. In the Derby he was very unlucky, for, when on Trumpeter, he broke down when the Derby was within his grasp, and he was second both on Kingston and Pitsford, so that it was only on Andover that he scored his bull's-eye. The Chester Cup he brought off for his stable with Peep o' Day Boy, and the cheers which greeted him are still in our recollection; and two Goodwood Cups were included in his catalogue. At Newmarket his finest touches were on The Prior of St. Margaret's in the Cambridgeshire, on The Flea for the One Thousand, and on Pitsford and Hermit for the Two Thousand. He also rode a great race for Mr. Fitzwilliam on Wentworth. At the latter period of his career his wasting told on him so severely that he could scarcely hold on a horse, or walk back to the weighing-room; and the last times he got up, which was on Ackworth as a two-year old at Epsom, and on something of Mr. Brayley's at the same place, it was patent to all his friends that his sun was sinking, and rather than it should expire in public, he resolved to retire into private life. But it was too late; and although he tried to train a few horses for Mr. Padwick, he was obliged to give them up, and it was soon apparent that Nature must have her way, and it was useless for science to oppose her. His end was tranquil, and he may be said to have had a public funeral, for so many of his friends from all parts of the country attended it. Never was a jockey more respected by noblemen and gentlemen, or more deserved it, for while he preserved to them a proper demeanour, he never permitted them to make a fool of him, or indulged in any foolish conduct towards them. In manner, he was rather reserved, and while he would give every employer all the information he required about any animal he rode, he never made use of that horribly flash language which too many of the present school of jockeys are in the habit of doing. Neither did he ever cut a horse's side in pieces like a sparerib of pork, or bring him back to scale with a couple of holes in his side as big as turkeys' eggs, although he never failed to get the very last ounce out of his mount. In all athletic sports he was a great proficient, in fact, quite a Claude Melnotte among the Stockbridge folks. As a shot he was second to none in the county, and in one pigeon match he killed no less than ninety-four birds out of a hundred. He was also a good cricketer, and when with hounds there was no shaking him off, although he never came in collision with a Master. Throughout his career he preserved the respect of his

employers; and he died, leaving behind him a reputation that few men of his position have ever acquired, and which he truly deserved, for he was held in the highest esteem both by rich and poor. Charley Boyce, who resembled Alfred Day in a great many points, soon followed him, and of him we will simply remark, he was the only Blue Coat Boy who ever became a steeplechase jockey, and that he was to Epsom what Alfred was to Stockbridge; but he was of a more cheery disposition, and an excellent companion, having learnt from Tom Oliver, with whom he lived for some time, his happy knack of telling an anecdote. On the death of James Mason, he was selected to pilot the Hon. Mr. Villiers over Northamptonshire, and he ably fulfilled his duty. Like many others of his class, consumption claimed him for her own, and he died somewhat suddenly within a very few days of the great flat jockey.

Racing topics are very scarce, and 'quotable pars,' to use an editorial phrase, have risen immensely in value during the past month. The Earl of Jersey is going to get rid of his 'Brewers.' The Registration scheme of Messrs. Tattersall bids fair to be a success, judging from the short time it has been in operation; and the carpeting of a portion of the Subscription Room has put an end to that convulsive motion of the feet of the members, so suggestive of a polka. The 'Sporting Gazette' has been very ably arguing for the abolition of that clause in the Grand National Rules which permits Stewards of steeplechases to postpone them over the week in which they are appointed to be run; and as the measure has been supported by Admiral Rous, who contends very properly that there should be only one law for both sports, as well as by the 'Field,' it is not too much to expect that in due time the Reform Bill will be brought in and carried.

Among the books on our library table that demand notice is the eighth edition of Cavendish on 'The Laws and Principles of Whist,' which at this season of the year, when the social rubber is in such demand, is especially welcome. 'Delarued' in the finest style, it is almost as much welcome as a work of art, as a book of instruction, and the whole is immeasurably increased in worth by the coloured diagram cards which illustrate the instructions of the author, who has studied in the best schools and profited by them. It has also three little aides-de-camp in the shape of the 'Pocket Laws,' the 'Pocket Guide,' and the 'Pocket Rules,' of whist, which, got up equally elaborately, will be found useful pocket arbiters of disputes at the table. The 'Era Dramatic Almanac' has also been sent to us for approval, and, as like all connected with sport, we are fond of the drama, we can state with great truthfulness that the work is a second 'Weatherby' in point of correctness and execution; that the *débüt* and performances of the chief actors and actresses of the day are recorded in the same manner as those of our racehorses and steeplechasers, and that a fund of useful and entertaining information is to be met within its pages, and which will prove very useful in deciding disputes with racing men on any peculiar point of dramatic interest.



John W. Hoff

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

PRINCE SOLTIKOFF.

FROM Cheshire to Russia is a long stretch for us to take in search of Portraits worthy of our Gallery, but as in these days distance is no object, we have been able to accomplish it, and now present to our readers the likeness of Prince Soltikoff, the first Russian that ever entered the Jockey Club. In so describing him we believe we are strictly in order, as the Emperor Alexander was only an Honorary Member thereof, being made so in recognition of his magnificent Vase which he gave to be run for at Ascot, until the breaking out of hostilities between Russia and England caused it to be discontinued.

Prince Soltikoff, whose features will be at once recognised by all who are familiar with Newmarket and our chief southern Meetings, was born on the 11th December, 1827, and is a member of one of the oldest and most distinguished families in Russia, as its antiquity is borne testimony to in a history of Russia published as far back as A.D. 1600. The title of Prince, which belongs by descent to the subject of our sketch, is derived among others from his great-grandfather, Field-Marshal Prince Nicholas Soltikoff, who had the distinction of Serene Highness conferred on him by his grateful Sovereign, on the well-known occasion of his winning the great battle of Runersdorf against Frederick the Great, King of Prussia. Having thus made our readers familiar with the antecedents of the Soltikoff family, we will now return to that member of it whose career we have undertaken to illustrate.

Prince Soltikoff, the subject of our sketch, is the son of Prince Peter Soltikoff, the owner of that famous Museum which bore his name, and which, when disposed of by auction a few years back, furnished contributions not only to the British and South Kensington Museums, but to every collection of art and antiquity in Europe. He is also the nephew of Prince Alexis Soltikoff, whose interesting book of Travels in India, accompanied with magnificent illustrations, created such a sensation in the literary world, and tempted many of the Russian and French nobility to make shooting excursions to that country, when tired of the dissipations of their own metropolis.

Prince Soltikoff, to whom our present remarks apply, was educated at the University of St. Petersburg, and after having completed his

studies at that institution, he entered the Foreign Office, with a view of devoting himself to diplomacy. But while thus engaged, the war with Turkey broke out, so he at once abandoned the pen for the sword and entered the army, in which he served for three years, when peace being proclaimed in 1856, he retired, and, according to the custom of the Russian aristocracy, he made the tour of Europe. Visiting London some few years afterwards, Prince Soltikoff was united in marriage with M^{lle}. Elizabeth Yakovleff, only daughter and heiress of John Yakovleff, Chamberlain at the Court of St. Petersburg. Since that event Prince Soltikoff has taken up his residence in London, occupying that position which belongs to him by right of his rank, and sharing in those amusements to which our aristocracy are most partial. Among these recreations, it need scarcely be mentioned, racing plays a prominent part; and being always attached to it in Russia, where he had a large stud of horses in training, and on one occasion at Moscow won thirteen out of fifteen races, being second in the other two, which was what an affable Nobleman of the present era would term having 'a good day,' he took to the Turf in England more keenly than ever. Considering that Prince Soltikoff has never had a very large number of horses in training, on the whole he may be said to have had his fair share of luck, the Portland Plate, with Bounceaway, which he won last autumn at Doncaster, being the chief item, which Blanton, who has charge of his horses, has won for him. Numerous other 'small fish' have been swept into his net, and whenever and wherever his colours are successful, there is a feeling of real satisfaction manifested among all classes, that the illustrious foreigner who has come among us, and who may almost be said to have become acclimatised, should have succeeded in such a 'game of speculation,' where the blanks are so many and the prizes so few. In concluding this brief sketch of Prince Soltikoff we may state that by his kindly courtesy to all with whom he comes in contact, his popularity was as easily acquired as it is certain to be permanent; and he has completely disabused the popular impression in this country that a Russian prince must necessarily be marked by austerity of demeanour, and military attributes.

THE GALLOPING SQUIRE.

A FOXHUNTER'S SONG.

BY G. J. WHYTE MELVILLE.

COME, I'll show you a country that none can surpass,
For a flyer to cross like a bird on the wing,
With its acres of woodland, its oceans of grass,
We have game in the autumn, and cubs in the spring.
We have scores of good fellows hang out in the Shire,
But the best of them all is the Galloping Squire.

The Galloping Squire in the saddle has got,
While the dewdrop is melting in gems on the thorn ;
From the kennel he's drafted the pick of his lot,
How they swarm to his cheer ! how they fly to his horn !
Like harriers turning, or chasing like fire,
' I can trust every hound,' says the Galloping Squire.

With a wave of his arm to the covert they throng.
' Yooi ! wind him, and rouse him !' ' By Jove, he's away !'
Through a gap in the oaks see them speeding along
O'er the open like pigeons. ' They mean it to-day !'
' You may jump till you're sick, you may spur till you tire,
' For it's catch 'em who can !' says the Galloping Squire.

So he takes the old horse by the head, and he sails
In the wake of his darlings, all ear and all eye.
As they come in his line, o'er banks, fences, and rails,
The cramped ones to creep, and the fair ones to fly—
It's a *very* queer place that will put in the mire
Such a rare one to ride as the Galloping Squire.

But a fallow has brought to their noses, the pack,
And the pasture beyond is with cattle-stains spread ;
One blast of his horn, and the Squire, in a crack,
Has lifted and thrown in the beauties, at head.
' On a morning like this little help you require,
' And he's forward, I'll swear,' says the Galloping Squire.

So forty fair minutes they run and they race ;
'Tis a heaven to some—'tis a life-time to all !
Though the horses we ride are such gluttons for pace,
There are stout ones that stop—there are safe ones that fall.
But the names of the vanquished need never transpire,
For they're all in the rear of the Galloping Squire.

Till the gamest old varmint that ever drew breath,
All worried and stiffened, held high for a throw,
O'er the Squire's jolly visage is grinning in death,
Ere he dashes him down to be eaten below.
While the daws flutter out from a neighbouring spire
At the thrilling ' Who-whoop !' of the Galloping Squire.

And the labourer at work, and the lord in his hall,
Have a smile and a jest when they hear of the sport
In ale or in claret he's toasted by all,
For they scarce can expect to see more of the sort.
So long may it be ere he's forced to retire,
For we breed very few like the Galloping Squire !

THE NORTH ROAD.

A FINE day, for a wonder. Surely our crabbed luck has for once deserted us, weary, perhaps, of persecuting so patient a victim. And though the bright morning sun shines on our spectacles, as we stand gazing up and down the quiet streets, we can make shift to see in the distance, striding lustily out, our friend North, whose name is emblematic of the route we mean to take in a long, health-reviving stretch. He agreed late last night when, under the seductive influences of eleven o'clock Evans's and its accompaniments, to tear himself away for a few hours from the worry and toil of town (he is fearfully overworked from eleven to three in the Thibet and Siberia Grand Junction Company), and explore with the narrator that strange country—known only to the mass now-a-days by the tales their grandfathers tell of the old coach days—that lies to the north of the 'village' within whose confines it is our mutual ill fortune to be compelled to reside. Really, the sight of the same four walls day after day has become too much for human endurance. We have gazed upon the dingy, ink-stained plaster cast of Fisherman until every angle in his ill-shaped body is odious to us. We have looked with lack-lustre eyes at the Pedigree Chart hanging on the wall, until it was a matter of doubt whether we despised and disliked most the compiler of such a tissue of error, or the publisher who let it loose upon society, or the benighted being who in some bygone day thought it worthy of a string and nail and frame. We are tired of telegrams, sick of tissues, weary of copy. We have striven hard all the winter through on behalf of a public not always appreciative and grateful, and have remained within doors, bending over our desk, and a very slave of the pen, until our head has grown heavy and dull. Appetite is lacking too, let the temptation be subtle as it may; we don't care about port, turn up our nose at that peculiar Madeira that cost 150*l.* a pipe any number of years ago, and, worst of all, have lost all relish for tobacco. This is a parlous state to be in, and demands immediate and stringent remedies. Of course the cause of the complaint is obvious enough, and there is no need to call in the aid of the physician (we have ever mistrusted the race since M.D. broke down in Blink Bonny's Derby); and perhaps a stroll into the country, a few hours' forgetfulness of the most pressing of our worries, will be more efficacious than all the drugs and potions which the hakim, if summoned, would certainly administer. Well, breakfast has been dawdled over, a morning paper perused—those portions of it, at least, that suit our frame of mind, such as the third round of the Waterloo Cup (we have a couple of sovereigns on Lord Lurgan), Harrow Spring (skimmed), Betting in London (perused very attentively), and the article on the retirement of a certain duke. Of course we linger for a few moments over the Law Notices—it is so pleasant, you know, to see oneself in print—and the Money Market column receives due attention; and then we

read something 'bearing' very decidedly on our favourite stock; so it is with an accession of bile that we finally don a pair of heavy laced-up boots, a thick coat, and a soft, shapeless wideawake, and lounge up and down in front of our street-door until the echoing footsteps of our intended companion are close at hand.

Well, we have shaken hands, and gone through the other conventional forms of greeting to which Englishmen are accustomed to submit. He has inquired whether we are quite certain that our waistcoat-pocket contains a Wright's Handicap-book, and has had to submit in turn to a very searching inquiry as to the safety of his pipecase; for there is no more inveterate smoker between Rotterdam and Stamboul, and even a very temporary deprivation of the solace the seductive weed affords makes him unbearably ill-tempered and morose. Then we turn our faces to the wind, and chatting on this, that, and what not, make for the outskirts of the town. Here are long rows of lime-trees that we must pass between, reminding us so much of certain quaint little German and Flemish villages that we try to be deaf to the railway whistle and the hail of the cabman. On one side are really green fields, notwithstanding that we leave on our left a row of shops where all kinds of familiar London trades are being carried on. It requires no great stretch of imagination to conceive the leafless branches overhead once more weighty with July foliage, filling the air with the delicate perfume of lime blossoms, and the drowsy hum of bees, clustering amidst the dense ocean of leaves where they have sought for shade, and dozed away beneath the influence of the summer sun. Still it is not easy to remain long in such a state of baseless enjoyment, for sounds not of the country will obtrude, and dispel the pleasing delusion into which we have suffered ourselves to be betrayed—the squabbling of a group of omnibus helpers, the shrill cries of vendors of oranges, the monotonous, and utterly hypocritical and disgusting appeal of a band of sturdy vagabonds, who proclaim in the form of a dreary chant that 'they've got no work to do-o-o.' Gladly would we accommodate the lazy reprobates with the employment they demand, and that without taking them far afield; for on the hill hard by stands a roomy stone structure, within whose walls there is oakum to be picked, there are stones to be broken, there are cranks to be turned, if we mistake not; and none more richly merit the disagreeables which each and all the above occupations are supposed to carry with them than such whining scoundrels as these, who wander from street to street with all the sneaking demeanour and hideous discord of a pack of prowling jackals.

There goes a character of whom nine hundred and ninety-nine in each thousand of the passers-by know nothing. The driver of that green-sided omnibus—he catches our eye, and touches his hat—is in his way one of the most enthusiastic lovers of horse-racing in existence. No one with the slightest smattering of horsey knowledge can sit on the box by this Jehu for five minutes without hearing a torrent of words bearing on the gallops, the stoppages, the trials,

the roughs-up, at half the stables in England. He knows why such a colt did not run, and what the other filly was set to do with the old horse, and how that two-year-old is bred, and where the money came from to settle Mr. Cracktup's account. He has something mysterious to whisper about the Grand National, fancies Tom Dawson for the Chester Cup, and has heard that William Day will have a 'thick-'un' for the back-end. He can tell you of ponies that he has stood about my lord's mare, and the pot he should have landed if Wedding Ring hadn't broken down 'when—you remember, sir—they had got him so light in Chester Cup.' It would surprise you were he to divulge all the secrets he has had entrusted to him at times, and the confidential missions placed at his disposal. You little think that you have ridden behind such a talented commentator upon Turf matters when you pay your fourpence at Charing Cross; but the subject of this sketch is well known in London racing circles, and has had the honour of hearing a very promising three-year-old christened after him. He is a civil, good-tempered fellow, and a bit of a wag too; and if you are fond of horse-talk, take our word for it you will have it to your heart's content as you rattle over the stones side by side with the 'Russian Bear.'

We are not clear of the streets yet, and there is a cabstand within a stone's throw; yet we are close to the spot where, but a year ago, a hawthorn hedge delighted the sight, and charmed another sense by the sweet fragrance of its blossoms. To gather them we stepped then across a *real* ditch—a ditch like those we were wont to scramble over in our schoolboy days to peep into the first hedge-sparrow's (*accentor modularis*, if you please) nest of the season, our delight at the discovery not a whit marred by the scratches received from the sprays of the bramble, which offer but a feeble bar to the impetuosity of youth, more especially as the nether garments worn in the morning of life are usually selected by wary parents rather for their thickness and stability than for fashion of texture or design. Alack-a-day! the hawthorn hedge and the ditch have alike vanished before the ruthless hand of civilization. Spruce, trim, uncomfortable-looking houses have usurped their place; and a 'ladies' 'seminary,' with two ugly, red-haired girls at the iron-grated window, stands where, but a few moons ago, we pressed the bank, luxuriant with crane's bill, hedge mercury, and the pretty, unassuming ground ivy.

Now we leave behind us that famous archway from the summit of which there is a view so glorious, when the day is favourable, that a dweller in the great city, who has no experience of the sight, should not delay a week in making a pilgrimage to the spot. There is a hill beyond which tries our stamina; but we are bred to stay, and breast it gallantly, with shoulders well thrown back, and chests expanded, rejoicing in our strength, in the elasticity of spirits which escape from the streets has already brought us back again. When another mile has been traversed we see a house on the right of the road; it bears an escutcheon and motto on its frontal, familiar and

comforting to the wayfarer, and each glances at the other askance, loth to be the first to succumb to temptation, yet, with true mortal frailty, not disinclined to sin if the suggestion come from another who is willing, also, to participate in the guilt. We enter, and presently emerge, wiping our beards confusedly, and looking very hard into vacancy.

The air is fresh and pleasant: the wind that brushes our locks has tarried ere it reached us, on broad downs, in the depths of forests, by wide rivers, and on the towering height of many a sea-lashed cliff. Of each and all of these it has brought away a souvenir; and it is good for the troubled and faint to drink the breath of such a healthy, vigorous breeze as that which now bends the trees, and sets all the signboards a swinging. Really there is far more to be seen, on this February day, than folks would believe who hold that the country is desolate before June and after October. Perched on the hill, far away to the right, may be traced the trees and water which mark the spot long famous as the crack resort for pigeon-shooters, after the glories of the Red House had departed. Behind we mark the walls and houses that cover the site of grounds once celebrated as the race-course of the fleet-footed, ere the very name of pedestrianism became a byword and a reproach. In a hungry-looking paddock, a hungry-looking brood mare—barren for a hundred!—is cropping a scanty meal. How different from the long series of comely matrons we took stock of a week ago, each as well done by and cared for as if she were a princess of the blood! It was at no great distance from the place on which we stand that the dam of the high-priced and luckless Kangaroo was discovered, when the famous race for her possession took place after the Hobbie Noble colt had acquired a pseudo reputation in the Newmarket Biennial. In much the same plight as was Yarra Yarra, when her owner was called upon at dead of night to come to terms, is the poor, weedy, dejected-looking animal that stares at us with such persistency and rueful expression of countenance. We are on somewhat classic ground, too, so far as regards steeple-chasing, for it was from the so-called Common hard-by that the erst celebrated Moonraker achieved one of his numerous victories, in those old Elmore days when Becher's name was beginning to be one of dread, and the grey Grimaldi was the Lottery of the home district. There are rooks sailing about overhead, and bickering amongst the remains of their last year's nests in the high trees by the roadside. Anon comes the report of a gun, and a great frightened hare limps hurriedly over the fallow, little injured by the shot of the would-be destroyer, and good for many a day's sport to come, when such Winkles of the trigger take the field. Time was when, even under the bright light of the mid-day sun, the road we traverse might not have been trodden with impunity. Time was when men hurried over the dreaded common in fear and trembling; when coachmen drove with the speed and recklessness of Phaeton, and ladies quivered with alarm as they sunk back into the darkest corner of the roomy family coach, lest the mysterious

man on the black horse, who keeps pace exactly with the Lincolnshire geldings that are taking them to town, should ride up to the window with a hoarse demand for their purse or life. However, there is no such exciting incident to be dreaded to-day, although, singularly enough, it is on this very highwayman's ground that we are accosted by the only stranger who thinks fit to address us during the whole of the walk. He is a lengthy, lean, seedy individual. His nose is very red and a good deal swollen about the tip, and his eyes are rather glassy. His boots are in a doubtful state of repair, and he assists his steps by the support of a very large and extremely dilapidated umbrella, with a crook like a ram's horn for a handle, and an enormous brass ferule. A wonderful instinct it must have been that led this extraordinary personage, who appeared in a moment, no one knew whence, to address us on the subject of the Turf. We are not attired in loudly developed clothing, nor do horsey pins lurk in our neckties, nor have either of us (so the looking-glass says) that close-cropped, weasel-eyed, imperturbable appearance which one is always apt to accept as the type of men actively engaged in the business of horse-racing. Nevertheless, the bent of our minds is understood by the startling person who accosts us. As he makes his advance, it flashes across our minds that he is a local distributor of religious tracts—a certain air of greasy self-sufficiency and hypocrisy, and unmistakeable evidences of recent intoxication, combining to favour this supposition. In a somewhat husky, but perfectly good-humoured tone, he comments on the beauty of the day, and then, without prelude or parley, favours us with the information that he has kept racehorses himself. Before we have time to recover from the surprise of this announcement, he has entered upon a long, true, and particular account of the misfortunes which attended both him and his equine treasures from the outset of his career. He mentions names with which we are familiar, and describes with great volubility, but much indistinctness of articulation, circumstances which we happen to be aware have taken place in a stable that he refers to. Encouraged by the mute attention paid him, our friend grows more confidential still, and whispers—imparting a savour of rum gratuitously with the information—that he knows of a real good thing for the Chester Cup, and will communicate the same on the receipt of half a crown to buy stamps. As if a spell that had held us motionless was that moment broken, we spring with one impulse forward, and without leave-taking—or, indeed, without having from first to last spoken a single word to this eccentric personage—hurry forward on our route. Ere rounding the next corner, we pause and glance fearfully back, anticipating pursuit. As we live, the man has vanished! There are no houses, no trees, no walls to have yielded him concealment, but, strangely and suddenly as he appeared, has the individual with the red nose disappeared. There is something very ghostly and mysterious about all this; and we had not even the satisfaction of obtaining the Chester Cup tip, that coming from a personage of such weird habits must have been

valuable. However, there is nothing for it but to ascertain that our handkerchiefs and watches are safe, and to commence the ascent of the lengthy hill which leads to the little town fixed upon as our halting-place.

We own an affection for little country inns, and are not ashamed to confess it. We are believers in taking one's ease therein, and thoroughly appreciate the delights of an old-fashioned hostelry—it must be old-fashioned, mind, and of course away from the large towns; if possible, on one of the coach-roads whose glories have now departed. There are abundance for us to select from; for surely every sixth house in this town-village boasts a licence to retail; but we push on to our familiar quarters, not far from the pond, and the wood, and the crumbling trees, and hastily throwing aside wrappers and other *impedimenta*, fling ourselves into the roomy arm-chairs by the side of the cheerily blazing grate. Early though the hour be, one of the party is smitten with sudden and mighty hunger. Beef alone can assuage it, and that of the hottest and juiciest. So the blue-eyed handmaiden is summoned, gallant in ribbons, and, smiling at the cagerly expressed demands of the travellers, engages that provender meet for such stalwart trenchermen shall be prepared forthwith. Pending its appearance, there is a call for that remarkable dry sherry of which the house can justly boast; and then the utility of the handicap-book, on whose presence so much stress was laid, makes itself apparent. Its contents are read aloud, and canvassed with gusto and temper. First of all we consider the Grand National, although each owns to a contempt for the cross-country business as compared with the charm of the legitimate sport. One has had a Welsh whisper, and contends that a Daisy will be found at Aintree, blooming and fair, the choicest flower of spring. The other avers he stands upon the bridge—at Coventry—but in doubt as to which arch he may most safely put his trust in. Both wonder whether after all Port Royal is so unhealthy a place as the pencils of writers would lead men to believe. Epsom, beloved of City men and licensed victuallers, is next discussed, and unanimity prevails respecting the chances of Matthew and Alec, even should the Clarion of Newmarket be sounded, and found wanting in tone, or Fyfield discover that it might be dangerous to hazard too much on the chances of the Rattlebone business. A taste of Roquefort, if up to the mark, might not be amiss to those who brave the perils of a Northamptonshire afternoon, and failing this, the Turf writer may have to enrich his remarks by a quotation from 'Cowley.' So we gossip about the hopes and chances of the handicaps, and compare notes from training quarters, and good things that have been imparted to us, under solemn vows of secrecy, until what time the banquet is served. Here is more cause for rejoicing. High and low, at all times and seasons, have we sought for a good beefsteak, until, weary and disappointed with hope deferred and endless crosses, the search had well-nigh been abandoned. In and out of London have we striven to meet with the longed-for delicacy (for such it is) to little

purpose. York, Doncaster, Durham, Newcastle, those strongholds of beef, have failed to supply the one thing needful. City chop-houses have been unable to produce it; the West-end has been drawn blank; nay, even the famous Fleet Street kitchens have done their best to satisfy the longing: some they have sent away happy—but us, never. Once, and once only, the perfect beefsteak was nearly attained. It was when we tarried for a space in the tent of Ishmael, and we departed with a blessing on the sheik who bestowed upon his guest that which was so nearly unsurpassable. And lo! here to-day, in a dull, stagnant, half-forgotten little town, never famous, we believe, for culinary excellence of any kind, we come upon that which we have dreamt about so long,—fresh, succulent, juicy, melting, exquisite whilst it is being eaten, comfort-bringing whilst it is being digested,—the rumpsteak, one and unapproachable, of which our fathers have told us. Presently we sit calmly over the calumet—once more enjoyed as it should be, gazing with placid eyes on the steeple-chase prints that deck the apartment; some of the cracks taking terrific obstacles as if they were crossing a two-foot hurdle, others coming to dreadful grief over stone walls and drop fences, but each rider, game to the last, falling, apparently to certain destruction of life or limb, with a pleasant smile upon his face. Orville, with York Minster towering unmistakeably in the background, faces us, looking sturdy and defiant of all comers, as the queerly printed list of performances at the foot of the print justifies him in doing, and our comrade recalls with wonderful exactness of memory the great deeds of that famous steed on field and farm. It is whilst we are chatting cosily of such matters that we become aware of a most astounding parrot. One of us, lighthearted with wassail and the weed, whistles a snatch of a popular air, and when he ceases, Psittacus, hitherto little noticed, notwithstanding his handsome coat and waistcoat and top-knot, takes up the tune precisely where it was abandoned, and completes it correctly. This performance he follows up by a variety of eccentric and ludicrous cries and imitations, to the amusement of his hearers and the ill-concealed satisfaction of himself, until the entry of a stranger silences him, and henceforth he is indignantly mute.

Our earlier days of racing experience passed in widely different quarters of the land, we have events to recall and anecdotes to relate mutually interesting. The one knew the glorious Goodwood Park in the time when it was in its transition state from a mere cocktail holiday to the great gathering, where all the notabilities of the year met in battle array. He tells of Fleur de Lys, and Miss Craven, and of Lord Chesterfield's agitation when his trusty old champion Priam was struggling against the mighty Beiram, and leaving the Derby victor, St. Giles, far astern. The other speaks of a cup contest on a high northern racecourse, little less exciting in its way, seeing that Delphine and Matilda came home together, and such celebrities as Mulatto, and Longwaist, and Economist, the sire of Harkaway, were hopelessly defeated up the trying hill. There is talk of Variation

and Rubini on the one hand, and of Retainer, and Fang, and Revolution's sturdy performances, with Tom Shepherd up, on the other. Then, coming to later days, the stirring doings by the Tyne are discussed, when heaven and earth were moved to induce the Squire of Nunnykirk to pull 't'aud meare' out to clip the comb of Black Diamond, and the dweller by the Quayside succeeding at length in his entreaties, caused her to win the first of that lengthy series of laurels that made her a very goddess in the eyes of the pitmen. Both linger and laugh over the oft-told tale of the peer, since gathered to his fathers, who was well on Launcelot, and bad against Maroon, when the two bore the Westminster banner in a memorable St. Leger. John Holmes, the man of the iron sinews, was bidden to wait, and come not nigh so long as there was hope of the cripple Launcelot pulling through; and at the half distance the latter was in trouble, and John thought it time to get on terms. Launcelot, with poor Bill Scott getting every ounce out of him, still led, though fast compounding, but the 'second string' was so obviously catching him, and so full of running that it seemed inevitable that the 'pot' would be upset. At the centre of the stand, the lord in question could bear it no longer; and, craning forward, he screamed at the highest pitch of a never very powerful voice, 'D—n it, Jack—hold him!' as if his feeble falsetto could reach the ear of the excited jockey above all the tremendous uproar and din and delirium of a Leger finish!

By the time our last pipe is smoked out the day is fast declining, and rewarding the blue-eyed waitress, and chirping adieu to Poll, we are once more homeward bound, refreshed by the change of atmosphere and scene, brief though the holiday has been, and pleased with our first taste of the country for many weary months. The high road of the morning is abandoned, and we wander down bye lanes, and by the side of steep railway embankments, and past plantations that are lovely in the summer season, talking incessantly still on the favourite topic, that never palls on those once bitten with the love of horseflesh. As the night creeps on, the air grows somewhat keen, and warns us that the time for evening loiterings has not yet come; so mile after mile is left behind with a speed that does no discredit to limbs more used of late to the legs of the writing-desk than to such vigorous exercise as now is needful. Ere we turn our somewhat wearied feet towards the last of the steep descents, a détour of a few yards brings us within sight of that racecourse, now rapidly approaching completion, which lies nearest to the metropolis. To the Meeting itself and to its promoters we wish success. As a rule we affect not those gatherings to which the rabble of the slums and the cads of Cockneydom have easy access. No reason this why others should not rejoice and be merry, and taste hard by Muswell Hill some share of those enjoyments which the Turf enthusiast would be inclined to seek for beyond the reach of London cabs and omnibuses. Let us wish those who doubtless anticipate with pleasure the holiday they will pass here when the summer suns are at their height all that seems to them best, the enjoyments of the Derby

Day, of Hampton 'Cup' afternoon, of Greenwich Park, of Rosher-ville Gardens commingled ; the delights of shrimps, beer, knock-'em-downs ; or, if they are ambitious, of four-and-sixpenny champagne and 'Aunt Sally,' and unlimited puffing of Whitechapel cigars. Never mind about horses, or stakes, or 'national sport,' or any nonsense of that sort, give him but the above, and his cup of bliss will be nearly full ; add a strong dash of low vice in the shape of a copious instalment of the worst element the Haymarket can supply, and your London racegoer's happiness will be quite complete. However, as we need hardly say, when people set to work with a will, and promise a 'sight' of added money, and have a rare lot of two-year-olds down for a July spin, the promoters of the day's amusement deserve well of us all ; and if, in course of time, Alexandra Park becomes a gathering, great amongst the great, worthy to be talked of in the same breath with which folks speak of Ascot or Goodwood, we will be the very first to praise the ingenuity of those who evolved the happy thought, and to say that we always knew the thing would be a success. No man in, or of, the world can say more.

Then we resume our route, and trudge, rather wearily now, down the steep descent that tells unmistakably on our fore-legs as we approach the bottom. Then are bright lights shining through the casements of the roadside hostelries ; but we are not to be seduced by the allurements of doubtful beer, and the noisy company of the roysterers whose hoarse chorus may be heard a hundred yards away. There is that awaiting us when home at length shall be reached that will well repay the easily achieved abstinence. We encourage each other to constancy by occasional suggestions, and conjecture as to what species of aliment shall reward us for our coarse fare at mid-day. Bright visions arise of a snowy tablecloth, and shining glass and silver ; of a glowing fire, bright lights, and closely-drawn red curtains : thoughts awake of a soul-stirring smell of cookery, and a sound of mingled hiss and simmer that will fall pleasantly on the ear as we enter and pass upstairs. There is a cupboard, too, in a dim and distant corner, which is not forgotten ; a true bachelor's cupboard, and never drawn blank of those comforts bachelors affect at all times, especially when the hours wax small in winter time, and warmth within has double relish when contrasted with the cold without.

With such inducements,² therefore, to incite us to struggle gamely on, we step out side by side, leaving behind us the yet leafless hedgerows, passing under the heavy branches of the elms that a few short weeks hence will be heavy with the coat that spring, most punctual of *schneiders*, is about to bring them. Soon we are once more amongst the rattle, the roar, and the dirt of the streets, and the glare of London by night flashes upon our unwilling eyes. With the cries of 'all hot' ringing not ungratefully in the ears of men who are all cold, we turn up the old familiar street with a 'wet-sail,' for the haven of rest close at hand. The welcome portal is reached and opened, and then burst upon us the expected hiss and smell. The

snug room is gained, and white cloth, silver, glass, and fire are all there. The cupboard seems to ask to be opened, the cigars are eager for the moment when they shall be awakened and drawn from their cedar-wood crib, and on the mantelpiece lies the 'Glowworm,'—be blessings on its spark!—that tells—yes! no! yes! that Master McGrath has won the 'Waterloo Cup!' S.

THE DIRGE OF THE DEFAULTER.

A FRAGMENTARY PARODY.

COMRADES, leave me here a little, while as yet the place is still;
Leave me here, and when you want me, whistle 'twixt your fingers
shrill.

'Tis the place and all around it, 'as it used to was to be';
Sweeping wildly o'er the Downs, career the breezes fresh and free!
Epsom Downs that in the distance overlook the smiling plain,
And the smoky crown of London brooding over dome and fane.
Many a time from yon enclosure, with a palpitating heart,
Did I watch the Derby horses sloping downwards to the start;
Many a time I saw the war-cloud sweeping round the dreaded curve,
Where the game 'uns make their effort, and the craven coursers
swerve;

There about the Ring I wandered, filling up with anxious care
That tiny-pencilled volume, not as yet beyond 'compare';
When the 'centuries' before me, like a glorious vision shone,
And I stuck to every dead 'un like a limpet to a stone;
When I dipt into the future, far as human pluck could dip,
Ere as yet the weights were published, or the public had the tip:
In the spring a fuller scarlet gleams on Martin Starling's back—
In the spring the wanton master to his trainer gives the sack—
In the spring a livelier chorus at the Sporting Clubs is met—
In the spring a young man's 'fancy' slightly turns his thoughts to
bet.

Then his cheek was rather redder than it was before he dined,
And I fully thought to fathom all the secrets of his mind:
And I said, 'My lovely William, speak and tell the truth to me;
'People say that you've a dead 'un—shall I take it so to be?'
O'er the trainer's crimson'd visage came a deeper shade of red,
Such as I have seen in beetroot, or a vernal rhubarb-bed;
And he turned, his bosom shaken with a simulated sigh,
And methought I twigg'd a twinkle in the corner of his eye;
Saying, 'I have hid his failings, fearing they should knock him out;
Saying, 'Do they back him, Joey?' I replied, 'Without a doubt.'
Up I took my betting-book, and laid against him like a man,
Every time I wrote his name, my hand in 'golden numbers' ran;
Yet I kidded as I betted, and I tipped my friends aright;
'Costermonger for the Derby—Coster beats 'em out of sight.'

Many a morning at the Corner did I ring the corpse's knell,
 And my pulse beat rather higher to accommodate a swell ;
 Many an evening at the ' Albert ' did I watch the market's tone,
 And my spirits rose exulting when I found he hadn't ' gone.'
 O my William, false and shallow, thief and liar, rogue and rip,
 O my addle-pated rashness in relying on your tip !
 Falser than a Welsher's promise, frailer than a fallen dove,
 Puppet of a robber gang, and servile to a Jewish love !
 Can you have the face to greet me ?—having known you, I decline
 To continue the acquaintance, or be any pal of thine.

* * * * *

Had I dipt into the future, what a vision had I seen
 (Ere as yet my days were blighted, and my life was all serene)—
 Seen ' the Hill ' in revel rolling, argosies of tiny broughams,
 Temporary brides of pleasure with their dissipated grooms ;
 Heard the millions roar ' They're coming,' where I tremulously sat,
 While a nation for the moment doff'd the many-fashioned hat.
 Far and wide a mighty murmur through the craning myriads ran
 ' Costermonger for a monkey,' and I watched him in the van
 Till the frenzy had subsided, and his number on the rope
 Brought conviction to my bosom, and I thought it time to slope ;
 For the common sense of most had backed him on his public form,
 And I stood a trifle over, and had caught it rather warm.
 So I cut it : the exertion, quite unwonted, left me dry,
 Like to one who calls for ' soda,' leering with a bloodshot eye ;
 Eye to whose lack-lustre vision everything seems whirling round,
 And from out the throat's Sahara grates an incoherent sound.
 Quickly rose the angry chorus of my creditors in wrath,
 But I saw it would be madness to attempt to cross their path ;
 Yet I doubt not had I paid them but a shilling in the pound
 They had spared my injured carcase as it lay upon the ground.
 What is that to me who wander, with the hounds upon my track,
 On from cover unto cover, like a fox before the pack ?
 Fain I'd fly, but lacking courage, here I wander as before,
 Still a soft infatuation binds me to the scenes of yore.
 Fain I'd fly, but whither, whither should my doubting footsteps tend,
 Moving on through all the world without a sixpence or a friend ?
 Hark ! my comrades whistle shrilly, they to whom my tale of tears
 Is a butt for their amusement and a target for their jeers.
 Shall it not be shame to me to herd with such a rabble rout—
 Needy nobbler, seedy sharper, and imaginative tout ?
 No ! 'twere surely better far to pocket all my senseless pride,
 ' Put a beggar on to horseback, to the devil he will ride.'
 So together let us travel, birds of one ill-omen'd birth,
 Better revel with the devil than be ciphers on the earth.
 Here, at least, I'm no one—nothing. Oh ! for some secure retreat
 Midst the advertising tipsters, in that unpretending street,
 Where of tremulous delirium my father hopp'd the twig,
 And I was left to hunger, or to borrow, or to prig.

Oh to seek some desert island, there to wander far and wide
 With my gun upon my shoulder—not 'the bayonet by my side !'
 Nothing to remind of England ; 'mellow peers,' or penny shies,
 Groups of lords and legs in friendly cluster, cards, and loaded dice.
 Never knocks the midnight bailiff, or the creditor at noon,
 Nips the 'possum up a gum-tree, grins the everlasting 'coon :
 No comparing, no defaulting, never comes the settling day
 When the winners draw the rhino but the losers keep away.
 There I think I might be happy, rather than a loafer here
 In the dirty-parlour'd pot-house from the sight of those I fear ;
 There the ruling master-passion would have scope and breathing
 space,
 I will train the cassowary, teach the dodo how to race ;
 There across the boundless prairie they shall race and they shall run,
 With a chorus of gorillas to applaud the screaming fun :
 I myself the handicapper, clerk of course, and referee,
 Shall lay the odds 'to monkeys' to the plunging chimpanzee !
 Fool, to maunder thus and drivel ! Don't I know it can't be so ?
 Conscience whispers, 'Not for Joseph, if he knows it ; oh dear no !'
 I to make a book on dodos ! I who managed—very near—
 To cop a hundred thousand in Caractacus's year !
 How could I through desert places tamely rest content to rove—
 I, the 'cutest blade in London, and the most designing cove ?
 I, that rather held it better to perform upon the dead
 Than be troubled by the living, and be beaten by a head ?
 Is there nothing I can turn to ? nothing worth a happy toss ?
 Let the shilling spin decisive of my profit or my loss ;
 Heads—I start the tipping business, *à la* Youatt William Gray ;
 Tails—I tout for shilling swindles 'in a quiet sort of way.'
 Some disinterested party, with a hundred pounds to lend,
 Pay my bills, and square the bailiff—be the poor defaulter's friend !
 Ah ! methinks I see an opening—but the future shall disclose
 All my plan of operations, see the limit of my woes.
 Howsoever these things be, a long farewell to Epsom Downs,
 Now the lists are full against me, now on me the bagman frowns.
 Comes a Steward of the Meeting, black as 'Day and Martin's' best,
 Scowling, motions me to mizzle, and I follow his behest.
 Let me cut from Epsom Downs, in rain, or hail, or fire, or snow,
 For a mighty crowd surrounds me roaring 'Welsher,' and I go.

AMPHION.

THE ROW, THE FIELD, AND THE CIRCUS.

BY THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK.

NATIONS, as individuals, have their vanities. Mr. Stiggins had his ; France puts forth pretensions to universal peace ; Prussia, to retiring modesty ; and the characteristic vanity of England is her horsemanship. It is far safer to accuse most Englishmen of a taste for petty larceny than to impugn their knowledge of the horse. Without

reference to Hippophagy, it is a noble animal to have brought to its perfection as a slave. We assume to have bitted him, and to mount him *à merveille*. That we are ahead of our neighbours in most things connected with him is not to be gainsaid; but we may yet be taught to bridle our unrestrained self-sufficiency, and to admit that if we are able to teach much to others, we have still something to learn.

When we talk of England we must be understood to mean Great Britain and Ireland. We would not willingly exclude that portion of our country which for love, beauty, fertility, eloquence, and some of the impulsive virtues is beyond all praise. In horsemanship Ireland, among civilized peoples, is unrivalled. We say 'civilized,' because we cannot include the indigenous inhabitant of the plains of South America, the Gaucho, whose performance on a newly-caught buckjumper is of that rough-and-ready kind more connected with strength and cruelty than with the elegance of the Row, or the delicate handling of the hunting-field. Of civilized horsemanship we have seen no finer exhibitions than those of Ireland's rough-riders and aristocracy, for a combination of elegance and nerve.

But it is not to be supposed that this unqualified admiration extends to all those professors of equestrian science whom newly-acquired wealth, or servile imitation of their betters makes horse-masters in the present day. Many an one is a horse-master who is not a master of his horse; and Rotten Row presents daily as much grace in motion as belonged to a Perrot or a Duvernay, and as much contortion as would go to the success of a roaring farce. If half those gentlemen who are to be seen exercising themselves amid the beauty and fashion of England only knew the danger they were in, how sensibly would their numbers be thinned!

Be that as it may, independently of everything else, as a mere exhibition of horsemanship neither the Bois, nor the Prater, nor any other public promenade in Europe is to be compared with Hyde Park, where every style of horsemanship may be seen, from the most polished ease to the most studied incapacity. For it ought to be remembered that there are as many different ways of riding a horse, even in London, as there are horses to ride, and scarcely one from which we may not take a lesson, either for imitation or avoidance. Look at that tall, well-got-up man, whose polished boot scarcely touches the stirrup, whose seat is as easy as the movement of his horse is graceful, and who bends from his hips upwards with every fretful action of the light thoroughbred one he is riding. That seat is made for the occasion; but no one doubts that he is the same fine horseman who has been seen charging the double post and rails in the first flight of a Leicestershire field, sitting well down on his horse, and shutting his teeth with a determination very little like the good-humoured simper in keeping with his park seat and hand. Less mistakeable is the man who follows him, on a powerful chesnut, loosely clad in a morning coat and grey trousers, his buttoned boots thrust home in his stirrups, or dangling, unencumbered with straps, loosely enough for a fall. He sits well back in his saddle, a rein in

each hand resting lightly on either thigh and giving room for the play of his horse's head, who rewards his confidence by walking down the Row at the rate of five miles an hour. The winner of the Liverpool here looks very little like the cross-country jockey who cantered past the stand on Alcibiade in the silk on that eventful morning. He is now provoking 'the canter which he 'seems to chide,' in a tight frock-coat and very elaborate patent leathers, not insensible to the attractions of the lady who, in a succession of plunges, turns out of Albert Gate into the Row, on a magnificent brown thoroughbred horse, displaying an amount of power and elegance which is envied by many of our sex without being rivalled. There is nothing like it to be seen in the Bois, even among the professional talent. These are a few types flattering to our vanity, of which there are inferior impressions without number, more or less perfect, it is true, and all establishing our claims to a proud pre-eminence.

There is a reverse side to the picture; for we are at a loss to conceive the pleasure derived from the peculiar position adopted by several of our compatriots. The unhappy air with which they regard the whole proceeding, the eccentricities of their horses, and their own awkwardness! Can there be any gratification in a seat which combines the stiffness of a trussed fowl with the insecurity of a plateful of jelly? Is there any elegance in the movement by which your horse appears rather to be entangled in the folds of your legs than to be moving under the freedom of a justly balanced body? Neither is there much truth in the assumption that a truly military seat presents one toe in the direction of Knightsbridge Barracks and the other towards Cumberland Gate, or that a truly hunting one is represented by such a distribution of weight as to leave one part of the person on the wrong side of the cantle of the saddle and the other a couple of feet in advance of the pommel. These are eccentricities which we should be glad to see corrected; but which not being more egregious in our own country than elsewhere, serve only to heighten the picture, and to set off its good points to greater advantage.

The differences are even more conspicuous in the hunting-field than there; but assuming that only a certain number can reach the highest perfection, there are several performers in the Shires and elsewhere whose characteristics entitle us as a people to the claim we have set up. There is the uncompromising bruiser, or, as he has been too inconsiderately called by a much-enduring huntsman in the Midland counties, the 'thrusting scoundrel.' There is the silent Sow, who slips away at a corner of the cover without a holloa, and sips all the broth! There is the 'customer' with one eye on the field beside him and the other on the fence before him. There is the man with a knowledge of the country and a love of hounds, a judge of pace and a true and polished sportsman, whose delicate handling and quick and resolute eye place him at the top of the tree, and bid defiance almost to competition in this country, most certainly in any other. The glades of Chantilly and St. Germain show nothing at

all like these, and the combined powers of the Continent fail to reach the point of excellence attained by the skill, nerve, and elegance of a finished British horseman.

Whoever has seen a butcher's boy in a hurry, a gipsy, or an Irish lad on the bare back of a half-broken four-year old, with a pipe in one mouth and a halter in the other, charging the six-foot wall at Ballinasloe, must admit that lower down in the scale than Melton there is a natural talent for dealing with the powers of the horse, to which our neighbours have not yet attained.

But there is a point in which we are lamentably deficient; and much as I admire our own rough-and-ready method of crossing a country, or wonder at the magnificent talent which occasionally does so in its highest perfection, I am not blind to the beauty of the highest class of school-riding: within bounds, the *manège*. I am content to look on at the gentlemen or ladies who ride six horses at once, who jump through paper hoops, and throw balls into the air from the soles of their feet to the tunes of a brass band, or who stand on their heads with their sons and their daughters around them, on the black steed of the Pampas, in various becoming positions, in the hope of seeing a really good performance *à la manège*. Perhaps if I were to tell the young gentleman with the down-besprinkled lip and the two-foot cane that I once sat beside the finest gentleman rider of his day, who was pleased to commend with unqualified praise the admirable hands and seat of the late Mr. Cook in the sawdust arena, he might modify the severity of his criticism, or at least its loudness, in deference to such an opinion as that of the late Sir Charles Knightley. He is only the exponent of a very general opinion, however, in stigmatizing the performer as a 'duffer,' and in expressing a desire to know 'what sort of a figure he would cut' among the ox-fences of the Quorn and the Pytchley.

These remarks are not liberal, and savour of that self-sufficiency to which we are somewhat subject on this point. To tell the truth, we should be none the worse for something more of this education in the *manège*. It does not necessarily follow that that handling and managing of the horse which we have seen so ably exemplified in the foreign cavalry schools should weaken our nerve or detract from our proficiency in the hunting-field or the Row. There is not a race-course on the Continent where may not be seen the cavalry rough-riders teaching their chargers to *pace*; and in some cases it is a beautiful sight, though to English eyes a somewhat useless one, to mark the extraordinary perfection to which the combination of the hand and leg have brought the trooper. We saw an admirable illustration of it not long ago in one of our metropolitan circuses, in which a lady exhibited the utmost grace in herself and her horse in this school of riding; and who has forgotten Caroline? It might appear somewhat *outré* anywhere save in a riding-school; but this capability or power would not make our wives or sisters less ornamental or less efficient as horsewomen; and it must be a new sensation to an English horseman to know that even he has something to learn.

ON PETER COLLISON'S LATE FALL.

A WARNING FROM CHESHIRE.

BAD luck betide that treacherous spot
 Where Peter's horse, though at a trot
 Roll'd over, hurling headlong there
 A huntsman whom we ill could spare;
 As there he lay and gasp'd for breath,
 Unconscious quite and pale as death,
 The clinging hounds around him yell,
 And wailing moans their sorrow tell.
 Let —, who overrides them all,
 Take warning by our huntsman's fall;
 When such shall be that rider's fate
 (And his it will be soon or late),
 They o'er the downfall of their foe
 Will not upraise the voice of woe;
 When prostrate, if the pack should greet him
 With open mouth, 'twill be to eat him.

WHEN FOX-HUNTING IS FOX-HUNTING.

'TRULY, and without hesitation, do I endorse the opinions expressed
 'by our brother fox-hunter from the far West,' added Mr. St. John.
 'I have the misfortune—such would the fast men in the Shires con-
 'sider it—to have been born and trained to hunting the fox in the
 'county of Berks; and although grass fields are very few and far
 'between, I prefer hunting from home, over flints and fallows, to
 'spending my money in more favoured districts; and I should like
 'to know what would become of fox-hunting there if every man of
 'property in the provinces was necessitated to spend the hunting
 'season at Melton? Why, sir, the fact would be that the influx of
 'strangers from all these much-abused provinces would turn your
 'land of promise, Leicestershire, into a wilderness; your fields there
 '—I mean mounted horsemen, sportsmen I cannot call them, since
 'every fool with money thinks it imperative to spend one season at
 'Melton—would become so overcrowded, like a fashionable assembly
 'during the London season, as to fill any one of your largest en-
 'closures so densely, that neither fox nor hound could ever pass
 'through them. Why, then, worry and bully us about our sport in
 'the provinces? We neither ask for your advice or assistance, and
 'we require nothing of your teaching, since we utterly repudiate
 'your theory and practices. I have hunted in Leicestershire when
 'things were managed in very different style to that of the present
 'day. I have ridden at the same fences with Tom Smith and
 'Osbaldeston, although their junior by many years. Like a young
 'donkey, when of age, I spent, as a donkey, two seasons at Melton,

‘and confess a preference for pastures green to flints and fallows. ‘Leicestershire is a grand hunting country when hunted by men of ‘science and intelligence, in short, by gentlemen huntsmen, above ‘suspicion of false movements. Tom Smith would find his fox ‘fairly, and hunt him fairly. I have seen him, sir, actually rating ‘his hounds in a small gorse covert, as if they were running for- ‘bidden game, fearful lest the fox might be chopped before breaking ‘away; and then, sir, what was the signal of his flight when he did ‘face the open? Not the hallooing and screeching we hear now-a- ‘days, but the cap of the whipper-in held high above his head, without ‘a single utterance escaping his lips. This, sir, was something like ‘fox-hunting. Moreover, it proved the confidence of the huntsman ‘in the integrity of his hounds; it proved, also, a confident reliance ‘upon his own abilities, mental as well as physical. It proved his ‘coolness and discretion. He wished to show sport, to treat his ‘field with a run, and adopted the most likely and sensible course to ‘attain that object. He was not afraid of his fox, like your hit-or- ‘miss huntsmen of this age, who seem to think that this poor little ‘brute is sure to beat them, unless foully hustled and knocked about ‘at first starting. There is another idea also uppermost in the heads ‘of these hare-brained huntsmen, that it is their business to kill the ‘fox by their own supposed skill and ingenuity, not by their hounds’ ‘instinct. This is the root from which all the evil springs. Men ‘of little experience assume the management of your crack packs for ‘the *éclat* of the thing, and knowing their ignorance, are obliged to ‘trust to their official for the due performance of their duties in the ‘field and in the stable; and everybody knows—who knows any- ‘thing about sporting life—how matters will be conducted when the ‘man is master. Tom Smith and Osbaldeston ruled supreme over ‘their several establishments. No servant of theirs had the pre- ‘sumption to suggest, much less dictate to them, how things were ‘to be done. *Sic volo, sic jubeo*, was their motto. But you have no ‘men of that class now in Leicestershire, and very few in any other ‘shire. It is too much the fashion to trust everything to huntsmen. ‘In my earlier days Masters of Foxhounds took a pleasure in hunt- ‘ing their own hounds; and without intending to give offence to ‘praiseworthy huntsmen, however talented, I must observe that a ‘well-bred gentleman, possessing an inherent love for the chase, and ‘trained to the sport, ought to, if he does not, excel any official. ‘Blood will tell, sir, in every animal of the creation, from a man to ‘mouse. We have a good pack of hounds in Berks, kept by Mr. ‘Garth, who is a thorough good sportsman; and I would recom- ‘mend any young man, desirous of seeing what fox-hunting is, to ‘come down into his country and spend a couple of months there ‘before going into the Shires. Our country is a rough one, but our ‘system will teach the young idea how to hunt.’

‘My lot has been cast in Hampshire,’ remarked George Fowler, ‘and I have the honour to be one of the members of the Tedworth ‘Hunt, inaugurated and established some forty years ago by that

‘most celebrated of all celebrated Masters of Foxhounds, the late
‘deeply-lamented—and ever to be lamented in our country—Tom
‘Smith; for I may truly say that in the opinion of Hampshire fox-
‘hunters, if not of the whole sporting world, *nec ulli vixit æquus aut*
‘*secundus*. By his energetic and indomitable exertions a fox-hunting
‘country was first established in and around his ancestral seat, Ted-
‘worth, and I believe that no other man could have accomplished this
‘object. True, we had the Craven hounds, then under the manage-
‘ment of that renowned Master and breeder, John Warde, but his
‘jumping powder was spent. If eighteen stone on horseback could
‘see anything of hounds, he might see them sometimes at work in that
‘country, certainly nowhere else. Latterly he could only ride *inter*
‘*pocula* over the mahogany, and the quickest Meltonian had little
‘chance of beating him there. Age tells upon us all, and John Warde
‘at last became better adapted to the howdah of an elephant than
‘a saddle, however capacious, on a horse’s back. The Craven
‘country at that time was so extensive, and foxes so numerous, that
‘the quondam Master of the Pytchley, having plenty of work to do
‘nearer home, *i.e.*, the old Manor House in Hungerford, used the
‘West Woods, Colingbourne, and Southgrove for cub-hunting, and
‘to finish off the season—as the Pytchley now does part of Rocking-
‘ham Forest, and the Berkeley the Forest of Dean. The natural
‘result of such dislike to draw big woods in regular succession, or
‘as they require to be routed once a week, was, is, and always will
‘be, to fill them with a superabundance of foxes, ay, and of good
‘ones too, who here lie *perdu* during the best part of the hunting
‘season. We hear of “runs of the season” continually—see them
‘in print, such as they are—but if you really desire to follow a
‘thorough good fox, he is to be found in these neglected woodlands.
‘In these big woods the great majority of vulpines are strangers on a
‘visit to friends or enchanting ladies. Did you ever hear a vixen fox
‘uttering her plaintive ditty, “Oh, meet me by moonlight alone?” I
‘have; and in the still night those soft seductive tones are wafted
‘o’er many miles of country. The gay Lotharios are off, over hill
‘and dale, to respond to the cry of these gipsy sirens; hence the
‘influx of dog-foxes into these sylvan retreats, where they revel in
‘luxury and licentiousness, until aroused some fine spring morn by
‘notes louder than those of the blackbird. Then, and not till then,
‘they think of “Home, sweet home!” where they have left father
‘and mother, brothers and sisters, so long uncared for and unthought
‘of. The cry of the hounds and blast of the horn warns their guilty
‘consciences that they must fly and seek refuge in an asylum more
‘safe than their Circe’s meshes. On the resignation of John Warde,
‘these despised outlying woods, equally an aversion to his hunts-
‘man, Will Nevered, were transferred by his successor in office—*pro*
‘*tempore*—to Tom Smith; and these three coverts alone, at that date,
‘constituted a three days per week country. Then we had our bits
‘of gorse, which afforded us a smart gallop over the elastic turf on
‘the Hampshire hills; and our great Squire has been heard to declare

‘that he never enjoyed better sport even in Leicestershire. Then we have the Hambledon, where Lord Poulett does the thing as well as it can be done, or ever was done in the Shires. An extensive kennel of hounds—somewhat over ninety couples—two packs often out in the same day. It has been said, however, of his Lordship’s establishment, that he prefers as whippers-in those who do not exceed nineteen years in age, or nine stone in the saddle. This is a great mistake, admitting the precocious talents of the present generation. A squeaker could not rate a hound properly, supposing him to be quite *au fait* at his business, which I shall not suppose or believe to be the case at so early an age. I never weigh talent by stones or pounds. It would not be of the slightest consequence to me whether a man rode nine, or twelve, or thirteen stone, provided he had a head upon his shoulders, and a sufficiency of brains in it. The cleverest whippers-in within my experience would have turned the scale at twelve stone, and I would always back men of this class against your feather weights over any stiff country in a good run. Well, then we have the H.H., the New Forest, and the Vine, in our good county of Southampton. In short, Hampshire has been from time immemorial conspicuous and celebrated justly for producing some of the best sportsmen in the world. The very nature of the country makes every man residing in it, who follows the hounds, a sportsman.’

‘Well, George,’ exclaimed Tom Matthews, ‘you speak so favourably and feelingly about your hunting in Hants, that I really begin to think it would be just the country to suit me when I get married, and can afford to keep two horses only, which must do double duty, carrying me in the winter season, and drawing my wife’s carriage in the summer. Leamington now is the fashion for married men, who have a choice of packs within easy distances. Rugby is a better station, but who would live in that monotonous dull town, unless he had a family of boys to put out to walk in the school there at a low rate? Yet Rugby is the more easy point of access to a much larger extent of hunting ground. From this place you can reach, without shaving by candle-light, the South and North Warwickshire, the Pytchley, Atherstone, Meynel Ingram’s, and last, though not least, the Quorn, by getting up a little earlier in the morning. The Warwickshire country, taken altogether, contains a larger average of pasture than of arable land; in fact, the majority of it is better adapted to feeding bullocks and sheep than growing corn. The soil is too stiff for easy culture, too wet to plough in the winter months, and too hard to work in the spring and summer except by steam power; and stiff as the country is, stiffer are the fences—some utterly impracticable except in a weak place; the farmers, for want of accommodation in sheds and homesteads, allowing their hedges to grow some twelve or fifteen feet high on the north and east sides of the field, to shelter them from those biting winds. Riding at such obstacles, to men under fifteen stone, and mounted on elephants, is, of course, a hopeless

‘affair. Weight may break through them, but ten stone on a daisy-cutter would be suspended in mid air between the sticks, like a red herring on a roasting-fork, until some bigger fellow rode at and knocked him out of them. As a pleasing variety to these overgrown bulfinches, we have a certain little muddy ditch, dignified by the name of the River Leam, which rises somewhere near Braunston Gorse covert, and continues its devious and sluggish course to Leamington, from which that town derives its name. The banks of this murky stream, though not far between, and jumpable by a Rugbeian schoolboy without a pole, are nevertheless as hollow as friendship; and if you trust to them for a fulcrum to gain the opposite repam, a plunge in *medias res*, i.e., into a shoal of gudgeons, on to a pike’s back, or into the hole of an eel, are the almost certain consequences; but the worst of the business is, that if you do get your horse into this sink of filth, there is little chance of getting him out of it except by the aid of a team of plough-horses. Notwithstanding these inconveniences and drawbacks, Warwickshire is a good hunting country, holding a fair scent, not much inferior to the Pytchley; and although the fences are big the gates are brittle, which you can go through in your gallop without drawing bit, if your horse won’t go over them. The ridge and furrow system carried out by farmers of the last generation, necessitates a deal of handling to your hunter, when the line of your fox lies right across them. By Gad, sir, this up and down work over these ancient potato pits is enough to give any fellow the belly-ache, and quite certain to bring on a fit of apoplexy to a corpulent elderly gentleman. Still, as the Leam may be, the town on Leam is far from being a dull or still place. Plenty of fun and frolic going on there by night, as well as hunting by day. At Melton a man must hunt every day in the week, or keep to his bed the days he can’t show at the meet: in Leamington a fellow would not be considered quite a spoony if he could afford to keep only three hunters, and contribute an annual of 25 to the North Warwickshire Hunt. Such an establishment with this liberal donation would establish his reputation there as a top sawyer. What’s the use of your fellows taunting us? You can afford to meet hounds six days per week in the Quorn country, and have your gallops over those large level pastures, with a fence at the end, over which I have driven a horse and gig. Is this one county to prescribe rules and regulations to govern the other fifty-one counties in England? By Gad, sir, ’tis rather too much of a good thing! We enjoy a burst of twenty-five or forty minutes quite as much as you do when we can get it; but the misfortune to us hunting with the Pytchley and Warwickshire hounds is, that we must take the rough and the smooth together—big and little woods as they come, and big fences which are always coming, with ditches deep enough for a man’s grave. Charles Payne, late huntsman to the Pytchley, has been lauded to the skies for his quickness in getting out of a crowd, but his head work rarely proved equal to his horsemanship. The hit-or-miss system, going to halloos, may

‘answer sometimes, but it is a dangerous experiment when bird-keeping boys are out in the fields, protecting their masters’ new-sown corn, in which occupation these urchins are engaged generally from October to the end of March. We all appreciate the blessing of a good sound halloo forward when we are in difficulties, and see no other way of getting out of them; yet even then a sensible huntsman will send his whip on first to ascertain if it is all right, changing from a hunted to a fresh fox proving too often the case on such occasions. I may be, and shall be most probably criticised by the braying of donkeys in the present era for thus expressing my opinion on fox-hunting. In fact, I was once lectured by a country curate for presuming to hold my own against his fantastic notions on riding to hounds. Egad! this was rather rich from a man who never owned a hunter in his life, but was indebted to friends for an occasional mount. He had his wits about him, and could ride—sporting parsons generally do, especially on friends’ horses, with their own spurs; yet the mere riding after hounds does not metamorphose a parson into a sportsman a whit more than saying Amen would qualify his clerk to be transferred to the pulpit. Personally I have no objection to clericals in the hunting field: they are not a bad set of fellows unless they become personal, and pretend to a knowledge of things which, from their profession, they ought not to understand. I should cut a poor figure in preaching, and they certainly mistake their vocation when they presume to dictate to a man who has almost lived in the saddle from his earliest years. Well Clifford, now that most of us have had our say, what say you?’

‘I plead guilty, Matthews, having nothing to say why that sentence should not be passed upon me by the jury here empanelled, for being the most ignorant of all ignoramuses. I have, however, a decided objection to sulky animals of every kind—donkeys particularly have been my aversion ever since the time when a child I was strapped on to the pad of one of these brutes, which, through the carelessness of my attendant, rolled me over into a heap of newly-burnt ashes, and nearly succeeded in smothering my infant screams. A mute man or a mute hound will never find favour with me. I have a particular dislike to fellows who look unutterables but don’t open their lips. A passionate man one knows how to deal with—out it comes on the impulse of the moment, and the inward feelings stand forth in bold relief. He may speak unadvisedly—hastily—violently perhaps, yet is he not slow to admit his error when transgressing the laws of decorum. By the same rule I like, in sporting phraseology, to hear a hound speak to a scent when it tickles his nose. Beckford—between business hours—has been my study, affording the information I have so greatly coveted upon fox-hunting; and had I never perused any other work on this subject, the information derived from a perusal of his pages is quite sufficient to make any man acquainted with the theory of fox-hunting. I have studied also, of later date, Delmé Radcliffe’s and Scrutator’s works on the same subject, have skipped through several minor authorities;

‘and now, with all this hard reading, know nothing of the “Noble Science” except on paper.’

‘Right Harry, quite right!’ exclaimed Tom Matthews. ‘Beckford is good for any age, and wild enough for the wildest of all ages. He did not hunt his own hounds, however, and that makes a deal of difference; and got a notion from his feeder that barley meal ought to be mixed with oatmeal. Feeders now repudiate this recipe—all oat, and oat old—right of course. We horse-keepers know the value of old hay, old oats, and old beans. It is the fashion, however, to run down Beckford as a slow coach of the olden time, but does this sound slow?—his own words, mind, on the fox breaking covert. “Now for gone away, and the halloo forward, “and for as much noise and dash as any gentleman may choose “to indulge himself in.” Could any Meltonian desire more latitude from a Master of Hounds in these times? There are many more passages in Beckford which I don’t now recollect, proving him to have been quite an enthusiast on fox-hunting; and as for “Scrutator,” I should gather from his first work, “The Management of Hounds,” that he was just as wild a fellow when first commencing his career as M. F. H. as the fastest huntsman who ever handled a horn; and I well remember his being pulled up by an orthodox fox-hunting Parson in, I think he called it, Mr. Slowman’s country, for lifting his hounds from scent to view when they were running hard, to prevent his hunted fox re-entering a large wood, where he was sure to change scents. “All stratagem fair in war” was evidently his motto then, but he lived to see the errors of his earlier years. In style and composition Delmé Radcliffe, author of the “Noble Science,” surpasses these two more practical authors whose pens followed their thoughts in perhaps too rapid succession. Delmé Radcliffe is undoubtedly the cleverest writer I have ever read upon this subject; but, to use his own term, he indulges very freely in *crackjaw*, i.e., Latin and Greek quotations. To men educated at public or private schools, this can, of course, be no objection. Gentlemen’s sons are obliged to be crammed with a certain amount of these dead languages, logic and mathematics included, before they can pass their first examination at Oxford or Cambridge. *Crackjaw*, therefore, would prove no impediment to their sailing pleasantly through such entertaining pages, and we don’t imagine that Beckford, Delmé Radcliffe, or “Scrutator,” committed their ideas to paper solely for the gratification and instruction of huntsmen and whippers-in. Well, Harry, having delivered a rather lengthy and prosaic lecture, I conclude by advising you, after we have bought the animals, to make your début in that provincial theatre of fox-hunting where Tom Garth, late of ours, is now manager. He knows all about it, and his huntsman is reported a very *Sweetman* with hounds. There you will get well grounded in your grammar—only take care you are not grounded in their peat meadows. There you can get through your Ovid and Greek Testament before making a higher flight at Juvenal and

‘Thucydides. Go to Melton first, without a knowledge of what’s what, and you will be ridden down and over, with a cracked collar-bone or broken ribs, before you reach your third fence. The Provinces are the schools in which men become educated for the Shires. Those educated in the Shires think only of riding and pace. Hunting a fox is to them like an unknown tongue.’

‘Matthews, I think your advice the best I can follow. A couple of months with Mr. Garth, and then perhaps after Christmas I may take up my quarters in Leamington for the residue of the season.’

‘And if you like Warwickshire, you cannot fail to like Leicestershire far better,’ added the Meltonian. ‘Our hunting grounds are splendid, although, after what Matthews has been saying, I will not pretend to affirm that our knowledge of the Noble Science is very deep-rooted. We go out for our gallops, but whether the hounds are running a fox or red herring concerns us not. Well, Matthews, as you know so much about the matter, why don’t you take the Quorn when vacant? Nobody keeps it long, and you can give us the benefit of your experience. You would turn up a second Meynel.’

‘Thank ye, Sackville, for the compliment, but I have no wish to become drill sergeant to a set of raw recruits. I would not be Master of the Quorn for ten thousand a year subscription money. Nobody can please you long, not even a Master who pays everything, and does everything a man can do. Your fellows are always finding fault with their manager, his hounds, or establishment, and that is the cause of so many changes. In other countries, when the members of the hunt have got a good and liberal man to preside at the head of affairs, every nerve is strained to keep him there.’

‘Now, Tom!’ exclaimed Fletcher, ‘I think we have done quite enough hunting for one night, and I must go to the ladies, according to previous appointments; but I have no wish to break up this pleasant meeting by withdrawing from it so early. Fixtures, you know, must be kept at other meetings besides those of fox-hounds.’

‘All right, Bob—kindest regards to the Heiress—we shan’t go home till morning.’

A DAY ON THE DOWNS.

ABOUT the best-abused sport that Englishmen venture to uphold is hare-hunting. This, however, in spite of the ridicule it at times comes in for, affords a large share of amusement to its votaries during the season; and, where the country is suitable, is not quite the milk-and-water affair it has so often been reported, as any one who has ridden a good run over either the South or Wiltshire Downs will bear witness. Here the hares in spring-time often carry out

the maxim of being as 'Mad as a March hare,' and will run right away for five, six, or seven miles. It is with the hope of in some degree giving an idea of what the sport should and can be, when carried out scientifically, and under the most favourable circumstances, that the following account is written; all the incidents described having actually fallen under the writer's observation, though not exactly in the order in which they are here related; and at no period of the year could the subject be so appropriately introduced as the beginning of March.

'Now, my dear fellow,' said Charles Percy to me one fine spring morning, 'I will show you one of the neatest packs of harriers in the kingdom if you will mount Sambo and accompany me to High Stead: the ride is not a long one, so it will not much disagree with your London education and habits.'

'Well, to say truth,' replied I, 'it is some time since I have been in the saddle, though, as you know, I had plenty of practice in my younger days. But I will run the chance of some subsequent inconvenience for a look at the little ones and a spin over the downs; I trust we shall not get amongst the fences, or I shall inevitably come to grief.'

'No fear of that,' said Percy; 'there is nothing in this country that can hurt you, and Sambo is a capital fencer, for his inches, and will either carry or lead over, as you wish him to.'

No sooner said than done; and within an hour we were in the pigskin, *en route* for High Stead Down, the place of meeting, Charlie riding his grey thoroughbred, while one of his cobs, a very clever brown, was placed at my service. Our course soon diverged from the main road and led us along green drift ways, and over open downs, that afforded capital going; while the beauties of a fine March morning made such a ride truly enjoyable. Cantering and trotting along I soon got on terms with the cob, and though feeling a little strange at first, from some years' absence from the saddle, soon found all my old love of the exercise, and nerve to enjoy it returning, though the antics the grey indulged in from time to time when anything startled him made me thankful that he bore his owner instead of me. A low wattled hedge or two, over which Sambo carried me as easily as possible, still further increased my confidence; and by the time High Stead Down was reached I felt quite equal to anything I was likely to be called upon to surmount in that country.

'I almost wonder,' said I, as we trotted merrily along, 'to find you, Charlie, patronising the "currant-jelly" dogs. Do you really mean to say that you are fond of hare-hunting?'

'Undoubtedly I am,' replied he. 'And much as it has been the fashion to make fun of and decry the sport by those who know no better, there is a great deal to be said in its favour. In fact, the greater number of our masters of fox-hounds who have attained to eminence in the sciences commenced with harriers. In no school can the work of hounds be so well studied as here; and you may

‘depend on it that those who affect to despise hare-hunting are ignorant of the real beauties of the sport; riding men they may be, very likely scientific, good horsemen, but they are not sportsmen, or they would not disparage a chase where more real hunting can be seen than with any other. Moreover, in some countries—this one, for instance—fox-hunting cannot be seen in perfection, on account of woodlands and other disadvantages, whereas the chase of the hare can be here enjoyed at its best, as from the nature of the country they are strong and wild, while the large expanse of down lands lying between the wooded districts forms the best hare-hunting ground in England, with the exception, perhaps, of the South Downs. For fox-hunting it is, on the contrary, too open, and affords him no point to make for. Neither does the fox like to face a country where there is nothing to shelter him. You must have noticed in your hunting days that he generally runs down a hedge, or bank side, and seldom crosses the middle of a field if he can possibly avoid it.’

‘But,’ said I, ‘surely the late Mr. Assheton Smith showed capital sport over this very country?’

‘Without doubt he did; as he would have done in any that he undertook to hunt. At the same time, that does not constitute this a good country for fox-hunting, but merely proves that a man like him will show sport anywhere. For my own part, I hate to be hanging about large woodlands for hours together; neither do I like to see a fox raced into and burst in ten or twelve minutes, when the horseman, if not the hounds, can see him the whole distance, as is generally the case if found on the downs. In preference to either of these alternatives I would join harriers which are properly conducted (such as we are now going to meet), and who legitimately and fairly hunt their hare without taking undue advantage of her. I need not say that those packs of non-descripts which go out not so much to hunt as to kill, and whose proprietors will hunt bag foxes, drags, or anything else with them, so that they get a gallop, are my abomination; in fact, I think a man who joins harriers should leave all idea of hard riding behind him. And if he will do this, and devote his attention to the work of hounds, he will find plenty of amusement, and such, moreover, as will send him home a better sportsman than he came out, and be of infinite use to him when he attempts the more arduous task of riding to fox-hounds.’

‘But surely, Charlie, you do not intend to limit yourself to hare-hunting, which, if you remain here, you must do, or put up with such fox-hunting as it appears you do not appreciate?’

‘By no means; the gallant grey and his owner intend to be content with nothing so decidedly slow as that. We shall migrate to more favoured quarters when another season comes round; as you know, I have so lately returned from abroad, that I have not yet done much more than get things in order here; but you see my disquisition on hare-hunting has already brought us to the meet.’

Turning the corner of a small plantation, at a short distance in front of us, and on a rising ground backed by a brake of old thorn-trees, sat the Master, with his pack grouped round him : and on our riding up, Percy at once introduced me to Mr. Masters, a genuine sportsman of the old school. In age he might have been about sixty, or scarcely so much, though the locks which showed beneath his low-crowned and broad-brimmed hat were as white as silver. In stature he was about the middle size ; but a certain rotundity of figure, as well as the ruddy complexion of his countenance, indicated that the Squire, as he was generally called, and good living were no strangers. He was well mounted on a strong, short-legged cob, scarcely reaching fifteen hands in height, but who, for all his power, showed a vast amount of breeding, while his attendant rode a nag as near the counterpart of his master's as possible, both of them going in large plain snaffles. His pack, of about fifteen couple, were exactly what harriers should be in appearance ; neither the old-fashioned, pottering, slow hound, nor dwarf foxhounds, though there certainly was a dash of the latter in their breeding ; while for harriers, they were wonderfully straight and good on their legs and feet. Only a small field was assembled, though amongst them were one or two ladies well mounted, and, as I heard, accomplished horsewomen. Mr. Cokely, who had on several occasions distinguished himself between the steeple-chase flags, riding one of the handsomest grey horses you could imagine ; and his groom on a plain, long-legged chesnut, who, though anything but a good-looking one, was not far behind the best form of the day across country. Mr. Cokely, though a first-rate man to hounds, like my friend Percy, constantly patronised the harriers when at home, and, in fact, got his horses very much into condition by this means during the months of September and October. The rest of the field were principally farmers, one of whom was riding a remarkably good looking weight-carrying bay, which Charlie told me he (the farmer) bought for twelve pounds out of an Irish drove, and that he might have sold him over and over again for a large sum ; but the brute, although quiet enough in his hands, would not let strangers ride him, and always turned restive as soon as he got into fresh hands. The Squire soon gave the signal to move, and forming ourselves in line, we commenced beating a fallow hard by, and ere many turns were taken, a hare jumped up wild, and got away on our right. No one, however, ventured to 'holloa,' and Mr. Masters, casting his hounds quietly in such a direction as to cross her line, but at the same time with his horse's head pointing for the way in which she went, the pack at once took up the scent, and ran at a fair pace across the fallows, which were separated by a low post-and-rail fence from the down ; this all charged—even the ladies—and got well over. Once on the turf, the little ones rattled away at a pace I should scarcely have deemed them capable of going ; but in this country unless harriers can run, as well as hunt, they have but small chance of, as Mrs. Glasse would say, 'catching their hare.' So good was the pace now, indeed, that Charlie, Mr. Cokely, the

farmer on his restive bay, and one of the ladies drew away from us, and about fifteen minutes, nearly all over turf, gave their horses plenty to do ; then we came to ground which did not hold so good a scent, and the pack gradually were brought down to their noses. Now the real beauty of hare-hunting became apparent, as, inch by inch, they worked out her foils, first one hound making a hit, then another, then a chorus of the whole pack as they owned the line for a hundred yards or so. Again all was silence, and every hound at work ; then another short burst which brought us to four cross roads. 'Now give them room for a few moments, gentlemen,' said the Master, 'and if we can work her safely over this, I think we shall kill her.' Every hound is at work in the road ; not a bank, not a meuse, hardly a blade of grass escapes their inquisitive noses : three of the roads are tried without a note. 'Yo doit, Lady, good bitch,' exclaims the huntsman to an old hound, as she feathers down the remaining road, her stern working like machinery, yet she dares not own it. 'Yo doit, old bitch ; that's her line. Pray stand still, gentlemen.' Harder and harder works her stern. 'That's it ; have at her there, Lady,' again says the Squire, as the old girl throws her head up, and gives utterance to a prolonged note of joy. Tumbling over the old bitch, and driving her from the line, come the rest of the pack at the sound, striving and pushing to get the scent before her ; but it is no go, her nose, and hers alone, can own it down the road, and in spite of their endeavours again she leads the van. Not so, however, when once she has carried it up the bank, and through the hedge into the adjoining field, where all is plain sailing her guidance is no longer needed, and young blood can have its fling. Now we get another mile or so's burst, but more troubles are in store for the gallant little pack ere their reward is to be reaped, for suddenly at the end of a long turnip-field they throw up. Casts are made in every direction, but fruitlessly, when old Lady again opens, and runs right back upon their very line. 'Heel,' says one. 'Must be,' cries another. 'Ware heel ;' and away goes the whip to stop her. 'Let her alone, Jack,' roars the Master ; 'she knows more about her business than you do of yours ;' and Lady is left alone. Still on down the self-same track she goes, nearly to the end of the turnips, when another check occurs ; but as the hounds spread themselves in their cast, up jumps poor puss, then a race across a field or two, and all is over ; her last play for life was running her foil, and then, with a mighty effort, throwing herself beneath a turnip several yards distant, there to have remained until all danger should have passed. 'Twas a bold stroke, well-nigh a successful one, and would have been but for the fine nose of Lady, and her Master's patience and confidence in her powers and sagacity. And so a pleasant run of between forty and fifty minutes is concluded, with galloping enough to warm ourselves and horses, and hunting sufficient to show how hounds should work. The obsequies over (always the worst part of hare-hunting), the Master mounts the horse his whip has been riding, and we trot away to 'fresh fields and pastures new.' Cigars are now lighted, and sherry flasks emptied, as

rather a long draw ensues, hares not being over plentiful in this part of the country. A few of the field also turn their backs and make for home, while one or two fresh faces join us, principally farmers whose land we are crossing: one, in particular, is noticeable for the very clever bay mare he rides—quite a clipper, indeed, and a first-rate light-weight nag. We now enter a large down or common of junipers and gorse, and nothing can be finer than the way in which the pack exert themselves, and work to find their game. Not a bush, twig, or tuft of heath escapes them. See how merrily their sterns twinkle as they press through that heath up to their backs! Where can a prettier sight than this be seen? Now they are working closer than ever. ‘See,’ says Charlie, ‘how they press to that gorse patch: we shall certainly find her there.’ ‘Yes, there she goes, stealing away on the opposite side: let them work it out themselves.’ ‘Who is that riding and holloaing to get their heads up? Ah! the farmer on the handsome bay mare; he is always doing some mischief. ‘Hold hard, sir!’ exclaims the Master; ‘if they cannot catch her without your noise, I am sure they cannot with it.’ And the farmer retires accordingly. Now they settle down on the scent, and run through the junipers well in advance of the horses, and as they rise the steep hill in our front, catch them who can becomes the order of the day: over its summit they sweep, and enter a long plantation, down which they drive her like wildfire. The old firs ring with their merry notes.

‘From tree to tree
The propagated cry redoubling bounds;
And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy
Through all the regions near.’

Its lengths are soon passed, and out they break, Music and Melody dashing like meteors on the scent, and away to the left as though for the distant woodlands. These, however, are not her point, and bending to the right, she again heads for the open. Many fields are not crossed ere a new double post and rail is seen barring the line of chase; fences are not frequent in this country, but here is one that must at any rate be jumped. Charlie, Mr. Cokely, his groom on the chesnut, and the restive bay horse, take it in their stride, as if nothing but a common wattle had opposed them. The Master and whip pull up, and land their horses in and out cleverly at a standing leap; the rest, myself included, are pounded. No, by Jove! just as I am about to get off Sambo, and lead over, the bay mare’s rider, who won’t jump, has found a place in which he can lift out the rails, and we are once more out of our difficulty, and by cutting off a corner, come up with the hounds, just recovering from a slight check, caused by their being a little over-ridden. ‘Forward!’ is again the cry; a mile or two of down is before us, and straight as the flight of a bird they race across it, and the railroad is soon reached. This forms a serious obstacle to our progress, and some little distance must be traversed to find a bridge. Getting across at last, we see the gallant little pack racing their hare more than a field

ahead, but a stain of sheep at the end of a green drove enables us to once more catch them. 'Hark to Hasty and Harriett,' exclaims the Master, as the two bitches, feathering for a moment, simultaneously jump the fence into the next field, and press poor puss, almost dead beaten, before them down into the neighbouring village. Here the crowd and road bring them to their noses, and Lady once more displays her hunting powers to perfection. Through the fence on the right little Songstress proclaims her gone, and then, inch by inch, they pick it out over cold greasy fallows, until they run into a covert full of fresh hares. However, they stick to her line through all difficulties, and finally secure their well-won victory, having traversed fully seven miles of country, not a yard of which was crossed a second time, and the hounds having been only once cast during the run. Now, as the Master emerges from cover, with the hare in his hand, holding her up by her hind legs to show how stiff she is already—

'Well, my friend, what do you think of hare-hunting on our 'downs?' inquired Charlie.

'Why, truly, I like it very much indeed; but quite expect to be 'as stiff as poor puss by to-morrow morning.'

N.

THE OLD OAK TABLE.

CHAPTER IX.

STOFORD'S father had been buried more than a month ere the news of his death could be safely announced to his still convalescent son; and, as the management of the estate had been placed under the control of a trustee and an old family agent, Stoford continued to reside at Oxford, confining himself by day for the first fortnight closely to his college rooms, and by night taking long walks with his friend Watkin over the hill-tops surrounding the University. The dark cloud of grief, however, young and elastic as his nature was, hung over him but for a short season; and when at length he reappeared among his friends in perfect health and spirits, and dropped again into the old genial groove of boon-companionship and free living, no one would have supposed he had ever known an hour of sickness or sorrow from the day of his birth to that very moment.

And well for him it was that he had so soon and so thoroughly recovered his wonted strength; for the welcome he met with on all sides would have sent a weaker man to Erebus at a hand canter. The succession of long wine and supper parties to which he was bidden, and at which every one was expected to floor an incredible amount of port wine, dark and heavy as the Cocytus itself, and if less languid in its current yet far more fiery than that infernal stream, must have proved a fierce trial for his unseasoned head. The vocal music at these festive meetings was unquestionably inspired by the wassail bowl; and to some of the hunting songs and Dibdin's ditties

Timotheus himself might have listened with delight ; though a few of Tommy Moore's warm lyrics would probably have shocked the more delicate ear of St. Cecilia. Jokes, too, 'much older than 'their ale,' went round, until the nights were prolonged almost to cock-crow ; ay, to those little hours when coffin nails are manufactured with more rapidity than at any other period.

Watkin, taking advantage of a saint's day, when there were no lectures, gave a champagne breakfast at Dickeson's Coffee-house ; and a gathering it was of kindred spirits, houndsmen and hard riders, such as the University had hitherto rarely seen and will rarely see again. The forms of many who sat at that table recur to me now with a freshness that time cannot touch : not a furrow do I see on a single face ; no anticipation of the 'grisly troop' that, as men, they would each have to encounter in the vale of years :

'No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day.'

The vision, like the gales of those happy hills, brings back to me the inspiration of youth ; and, for the moment, almost enables me

'To breathe a second spring.'

But, alas ! the interval between that and the present time too quickly follows ; and I turn with a shudder as I see the shadows of life that fill up and darken the intervening space ; for the history of more than one of those sun-lit, joyous spirits would furnish ample material for the wildest romance ever conceived by the brain even of Alexandre Dumas.

Every one present had either seen or heard of Grace Lampern ; her seat on horseback, and the unquestionable style in which she crossed a country, combined with her personal beauty, had long established her as a standing toast among the hunting men of the University ; and Stoford, now that his troubles had become a matter of history, was looked upon by his friends as heaven-led, when he was carried to the gate of such a ministering angel. Watkin's description of Grace's affability at home, her kindness to Stoford, and the tender solicitude with which she had watched his recovery, had invested her with so many charms, that any one present would have given ten years of his life to have enjoyed the same opportunity.

So Stoford was not only envied, but bantered unmercifully on the subject ; and sorely as his temper was sometimes tried by this latter process, it was only when the shaft of wit was pointed at the lady, and not at himself, that the full flood of his wrath burst its bounds and descended like an avalanche on the incautious speaker. Even Watkin was not aware to what extent Stoford's feelings were involved in the affair, or he certainly would have chalked him up as 'dangerous' rather than have permitted among his friends the expression of a single sentiment that could give him a moment's pain.

'For my part,' said Owen, the man who had fathomed the Evenlode in that eventful run from Tar-wood, 'I shouldn't much object to

‘a suspension of reason for a week or two, if I could be sure of Stoford’s luck on and after that glorious day.’

‘Your brain-case is so thick,’ replied Ormsby, ‘that you might have had a worse fall and not suffered from it to the same extent. At all events, don’t flatter yourself that any pretty girl would have housed and comforted you in like fashion.’

‘Well,’ said Owen, ‘that’s a matter of opinion, yours and not mine. I look upon Stoford as the hero of that day; he saw the best of the run from first to last, and crowned it by falling, like Nelson, into the arms of victory.’

‘And into the arms of the fair Grace afterwards,’ said Ormsby: ‘small blame to him, say I. He was quite right to begin the day with Artemis and end it with Aphrodite: though it was certainly the devil’s own luck for him that he was put to ground at Lovelstone. “Non cuivis homini.”’

‘A sconce! a sconce!’ shouted a dozen voices simultaneously; and the delinquent was required at once to drink off a tumbler of champagne, as the penalty for speaking three consecutive words in an unknown tongue.

‘There’s many a true word spoken in jest,’ remarked Watkin, aside; ‘and if I thought a friend of mine had any serious views with respect to that lady, I should certainly regard Lampern’s alliance as the devil’s luck for him, at any price.’

‘By-the-by,’ inquired Ormsby, ‘how have you settled the Feather-bed affair with Lampern?’

‘Very much to his satisfaction, but little to mine,’ replied Watkin. ‘The wily knave wrote to my father, who, rather than go to law with him, paid his demand,—one hundred and fifty guineas for that runaway brute.’

At that moment Fulbert with his inevitable companions, a brace of terriers, at his heels, entered the room; and, hearing Lampern’s name connected with a horse-case, dashed at once into the subject and gave a glowing description of his own narrow escape from the toils of that accomplished dealer.

‘I’ll defy you,’ said he, ‘to paint the fellow blacker than he is. It’s my firm belief that any man who offered him a good price for one of his screws might have his daughter into the bargain. But, fair as she is to look upon, I’d rather do as the diver did for a goblet of gold, plunge into the “howling Charybdis” and confront the hammer-fish and terrible shark, or any monster, than go in for the beauty and be hampered for life with such a connection.’

Up to this point Stoford had gnashed his teeth in silence: not a word had escaped the enclosure of his lips; but this coarse allusion of Fulbert’s, like the last straw on the camel’s back, proved too much for his endurance; he could bear it no longer. His eye flashed fire; and, with a bitter gibe, he thus retorted on the speaker:

‘To abuse your host, Fulbert, behind his back is, to say the least of it, a very questionable act; but to speak lightly of the lady, simply because she is the daughter of that host, is so unmanly

‘an act, that I did not think a gentleman could be capable of
‘it?’

‘Whew!’ whistled out Fulbert, with a kind of buzzard cry.
‘Why, Stoford, I declare your hackle is up, stiff as a porcupine’s!
‘And I’ve hit you on a tender point, have I? Well, I didn’t mean
‘to do that; and I totally disclaim the intention of saying anything
‘disrespectful of the lady herself. So, forgive me, old fellow; for,
‘my tongue will run riot, do what I will to keep it in order.’

The soft answer had its usual effect; and, instead of a row being the result, the most cordial good-fellowship was at once restored by this frank and timely explanation. It was made, too, as every one present felt, from no craven spirit; for a manlier fellow than Fulbert never followed a drum, but purely from the conviction that, having hurt his friend’s feelings, he could not make the *amende* too promptly.

In those days steeple-chasing was in its infancy: and with the exception of an occasional match across country,—catch weights and owners up,—for the purpose of testing the power of rival hunters, the practice of it was little encouraged by the houndsmen of that period. It was looked upon as neither flesh nor fowl,—a kind of bastard cross between hunting and racing,—the Turf without a clear course, and the Chace, without hounds. Still, like an evil weed, it has grown apace; until, fostered by the spirit of betting and nurtured by railways, it now occupies, with Briarean proportions, the length and breadth of the land; and it would puzzle a Hercules himself to cleanse the moral filth of its vast Augean stable.

But if as yet the Oxford men were guiltless of this novel diversion—this hybrid phase of the glorious Isthmian game, which I will not dignify with the name of sport,—they found the Christ-Church ‘drag’ a rare substitute, on days when hounds were not within reach. The pack, used for this purpose, consisted of five or six couple of draft foxhounds; and the meet, only known to a select party, many of whom were hard if not first-class riders, was fixed at a distance of four or five miles from Oxford, in a vale country with rasping fences and a brook or two to vary the scene.

A bag of aniseed, trailed by a nimble-footed cad with plenty of law, always insured a scent; and when the hounds were uncoupled or laid on, twenty men or more mounted on the best horses of the University, dashed to the work like falcons on the wing: and fearing neither big fences nor bad falls, maintained the pace so long as their steeds could carry them. Sometimes, when the cad was in vicious mood, he would cross the Waterperry brook at a point where the width of the stream and the unsoundness of the banks would have stopped a red-deer; and the scene of confusion that then ensued beggared description; riders, severed from their horses, went head-foremost to the gulfs below; and the poor brutes themselves, partly plunging and partly swimming, snorted water from their nostrils, like whales in an Arctic sea.

The honour and glory of living to the last with the leading hound

(for, the scent being so marked, the fleetest and longest-winded hound is always at the head) was the sole stake for which these Thracian heroes competed; and, long before the hunting term came to a close, the relative merits of every horse that could carry a pair of boots were well known to the riders in the 'drag;' while, at the same time, whatever latent defects a horse might possess were soon rendered patent by this crucial test.

So the livery-stable men, who let and sold horses, were not only shy of the 'drag,' but looked upon it as an institution fraught with mischief to their best interests; and certainly if the elimination of splint, spavin, curb, and over-reach be calculated to scare a customer, this prejudice of theirs could scarcely be considered unreasonable.

On one notable occasion after a meet in the Kiddington Vale, where the white-thorn fences were unusually strong and ugly, and many a row of pollard-willows told of dykes and watercourses beneath them, the line taken by 'Aniseed,' as the cad was sometimes called, was probably the strongest and heaviest he could have found in the whole country: consequently, as the pace was never shirked, not a man nor a horse came home undamaged: a broken collar-bone or two was thought little of; but the wail that went up from the livery stables that night would have moved to pity the inexorable Pluto.

A day or two afterwards, Long Howard, one of the hardest of the 'drag' riders, strolled into Squeaker Smith's stables to select a hack for an afternoon ride.

'Let *you* a horse again, sir?' said the Squeaker; 'never. Him as you rode t'other day is half dead in his stall; it took us six hours to foment his legs and pull out the thorns, and there were thorns enough in 'em to make a crow's nest with. No; never more, sir, thank you.'

And 'hard-riding Dick' for once was discomfited and had to look elsewhere for his next drag-horse.

A QUERY AS TO 'THE SCIENCE OF FOX-HUNTING.'

BY A YOUNG HAND.

SIR,—I am astounded at finding in a critique upon a new work on 'The Science of Fox-hunting,' the production denounced as 'little suited to the age we live in.' I confess that I have not seen 'Scru-tator's' book; but, as a tyro, I have deeply studied 'The Noble Science,' published some thirty-eight years since, by Mr. Delmé Radcliffe, and I have, in my ignorance, found every page strictly applicable, whether on horses, hounds, men, or the daily occurrences in the field, to this year of grace in which we flourish.

I had hoped that I had not without acquiring some knowledge on the subject perused this volume, which I purchased last year. I tried last month to get it for a friend, but found that the second edition is

sold out and no copy is to be had. I chanced, by accident, to be in company very recently with the ex-Master of the Quorn, and on my mentioning my opinion on 'The Noble Science,' and that which I had heard pronounced by more competent judges than I can ever hope to be, he said: 'I knew nothing of hunting when I undertook it, but I believe that I gained no little knowledge—certainly all I have acquired—from that book, to which I owe all my enjoyment in hunting.' I have, moreover, heard Lord William Lennox affirm that the late Lord Fitzhardinge, not long before his death, requested him to deliver this message to the author: 'That he regretted not having seen him in the field, finding him, on paper, the best huntsman in England.'

If the critic on 'Scrutator' will kindly inform me in what essentials the fox-hunting of 1868 differs from that of 1828—embracing a margin of forty years—he may benefit many of the 'coming men,' and confer a favour upon

Your obedient servant,
JUVENIS.

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

'FEBRUARY failings' would really not be a very bad 'invoice' to a letter from Paris this month, if I dared to trespass on the sacred ground of a *confère*. I dare not—so I keep the fact and repulse the name. The truth is, we are a little dull this year, and as for carnival we have had none, and shall 'take leave of flesh' without losing any of our own through dissipation. Truth, however, compels me to say, that although duller this year than last, Paris is much more pleasant. Who cares to see five hundred people in their best clothes eating ices, flirting over sandwiches, consuming supper off the same plate, if you do not know them?—I do not for one. Miss America P. Brownjohn, daughter of the house of Brownjohn and Emmanuel E. Frizzle, is charming and, no doubt, a great person at Boston, but then you see I never was there and hope not to go; and so 'what care I how dressed she be, if she be not dressed for me?' Also are Brown, Jones, Robinson, Jackson, and Smith, worthy creatures with delightful daughters; still I do not know them, and if they always stand in highways of society, why, I confess that they, though charming also in the way, do not interest this child. This year all our parties are intimate, and instead of standing in a doorway with a waiter's 'tray landed' (excuse the joke and the spelling) on your back, a fat chaperon on your instep, and your pet evening hat compressed to a 'Gibus,' which no second spring can renovate, you have ample room to seek out the lady of your affections, take her to a seat under the shelter of a friendly *portière* and be happy ever after, or at least till the husband comes, and says 'My dear—you know what I have got to prepare for the Chambers to-morrow,'—('I believe,' whispers Alphonsine—the *vous portière* in question—he is preparing for a chamber, but not that presided over by M. Schneider'),—and I really 'think we must go!' Then if you are active, and willing enough, and so minded, you may dance till day does appear, which it does *experto crede* every morning between 6.30 and 7.0 a.m., Sundays included. But we must hark back to sport again. The shooting season ended here on the 9th of February,

and a very bad season it has been—excepting the great ‘battues,’ Imperial and financial, nobody has, so to speak, killed any game—that is, game as it is understood now. Writing of one of these latter shooting matches, I am told that it was a ‘droll sight to see at a very warm corner a pretty little Duchess, in a very pretty little costume, the skirts of which did not by their length hinder her walking, placed on an inverted stable-pail to keep her out of the mud: hare, rabbit, partridge, roe-deer, each in its turn, ran by her, but as the keeper observed ‘they were clever, they were, and so they got by quick, ‘knowing that Madame would kill them if they stopped!’ At length a very old and very large cock-pheasant, the patriarch of the oval family, perhaps driven desperate by the rapid growth of that family, and so suicidal, flew right in the face of the Duchess Diana, who was so frightened that she let off her gun and killed the poor pheasant on the spot. Oh, how delighted she was!—

‘She danced like a fairy along with her bird;
She did, on my word—so very absurd!’

I was talking last evening to one of this very party, and he told me that there was really too much game at La Ferrière; that the pheasants threw quite a cloud over the rides, the roe-deer could not gallop on account of the ground game, while the hares turned on the beaters like sheep on a pack of hounds.

Prince Napoleon has some fine woods at Meudon, and has been trying very hard to get up a head of game, but the shoemakers of Northamptonshire are not more deadly foes to preserving than are the poachers of the suburbs of Paris. The Prince still hunts; but his regular Sunday season is over, and he hunts on irregular days: the sport has been much as usual—fast gallops up racecourse-looking rides. Talking of the Prince, he has commenced another kind of season, that of dinners, the art of giving which is understood better in the Palais Royal than in any hôtel in Paris. Twenty-four guests and twenty-four servants, a room as big as a basilica, light as day, and as full of flowers as Eden; just enough statues in the room to glance at between the acts. Perhaps if there is a fault, it is that these *entr’actes* are too short and the service too good—a dinner fit for a Talleyrand, and wines of the first *crû*, including a *porto doré*, which is a thing of history, though a pleasant present fact; ladies taken back to the drawing-room and left, as they should always be, alone for an hour after dinner, and men taken to a smoking-room, where two negroes in black and gold (they are in bronze, my dear anti-slavery Duchess, so don’t be alarmed), tender you the very best cigars—then, again, ladies, tea, and improving talk.

Hunting still goes on at Compiègne and Chantilly, where Mr. Tom Jennings cuts down the field on his Flying Dutchman, and certain boar and deer are killed.

The racing season began on the 16th at Porchefontaine, one of the illegitimate meetings which, I think, are calculated to do a deal of harm to the legitimate French Turf. It was a good day’s sport, and the Duke of Hamilton had a good day, which he deserves for his straight running. I trust other French steeple-chasers will strictly follow the ducal example. Then a fine day last Sunday sent all Paris to La Marche. The Fridolin-Kahlil-Bey confederation is broken up: in spite of ‘good things’ galore, this Oriental plunger has got if not quite into Short Street at least into the narrow passages which lead to that much-frequented spot. First, our Bey, who is a lively little Bey and always cheery, sold his pictures; but Major Fridolin was down on the proceeds

of the sale for stable expenses, training, &c., &c. Then the stud was sold and fetched good prices, but the pick of the stable was bought in, and so we shall see them again in the fond, familiar colours. The Bey will be a great loss to the Paris ring; and indeed, with this Bey gone and the other Bey—who has ‘plunged’ into Eastern politics—in *abeyance*, I do not know what the active and energetic ‘International Necessity’ will do for a good ‘flat!’ I suspect last year, however, the ‘Bey’s’ won pretty often, and then the L. N. got it hot! I have heard of no ‘flyer’ as yet in France; of course they talk here of the La Grange stable, but so they will on the strength of Gladiateur, if we have to write ‘Paris Sport and Paris Life’ in 1888, as I sincerely hope we shall. Thank goodness the ‘Baily’ of April will see us at work in reality, for I am weary of (like the man recorded in story) ‘beginning my letter ‘because I have nothing to do, and ending it because I have nothing to say,’ but it is the effect of the dull season. Never since I have known Paris—and twenty years may be supposed to have elapsed between that act of my life and to-day—have I seen so few English as there are now here. Except the Duke of Hamilton, Mr. Trafford, Captain Miles, Captain Vansittart, Lord Hertford, and a few others, who are semi-Parisian, you would be puzzled to find a dozen men known to the readers of your Magazine. Not so the Americans; they are here by thousands: but if you think that there are not ‘Americans *and* Americans,’ you are strongly in error; there is more difference of ‘class’ and ‘set’ than among ourselves. ‘Look at these people,’ said last year an American gentleman, grand seigneur too, I assure you, with whom I was dining at a great American dinner: ‘I never saw any of them ‘before—don’t want to see any of them again.’ The upper hundreds who are here are certainly charming, and if you go into a *salon* and notice half a dozen good-looking women, you may depend on being told ‘Oui, elles sont jolies, n’est ‘ce pas, mais effectivement Monsieur elles sont des Americaines.’ Yes, the days of the ‘blond English Miss’ are past, and her place is occupied by our transatlantic relatives; nay, I will say more, when I look on the Simms, the Beckwiths, the Lippincots, the Riggs, Posts, &c., &c., I think that the place is worthily filled. At the Court Ball at the Tuileries, there are, as a French lady from the Faubourg remarked to me, ‘more Americans than French, I hear.’ There certainly are a good many, and two hundred applications were made to His Excellency General Dix, for the twenty-five to thirty presentations allotted to that minister for the last ball of the season. We were about six, but still England won easily by miles, in fact, the Grand Prix de Paris; and I am sure that if the Shepherd of Ida had spent this season in the city to which he stands godfather, he would have confirmed its judgment, and given the apple to the young Hebe who is really *matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior*.

I heard a good story from an American of an American. The scene is laid in a jeweller’s shop in Geneva, that one, indeed, which is so close to the ‘Metropole,’ and which has tempted us all in our turns. Enter an American and his wife: they ask for jewellery—something ‘showy,’ in a word, and are shown a very handsome and classical ornament, very severe indeed, and very dear, also a cheap and tawdry design—very ‘showy’ and quoted at a much lower figure. The husband was in favour of classical taste and high price, but his wife said, ‘No! Athanasius J. Biggin, I don’t like that; I prefer more shine ‘and less price, and so I take this!’

Apropos, it is reported that offers have been made by the exiled hell-keepers of Prussian Germany to hire Geneva for a great Kursaal. We shall now see if the pristine virtue of the old Republican system still exists, or whether

there is not lurking among the other liberties they so ardently desire a wish for the liberty of guessing whether thirty or forty are the best numbers for No. 1, or red or black the most becoming colour, and then backing their opinion. I remember Geneva with a 'hell' at its 'Stranger's Club,' and about thirty smaller ones in private houses. Yet I suppose Geneva will not be Hombourg the Second, and I believe the 'Demon Play' will go off and hide its dangerous but popular Lead in that other republic—the Val d'Andorre. But I must go back to Paris.

I went over the Imperial stables last week, but regretted to miss the courteous Mr. Gamble, who was away on a mission to London, where probably if he found anything to suit his Imperial master, who wants a hack, he did not let price stand in his way. As usual, the stud is excellent, and the condition unrivalled. The Russian additions—partly presents from the Czar and partly purchases from the Exhibition—are interesting, perhaps, but not pleasing. None of the new Russians come up to those two little Russian black cobs which the Emperor drives in his brougham, which not only step but move—not only move but go! The Emperor's old favourite, Rockingham, on the back of which his Majesty sat for fourteen hours at Solferino, and which I remember to have seen in the hands of poor Jem Mason, is dead—dead full of years and old oats, and a new chesnut has succeeded to the vacant stall. We must all hope that he will never be called on to carry his noble master through such a long day as that of Magenta. The Emperor has taken to riding in the Bois—he rides with one equerry and one groom—and I regret to say (though it evidently delighted his Majesty, who laughed very quietly, after his fashion, when he perceived who were his assailants) that he was fairly charged by two English noblemen, who taking their canter and not expecting riding royalty, treated the well-mounted gentleman like any other fellow, and so nearly knocked him into the first week of Lent.

The Bois is at its zenith now, when days are fine; but excepting Lord Lyons's, there are few new turnouts. His Excellency has brought over something curious in hacks, however. The Princess de Metternich, whose dress, figure, hair, and walk are daily copied here, has been just plagiarized awfully as to her carriages. Two years ago she alone had the Metternich yellow; but it is now aped by others—not Madame de Gallifet, because they have a family yellow of their own—and so the Austrian ambassadress has painted her carriages black, and they look wonderfully well. The Demidoff and de Frias turnouts are among the neatest in the Wood; and although I do not admire the ghastly, ghostly, spectral skeletons on wheels in which the American visitors to Paris delight to risk their lives, and go a pace to which even modern plunging is slow and safe amusement, yet I must admit that some of them have very good horses, and, as far as I can see such outlines, very nice carriages: you have, however, to stand in a strong light to see them at all. As for the 'market' carts, or 'village' carts, or 'cottage' carts, or whatever those clothes-baskets on two wheels are called, I am told they are very 'chic' and *très comfortable*. That they are the first, I have no doubt, indeed 'that sees itself every day;' but if they are the latter, I will only say they do not look it. 'Get up, Moucher,' said a driver to his friend. 'Up where?' asked Jules. 'Into my cart,' was the reply. 'But then,' said Jules, 'you must get out and 'run behind!' A very well-known 'Amazone' has returned to the Bois to the evident delight of the carriages, the 'cavaliers,' for whose use the ride she frequents is 'reserved,' as we read from the green official boards, and of the pedestrians who crowd the shores of the lake of the wood of Boulogne.

She is naturally very much admired, being the model on which the world of every degree now dresses itself, and also being that which they would seem. Mdle. — has brought out a chesnut hack for her own riding, the like of which has rarely been seen in Paris; she has six other horses, such as cannot usually be found, even with time and money.

We have had in the theatrical world the great success of a new opera by the octogenarian Auber, after hearing which, the Empress sent word to the composer not to impose any more, but confess at once that he was only twenty. Mdle. Patti had a great success in 'Don Juan,' in the Krauss as 'Dona Anna.' La Divina Patti sings here till April, and then comes to you. The much-talked-off marriage is not off, but in abeyance. It was said the other night that the Marquis was still in his stall in *statu quo*. Mr. Boucicault's piece 'Jean la Poste,' has been reproduced here with great success. Dumas's eccentric play 'Kean,' too, has been reproduced, but does not please.

The Bals Masqués have been totally devoid of fun this year, and the greenest youth from a University could scarcely persuade himself that he had been 'intrigued' by a duchess in disguise. If anything, the heat and smell are worse than last year. These *réunions* have, however, given rise to a few pleasant suppers, and so all has not been lost. The day of the grand old Bals de l'Opéra, for which in our youth we used to 'get leave' on purpose to run over, are numbered with the past. A crowd of venal masks, paid fifteen pence and their supper, on condition that every *Lui* brings his *Elle* and dances every dance, may be necessary to 'make a house,' but is highly unpleasant to the 'casual' who drops in for his evening's amusement. I fear we are getting dull or good, or one or the other! 'It was not so in times 'gone by,' as many a supper at the Anglais, between the theatre and the bal, and many a breakfast at the Maison Doré, between the bal and bed, would testify, if we could produce the 'additions;' but they are paid and forgotten, like that debt of nature which is also now paid by David of the rubicund visage, who used to wait at those pleasant gatherings! Alas! where are Lois and Phryne? Where are Jules and Charles? Aspasia, Leonie, Tom, Dick, and Harry? Echo (in the form of the senior existing waiter, and evidently very tired) answers, Gone to that bed in which no sleeper turns. The curtain has fallen over masque and masks! no supper, thank you. No! only a basin of bouillon and a good book.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—February Fancies.

FEBRUARY, sacred to 'Valentine,' and we do not know whether we ought not to add Wright, although the former has existed long before the establishment of betting lists, has passed away in a manner that has afforded a strong contrast to that of the opening month of the year; for while January only went through quietly its allotted days in the Calendar, February has actually bristled with sensations, such as would have delighted Miss Braddon, if she had been on the Turf, and given Mr. Boucicault materials for a new drama. Then Betting Men have resumed work, Clerks of Courses given proof of their enterprise and handicapping powers, and Turf Advisers, as well as Professional Horse-watchers, burst their shells, and come out of them like young chickens, and quite as ready to gobble up all that comes before them; and really the ingenuity and audacity of some of the former class is truly amusing, and shows

us the truth of the old adage—that a flat is born every minute; for we well know that publishers of Sporting Newspapers do not run accounts with this description of individuals. Foremost among their ranks is Mr. G——, who weekly displays considerable inventive powers, and is in no way disconcerted by the frequent exposures which have been made of him. Judging by what he says of himself, he must be a most winning person in more senses than one, as owners and trainers of horses make a confidant of him, and tell him when their animals are going for the money. And great must be his regret that some of the plunging division did not have recourse to him before they got beyond the length of their tether; for what sacrifices might he not have averted? Then a Mr. Montgomery informs Young England ‘in clear, vigorous language how they may quickly gain any amount of wealth.’ Now, although we fancy it will be admitted we are not of a very atrabilious temperament, and are more disposed ‘to be silent and forbear to blame,’ as poor Haynes Bayley said in one of his favourite ballads, we must go to this length, and say it strikes us as rather strange that a gentleman with such resources as these at his disposal should require stamped addressed envelopes to be sent him. One would imagine his system, if as successful as he represents, would require no such condition as that which he insists upon. Youatt W. Gray has sprung up again, to our great surprise, for we thought he had been gathered to his fathers, so long is it since we have heard of him; and he certainly must be by this time as old as the greatcoat of Thomas of Tattersall’s, which is the nearest simile we can call to mind at the moment of our writing. Judging, however, from the tone of Mr. Gray’s advertisements, we are sadly inclined to think he has been dabbling in Railway Shares, or Public Companies, or he would by this time have retired from his profession, and forsook the busy thoroughfare of Charing Cross for the quiet retreats of the Wood of the Evangelist, or the more stately mansions of Belgravia. This remark may be said also to apply to the whole of the race of the Prophets, who do not reflect that continuing to give the same address year after year is anything but commendatory of their system, inasmuch, when racing men accumulate money, their first object is generally to spend it, as they are conscious how easily more can be got from the same source; and, therefore, if they were to proclaim their residences to be at South Kensington or Tyburnia, and refer to the Red or Blue books for corroborative proof, and state they had removed there from Kennington Lane or Leicester Square, we fancy they would gain more converts to their system. Recommending these reflections to the serious consideration of the younger portion of our Subscribers, we will proceed to discuss the other features of the month, to which we fear we shall be unable to do justice.

First and foremost of these has been the ‘retiring disposition’ of a few Noblemen of the Turf, which has given so much cause for scandal, and furnished the enemies of the Sport with such weapons of attack. And yet, except in one instance, the Turf has had as much to do with these retirements as we have had with the disappearance of Mr. Speke. Lord Jersey, who has been the lion of the early part of the month, was singularly successful in his racing speculations, as the accounts of his Commissioner, which have been vouched for to his Trustees, will show. On the contrary, he was more fortunate than most young ones; and if he had not been eaten up alive by money-lenders and trainers, he would have maintained the same proud position his grandfather held for so many years. To say he should have kept off the Turf is absurd, and argues a great want of knowledge of human nature, for

we hold it to be quite as impossible to keep a grandson of the owner of Bay Middleton from racing, as to prevent a duckling from going into a pond of water. The taste for it is hereditary, and no doubt was well fostered both at Eton and Oxford, at both of which places he is said to have incurred liabilities which would have purchased a German Principality; and it is melancholy to think he was found out—or rather touted—at the former place like a promising two-year old before the Middle Park Plate, and initiated into a knowledge of 'cross-barred tarts,' and the giving of autographs, while yet a mere boy. In fact, he completed his ruin at the same time as his education, and may be said to have quitted the Turf before he was known to be on it. An attempt is being made to make the plunderers disgorge their securities, but whether it will be successful remains to be seen. The theme, however, is too sickening to pursue, and, out of regard to the feelings of the family, we will not dwell upon it; but when we consider the wide-spread ruin that advertising money-lenders have created, we are disposed to think the Archbishop of Canterbury should add a new clause to the Church Litany, that young men of position may be delivered from them, as from the other evils enunciated therein. The retirement of the Duke of Beaufort with all his blushing honours full upon him is another of the important features of the month, and fairly took every one by surprise, as his luck had been so great, and his future so promising, that he was the very last person to be suspected of selling. However, it is a consolation that the Turf had nought to do with it; for if that had been the case, the outcry against it would have been so great that we should have despaired of the vitality of our National Sport, and fancied that it was on the point of expiring, like the Prize Ring. But the truth of the matter is that prudence has overcome inclinations; and although the Duke of Beaufort is quite as much attached to racing as the late Lord George Bentinck, the sudden cutting off some twelve thousand per annum from his rent-roll necessitates a corresponding diminution in his expenditure. Therefore he is wise in taking this step voluntarily, when, if he had one or two bad years, he might have to act under compulsion. To John Day the loss will be a serious one, for he served the Duke with the utmost fidelity, and has retained his entire confidence from the time he took to the horses; and, after the way in which he has been treated by some of his employers, he at once recognized and approved of the Sale, which will be held on the second Saturday in March at the Ascot Hotel Stables. It is to be hoped on this occasion the weather will be milder than at the last Danebury Distribution, when the cold resembled more that of Spitzbergen than Hampshire. That the Duke of Beaufort's giving up racing will be a serious blow to the Turf none can deny; and we look on it in a far graver point of view, because it is just on the cards, the example may be followed by others in a similar position; and as there is no undercrop of Nobility coming on the Turf is more likely than ever to fall into what may be termed Professional hands, which is hardly to be desired. Breeders also must regard this dispersion of the Upper Ten with fear and trembling. And when we look at those who are left behind, and the little prospect afforded of 'fresh 'catched ones,' to use a phrase better understood than explained, they must, we think, admit to themselves that the days of high prices for yearlings are over, and that in all probability they must content themselves with three figures for their 'young things.' Of the Duke of Beaufort's mode of racing we can only say it became his position, and it will be some time before Fordham in his colours will be forgotten by the racing world. Of his stud it is unnecessary to say more than Mr. Pitt we believe to have been his speediest horse, while

Vauban was the finest stayer and most remunerative animal. The 'Battle of Hastings' having terminated unfavourably for the chief personage engaged in it, there was no alternative but for a well-covered retreat, which, under the management of his Commanding Officer, was as skilfully effected as that of Sir John Moore at Corunna.

And now, having thus discussed, in no unfair spirit we trust, the chief topics of the day, we must turn to the opening Meeting of the year at Lincoln. Perhaps in no other city in the kingdom has the revolution in racing affairs been more forcibly experienced than here. Instituted originally to give the northern trainers the means of galloping their horses in public, with a view of finding out something of their form, it has grown into a monstrous gathering of man and horse, and people look forward to it as eagerly as to the Craven at Newmarket. The Handicap figures in the market, from the date of the acceptance, and the whole proceedings, are vested with a degree of importance which none of its old friends ventured to anticipate. Then the Admiral has been induced to make it the scene of his first appearance, and Mr. Chaplin's guest insured the attendance of a crowded ring. The weather the first day was as fine as could be desired, and the 'Squire of Blankney,' as it is the fashion of the reporters to style Mr. Chaplin, and his friends were rather benefited than otherwise by their 'indigestion,' and vowed they would not mind having it continued for several days to come. As Lincoln is fatal to favourites, the defeat of King Charming did not create that surprise which it would have done at some places, and he proved most unmistakably he did not deserve so pretty a name. Purveyor would have taken the prize for condition had there been any competition for it, but he was as savage as a Mohawk under the influence of arrack, so much so that a repetition of such conduct will insure the immediate application of the knife. Czar looked rather dicky, although he came with the reputation of being the same horse as The Beadle, with 6st. 10lb. which caused him to be the bearer of a great deal of French money; and which, if he had not broken down a short distance from home, Mr. Johnson could not have failed to recognize. The Brocklesby, which yearly increases its dimensions, and is very nearly assuming the proportions of the Althorpe Park, had been for some time bespoke for either Lure or Sister to Veda. But in this instance the wish was father to the thought, as both cut up very moderate, and were far behind Curieuse, a very smart little filly, in Tom Jennings' stable, and whose merits were only discernible by a 'Glowworm.' On the second day, old Reindeer, who many thought had gone to the happy pastures, came and won a handicap in such style as to suggest to some of the lookers-on that he purposely kept sound to advertise the Drama of Tarragona and her Victim, which we are assured will be reproduced in the Spring, with, as the bills say, fresh scenery, dresses, and decorations. And, we must add, the day was in every respect worthy of this Deer, as, to use the expression of an old West Indian sailor, 'it left off raining and went on any how;' and all the witty men and punsters won by him: a well-known Baronet from the Land of the West, telegraphing to have a hundred put upon him, when informed by the wires of the state of the atmosphere. As for the defects in the management, they are too numerous to detail, but it is very clear the art of Caxton is not much estimated at Lincoln, for the cards resembled more the pages of a dictionary than a guide to the different stakes; and the opinions of the Ring on them were expressed in truly vigorous Saxon. This may be accounted for by the numerical strength of the entries, but although we do not want race cards the size of 'The Times,' that even would be better than one which was

useless from its contents being invisible to the naked eye. It may be remarked as one feature of Lincoln, that from the absence of the plunging division, prices assumed a natural aspect, and there were no complaints from owners of having been anticipated in their operations. The jumping races invariably create a great deal of interest in the Fen country, from whence Peter Simple, Gay Lad, and other Steeple-chase cracks have sprung; nor was it diminished now, although Lincolnshire has not lately brought out a star of any magnitude. Mr. Wellfitt is, of course, the local idol of the City over which Satan is said to rule, and his horses are as much feared and respected as those of Mr. Powell in Carmarthenshire. This year, however, his charm was broken by a Zinganee, (not the first time one of the tribe has done the same thing); and the worthy Squire was obliged to content himself with secondary instead of primary honours, but that was only by a piece of head work. And now adieu to Lincoln, whose second day may be said to have been washed into the memories of all who assisted at it, and is not likely to be washed out of the same.

The Hunting Season of 1867-68 has been one of the worst for scent within the memory of man. The dryness of November, the unsettled catching weather of December, and the boisterous winds of January all militated against a holding scent. During the past month of February the wind has kept steadily in the south-west; very pleasant weather to ride about in, but when a southerly wind proclaims a hunting morning, our readers must not believe it. The air must be more keen, say a little northeast, to make a fox fly or die. The ground already begins to want more rain; and if the south-west wind cannot bring it, of what use is it? Still, in spite of this drawback, our despatches are of a far more cheering description than any we have had during the present session, which, we trust, will wind up better than it began. As truly loyal subjects, we must first give precedence to her Majesty's Stag Hounds, the followers of which had another capital run on the 18th inst., but not to be named in the same day with that in the Harrow country, because the latter was entirely over grass. The meet was Iver Heath, and they turned out at Fulmer's Common, the famous Yately, the stag, that gave them two extraordinary runs last season, one very nearly over the same line as that he took now, and the other five-and-thirty miles into Hertfordshire. On this occasion, Yately was in one of his best humours, and showed himself no respecter of persons, for he took the field, which included the Prince of Wales, from Fulmer's Common to Gubblecote Farm, in the Vale of Aylesbury, four miles beyond Tring, the distance as the crow flies being twenty miles, but as they ran twenty-three, so, as it may be imagined, it was pretty straight. The time was 2 hours 36 min. Of this the first 45 min. were very fast, but after that they had some slow hunting over a very flinty country. The finish, at which the Prince of Wales was up, was fast, and every one was delighted to see the Heir to the Throne go across the country as straight as a bird, and stick to the tail of the hounds throughout the entire run, and Lord Colville was, as usual, always in front. The hounds have not visited the Harrow country since their great day on the 23rd of December, and are not likely to do so this season; for a sort of compact exists with the farmers that they should not go there after heavy rains, or late in the season, on account of the damage that would ensue at such a season. Considerations of this nature are sure to be appreciated by those whose interests are therein consulted.

Not less interesting than the run we have recorded were the proceedings at the Town Hall, at Windsor, on the publication of the second edition of the Farmer's Banquet on the 12th. There was a change in the committee, with the

exception of the Chairman, Col. Richardson Gardner, without whose ready aid, and strong helping hand, the affair could not get on; and a change in the guests, but there was no change in the splendid hospitality and the cordial good fellowship exhibited by the entertainers, and so fully appreciated by the entertained. Lord Colville was in the chair, with the Church, the Army, and the Legislature grouped strongly about him. Every one regretted the enforced absence of Lord Bridport—a great pet of the farmers. Major-General Seymour was also not able to be present, and as representatives of the Castle, both were much missed. But her Majesty sent a stall-fed buck, of a flavour and tenderness no stall-fed one ever boasted before, and pheasants by the dozen, so the worthy yeomen were mollified and went through the *menu* with rigid fidelity, not shirking a single fence, or 'craning' at any incomprehensible or unpresumable obstacle. 'They ate in faith,' as some one remarked to us, and we should say, reaped their reward. The wine was very good, and throughout the evening it was 6 to 4 on the champagne. In fact, there was no hitch anywhere; the speeches were amusing and to the purpose, not too long, and soaring far above the dreary platitudes of after-dinner discussion; the singing first-rate, and the company determined to enjoy themselves. Lord Colville invoked the blessing of the Church on the Noble Science, and it was so cordially and gracefully given, that the old hall rang again with the cheers. Then the Army was appealed to, and a good deal to the purpose had Sir Charles Russell and Col. Loyd Lindsay, the distinguished V.C. and M.P., to say, the former bringing in a little anecdote of Lord Palmerston that elicited much laughter. The noble Master spoke in the highest terms of the Harrow country, and of the reception he had met with there—so different from what some people had led him to expect. In fact, he could not say too much for the farmers of that district, and throughout the three counties, where every one was glad to see the hounds, and the word compensation was unknown. The enthusiasm with which the healths of his Lordship and Harry King were greeted was immense, and told its own tale better than many speeches. It was altogether a most enjoyable evening, and a universal wish expressed for a repetition of it next year. It will not be Col. Richardson Gardner's fault if it does not come off. With regard to Herts,—'The Country Squire' having been in Hampshire, as appears by a long and amusing account of sport published in 'The Sporting Gazette,' of the 22nd inst., we are without the graphic details from his pen in which he delights to indulge, especially when he can write in eulogy; but from other quarters we learn that Mr. Parry, with a pack of long-established excellence, and the steady huntsman, Hedges, has been able to satisfy his followers; and that during the past month Mr. Leigh has had a fair average of good things. There is an old and true saying that the best servants make bad masters. It was a common saying, originating amongst the Yeomen at a market table last year, that Ward wanted only a carbine at his saddle to make him perfect as a fox-killer; but it appears that his persistence in the wild system of lifting forward in a gallop, sometimes for miles beyond the line, without a touch, though increasing his unpopularity, has contributed more to the loss than destruction of foxes. No hounds, however, bespeak, in their condition, a better 'system of kennel,' and they can hunt whenever they have the slightest chance. This pack, on Monday 24th, from Mr. Delmé Radcliffe's pet osier-bed at Oughton Head, had 25 minutes across what is termed the Black Vale of Shillington, intersected with dykes wide and deep, and strongest impediments not few or far between, at such ultra pace that only a baker's dozen could be counted 'in at the death,' including 'Lord Dundreary,' who made up a bad

start by performance worthy of his fame in other scenes. We learn that it was admitted, without a dissentient voice, that our friend, 'The Country Squire,' who can still ride as well as write, had the best of the whole thing, getting away with a clear lead for the first 10 minutes, on the same horse, Tophorn, on which, across the same vale, he distinguished himself before Christmas, with this difference, that upon that occasion he played second fiddle to Lord Dacre, who, upon one of the best horses in England, purchased last year at a fabulous price, maintained the lead throughout, being with the Squire and four more alone visible at the finish. The judges of the Royal Agricultural Society who, at Redear, in Yorkshire, in 1865 awarded to Tophorn, by Record, bred by Sir G. Strickland, the first prize for the best four-year old thoroughbred hunter, may well plume themselves on their discernment, this horse having fully sustained the *prestige* attached to his form and figure. From Buckinghamshire, we gather by our despatches that, on Thursday, February 6th, a very thin field of sportsmen met Squire Lowndes, at Stoke Locks, a not very favourite fixture, the Londoners in preference patronising the Baron's Staghounds. An outlying fox was found near Salden, and then commenced a run which lasted for two hours and three quarters, with scarcely a check. It is supposed that the hounds changed foxes more than once in the course of the run. Every horse was brought to a standstill, and for the last hour or more the hounds had it all to themselves. The Squire, who was the first to get up, found them in a field full of sheep at the back of the village of Wingrave, having lost their fox. They had also another real good thing on Tuesday, February 18th, when they drew the new cover near Aston Abbots, which, thanks to the vigilant care of that good sportsman, Mr. Straw, has never failed to hold a fox this season. A brace was soon on foot, the hounds settling to one that broke towards Rowsham, but before reaching that place, bore to the right by Burston and Norduck to Creslow, and over the Great Ground, beyond which there was a slight check. Up to this point the pace had been very great, and 35 minutes had elapsed. The Squire quickly recovered the line, and after 50 minutes' more good hunting, brought his fox to hand. The Hon. Mrs. Villiers, Col. Hunt, and Mr. Foy had the best of it during the fastest part of the run. The Bicester have been rather unfortunate this season, their huntsman, George Beers, never having been able to come out since the early part of the season. Mr. North has, however, most pluckily persevered and done his best to show sport, but at times he has a very unruly field to contend against. The South Warwickshire have had their share of good things, and on the 20th they had also a fine day's sport. They are very well turned out, and Mr. Spencer Lucy is always well to the fore when his hounds run straight; and Lord Willoughby, Sir Charles Mordaunt, his brother Mr. John Mordaunt, and Messrs. Robertson and Fisher, have been going in their usual form when there is anything to be done. The Pytchley have been somewhat unfortunate this season; but all true sportsmen will be glad to hear that Captain Thomson will continue to hunt them, and will give them one day a week more in the open than before. But the run of the month in the Midland Counties was with Mr. Meynell Ingram's hounds from Radborne. The time was a few minutes over four hours, and the ground run over fully 32 miles; the distance from point to point being 14 miles. The pace throughout was very great, and the party up at the finish were very select. Sir Thomas Gresley, Mr. George Moore, Junr., Mr. Charles Eaton, Miss Meynell, the Hon. A. Strutt, Mr. Bass, and Tom Leedham were alone present at the funeral. Sport in the Shires has been below the average this season; but we may safely

say Sir John Trollope and the Belvoir have had the best, and on the whole have done pretty well. We are sorry, however, to state that Mr. Tailby has not had an average season, and has not killed so many foxes as usual. We are given to understand also that Mr. Tailby wishes to give up his mastership for two seasons, if he can find any one to take the hounds for that time, and then to return to them again. The cause of this rather unusual proceeding is that he wants rest, having been knocked about a good deal this season by falls. He had an awkward one on Christmas Eve in a long run from Tiston Wood, when his mare jumped short at an impracticable place in a brook, and, landing on a rail, it is supposed a piece of the wood flew off and hit him a severe blow under the chin, knocking out one of his teeth, and cutting his throat badly. He was laid up for some time with this—an unusual thing with him, for he has not been absent from his hounds eleven days during the eleven years he has hunted Leicestershire up to the time of this accident. The Quorn had about their best run on Monday, January 27, when the meet was Wartnaby Stone Pits. It rained hard all day, and there was not a yard of scent with Mr. Tailby. They found in Lord Aylsford's cover, and ran 40 minutes into the Belvoir vale. The fox was pointing a fine line for Melton Spinny, but was headed. The first 20 minutes of this was so fast, there never were but four men with them up to the first check, viz., Mr. Clowes, Captain Boyce, Mr. Johnson, and Mr. Cheney. The Belvoir had their best thing on Saturday, February 8th; a cold day with a northerly wind, and a constant fall of rain and sleet. After dragging about all day without doing much, the majority of the field left for home. Soon after they had taken their departure, the hounds found a fox in Burbidge's cover, at a few minutes past four o'clock, and ran up to Gartree Hill like nothing but a flock of pigeons in 17 min. through the cover, and killed within a field of Ashby Pasture, in the Quorn country, in 38 min. In the best part of this run there were only five men well with the hounds, viz., Cooper, the huntsman, Captains Boyce and Coventry, Mr. Turner, and the whip. It was remarked by an old and very good sportsman, that he thought scarcely another pack of hounds in England could have done what hounds did in this run after the dragging day they had had before they found this fox. Thursday, 28th January, was a very nice hunting day, and Mr. Tailby had a very good 35 min. from Launde Park Wood, nearly all up wind (in the afternoon), but did not succeed in killing. Thursday, February 6th, the same gentleman was at Kibworth,—the day of the Harborough ball. The number of people out was a sight to see, and put one in mind of a stag-hunt. There was no fox till they got to Langton Caudle: here a brace were soon on foot; one came boldly away at the top of the cover, pointing for Slawston, and was hunted by the field. The hounds came away at the bottom with another fox, as if for Glooson Wood; but he turned short, and leaving the Caudle to the right, ran over the fine vale, and crossed the Welland. There was a line over the bridge to earth at Ashley, in the Pytchley country. Being once bolted, he was no sooner out than he was in again. Bolting him a second time, the whip was only just in time to stop him going in a third, and he was killed between his legs. They found again in Keythorpe Wood, and ran 2 hours 20 min. till dark. This last has been a lively week with Mr. Tailby. On Tuesday a good gallop from Ranksborough Gorse to Stapleford; and on Thursday a very sharp 15 min. from Rolleston to ground. Bolted him and in 15 min. more killed, and a hunting run in the afternoon. The Pytchley had a rattling 40 min. from Stanford Hall on February 5th, when Mr. Fellowes,

getting well over the railway, obtained a start, and was never caught. The Cheshire have been enjoying a series of good sport in spite of much stormy weather. On February 6th, they had a nice gallop with the first fox, when hounds divided: one division killing their fox, and having a good gallop with their second fox. On February 9th they showed a good day's sport, from Combermere Abbey, when their first fox went to ground after a good scurry; and they lost the second fox after a run of eight miles from find to finish. On February 13th, from High Legh, they had 45 min. and a kill. And on February 14th a nice gallop from Kents Rough. February 18th, from Arley Hall, their first fox was run into in 12 min., and their second fox from Cobbler's Gorse was killed at Grappenhall after a nice hunting run. On February 21st, when they were at Cholmondeley Castle, they gave their friends a good thing with a dodging fox, and killed him. And on February 22 they had a good 50 min. from Stapleford Gorse to ground in Ash Wood. These hounds have hunted 111 days, and killed 104 foxes, and run 15 brace to ground. We are glad to hear the merits of York as a hunting quarter have at length been recognized, and it is popular with scarlet coats of both sorts, viz., civil and military. Of gaiety, the old Cathedral City has had its full share; and those Nimrods who are tired of going in 'single harness' will be glad to hear that widows with plenty of 'added money,' and anxious to be 'put to again,' are to be met with in abundance, having secured the best lodgings in the place, and driven the hunting men (we do not mean this in a double sense) to hotels. Thomas's, the chief of these latter establishments for the accommodation of man and horse, assumes quite a Leicestershire aspect, and no doubt could put quite as good 'a Melton Breakfast' upon the table for the followers of Sir Charles and George Fox, who are obliged to mind their ways, now they have got a military critic among them, who unites the knowledge of a Beckford with the experience of a Redesdale or a Farquharson. Among the many pilgrims who have made their way this season to the Great Northern Metropolis, Lord Petersham has made the most impression on the Tykes, for he not only rides like a horseman, but swims like an otter, as the following anecdote will plainly show. While out with the York and Ainsty about a fortnight back, he was trying a well-known runaway brute belonging to a dealer in Thirsk, when the animal bolted and disappeared into the river. Of course, the field, who had seen the performance, knew the pair must stay there altogether, or come up for a breather, which they did, but somewhat in a different manner to that which was anticipated. The first object that was visible to the naked eye was his Lordship's head, and then came the horse, which swam to the opposite and wrong side. However, the uncourteous animal had not yet got rid of his rider, as Lord Petersham, sticking to him like an Irish ensign to an heiress, quietly walked in, swam in his top boots across the stream, recovered the animal, and brought him back, to the intense delight of the mob, who were so struck with the performance, they could have returned him for any one of the Ridings, had universal suffrage been the law of the land. Sir George Wombwell has quite recovered from the shaking he got from the mantrap into which he fell, and how the curmudgeon who put it up can expect to sell another horse in the county is a mystery to us. But Yorkshiremen have the remedy in their own hands, and if they do not apply it, we will own to be much mistaken in our estimate of them. And now, fearing our friends will be tired with the prologue, we will pull up the curtain, and set before them the sport we have provided for their edification and amusement. The county continues to boast of sport, and all the packs of foxhounds

began the month of February with spirit. Perhaps one of the finest runs the Holderness claims was from North Dalton, killing their fox close to Lord Middleton's House, Birdsall. We are glad to say the 'York and Ainsty,' on the 17th of February, had a fine old-fashioned fox-hunt from Benningbrough—none of your slap-bang, all over before you can say 'Robinthon' sort of things, but real nose and tongue, 1 hour 40 minutes, when they killed him at Brandsby. Again on the following days, after several attempts and no luck, Sir Charles was induced to go to Fearby's 'stick heap;' a fox was soon bolted, and ran into Swann's Whin. A curious accident happened to Sir George Wombwell during this run; he galloped at a small fence, and was pulled over, horse and all, by a wire run from tree to tree, but luckily was not hurt. This trap is set by the eccentric owner of the 'stick heap,' a hunting man. After a little delay in the Whin, 'the fockth is gone,' whispers a well-known hard rider, broke by 'Sir Charles' not to make a noise. 'Gone away!' roars that broad-shouldered, honest, old Englishman, with a voice like a link-man in Belgrave Square—'D—me, sir, he's away,' and rushes into the first gap, making the sticks fly, and down the wet furrow, and causing mud and water to blind all passers-by, and astonishing the Cornets, who are charmed with the manners of this thrusting old man of York. Now they are streaming away for Hutton Thorns, skirt the cover, but not a pull; a few light weights, and good men can just live with them, as they point for Wilstrip; and leaving the wood on the left, they come to a check on the York and Knaresbro' Railway, 35 mins., quite straight. Bad scenting-ground now saved the fox; for after hunting him nearly to Red House Wood, and back by Kessay, towards Wilstrip, they lost him, but returned to York pleased and tired. The Bramham Moor hounds, during the early part of February, had good sport; the best run being from Stainer Wood on the 10th, running him to the river opposite Snaith, then leaving Carlton on his right, he turned back and was pulled down near Chester Courts, in 1 hour 25 min. On the 17th, after pottering about with a fox from Woodhall, crossing the river, &c., we found at 'Woolak's Head,' hunted slowly away by Sickling Hall village, pointed for the Cocked Hat Whin; here the fox turned to the left, and putting his head straight, left all 'point riders' and 'wind sinkers' in the lurch, and ran eight miles without turning, going across the 'Punch Bowl,' over 'Wiscow Hill' into Weeton Bottoms, to the railroad near North Ripton; he then was unable to go on, and turned down wind back to Harewood Bridge, and fairly beat us; 1 hour 35 min. A fresh fox was viewed, which gave us the opportunity of seeing that the Bramham Moor hounds cannot tire;—oh, that they could say the same of their horses! The constant gale of wind has, for the last week, spoilt all sport, as it has done in the sunny south. The Badsworth are not behind their neighbours, for they have done well, and killed their foxes, and are a good, useful pack of hounds. There is likely to be a case for the Foxhunting Committee next summer, to decide as to the boundary of the Badsworth Hunt. Lord Fitzwilliam is one of 'The monarch of all I survey, do what I like with my own, old Tory school;' and on the strength of his grandfather having cub-hunted a cover (his own property) in the Badsworth Hunt, has quietly taken to hunt part of this country, and so far avoided all discussion on the subject. Lord Hawke is a thorough sportsman, and most popular Master, and his friends and neighbours will not see him elbowed out, while foxhunting law is so pleasantly administered by Lord Redesdale, and the Committee at Boodle's. The Rufford have had a good month, as the following extract of their doings will show. On February 4th, they found at Balker Gorse a second fox,

and killed at Rufford after a good 45 minutes. On Feb. 6th, from Laxton village they trotted to Kneesa Green, where they found several brace of foxes, to one of which the hounds settled, and after hunting him in covert for 45 minutes, they killed him in workmanlike style. They then had a long hunting run from Ossington (where the Speaker always has plenty of foxes), and killed him near his house. On Feb. 8th, they were at Edwinstowe, which was full of snow in the morning. The hounds ran fast in the forest, for 1 hour and 30 minutes, whilst the snow was on the ground, but after it melted the scent was very indifferent and they did not kill. On Feb. 13th, they had a good hunting run from Kirklington and killed; and a capital thing in the afternoon from Mansen Gorse, but lost their fox. Feb. 18th was a fair day, commencing with a short spin from Egmanton Wood, ending with blood, and a good hunting run to Cauntton Park, where they lost their fox. They then had a third run from Ossington to Egmanton, where Reynard went to ground. Feb. 20th, Hockerton Toll Bar was the fixture, from whence they had a long hard day for hounds, with fresh foxes in every covert. Feb. 22nd gave them a capital run of 1 hour and 40 minutes from Harlow Wood to Rufford, where they killed him, hounds and men doing their work famously. On Feb. 24th they had another good day from Heath, finding at Sutton, they ran nearly to Stavely, back towards Sutton and to ground, from which the fox was speedily bolted, and killed after a good hour's gallop. Report says the Mister, Mr. John Jessopp, and Machin, had it pretty much to themselves. From Hampshire we gather that the H. H. have been having most excellent sport. On February 4th they met at West Tisted and found in Ropley Rows; but the fox was so headed in every direction by the large field, that he was killed in ten minutes. They then trotted on to Bramdean Common, where they found another fox, which they ran for a long time, and then went away with another; but the scent was so bad that Mr. Deacon gave the word to Old Down, and an old fox was soon started, that took the route for Winchester *via* Rotherfield Park, Newton Common, Selborne, right over the hop-gardens and meadows to a covert at the back of Chawton House, where he beat them. The distance from the covert in which they found, and that in which they lost their fox, was fully twelve miles, and this was accomplished in an hour and ten minutes. On the 10th, the fixture was Rotherfield Park, from whence they had a capital run over Selborne, and killed their fox; and on the 11th, from the Cross Lanes, Beanworth, they had a very good day's sport, and every one went home in good humour. On the 18th, the meet was Titchborne House, and they had a red-letter day, as they found in Cheriton Wood after a long time, and went away at a capital pace, and, after two hours of real hunting, killed their fox in a hedgerow beyond Ashton Wood. They found their second fox in a hedgerow near Mr. Stubbs's of West Tisted, a right good preserver of foxes, and he went away through Ropley Rows, across through Bramdean Common, leaving Wolfhanger on the left, then through Ashton Wood to Basing Park, where they ran into him, after as good an hour as any one could desire—a tremendous day's work for any hounds. Mr. Deacon has been styled, by a popular sporting writer, 'The Angel in top boots;' but it is not to be supposed that his appearance is like that class as represented in cathedral windows or Bible pictures, for it is plain he is 'Pooled' from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head, and, as Sam Slick says, that 'he will not be supposed to blush on female cheeks, or cause virtue to stand afore him with averted eyes or indignant looks.' But this is certain, he is a first-rate sportsman, for he knows how to find a fox, how to hunt a fox, and how to kill a fox. That he is popular

with the opposite sex was also manifested by the quality and number of the ladies who were present at the Ball that was given him at Winchester on the 20th inst. The Hambledon have had fair sport, but nothing very particular to make mention of, with the exception of the day they met at Racton Park, when they had a most capital run of one hour and a quarter through a very strong vale, called the Harting Vale, but did not kill. The horses had quite enough of it, and Tom Champion said the country was stiff enough for anybody. It is surprising no Master has yet come forward for them, considering there is a capital pack of hounds, a kennel, stables, and huntsman's house found by the country, the earth-stopping paid for by the Club, and no doubt a fair subscription might be got up. The Hursley have been doing much as before. Mr. Dear, with his celebrated Harriers, has been showing wonderful sport, and rendering himself dearer than ever to the Wintonians. Of his little pack, the best recommendation we can give is, that only a thoroughbred horse can live with them. Although the Berkeley Hounds did very little at the early part of the season, from the general complaint of scent, during the last month they have had several good things, of which we will give a specimen. Their best run may be considered as that which they had on the 28th of January, when after a long trot down to the new Passage Cover, they fell in with a straight-necked one, who led them a rare dance across the Ruins by Pillning, and then turning he ran up and through Knowle Park, over the hill, to Ouver and Highwood, back to Berwick, where they ran into him after 1 hour 38 min. The first 34 minutes was very good indeed. Lord Fitzhardinge, Sir Reginald Graham, and Mr. Philip Miles went very well. The 3rd of February will also long be remembered in the Berkeley vale. They met at Almondsbury, and had an exceedingly quick thing from Hormeads over the Ruins. Then, turning up to the hills, they ran to Rudge Wood (time, so far, 30 minutes), over the road, and hunting slowly on through the Northwood covers, they went to ground close to the house. Rarely has a field been more scattered, or had more dirty backs. The hounds found again at Bush's Cover, and had another capital thing by Frampton and Winterbourne, to ground at Northwoods, close to where the first fox was earthed. It was this run that proved fatal to poor Mr. Young, a farmer resident in the Berkeley vale, who was riding a steeple-chase horse, well-known about here, called the 'Berkeley Hunt.' As usual, it was a fence of no pretensions whatever that proved fatal to him. As he galloped through a gap in it, the horse not seeing a grip, came head over heels, and his rider lived only till 11 p.m. He was one of a class of hard-riding farmers with which this country abounds, and is as much lamented now as he was respected while alive. On the 6th, the Berkeley had a hard day from Hill Court, running a bad fox with great perseverance, and ultimately bringing him to hand. And on the 10th, from King's Weston Withybed, they had an exceedingly nice gallop over the Ruins, and up to the plantations adjoining Blaize Castle, where they killed him. The first 12 minutes of this was as good as could be desired, and again was Lord Fitzhardinge in the first flight with those who like water-jumping and can go the pace. Of the men we may remark, they are particularly well mounted this year. Our representatives in Shropshire and Devonshire have both got their 'wings down,' from having come to grief over some of the severe fences to be found in those countries; but their telegraphic despatches convey to us the assurance of blank days being unknown, and good runs being the general rule and not the exception.

Our Breeding Intelligence we must compress, like potted beef, from the

demand upon our space. From the North, we hear the highest account of Knowsley, who is declared to be the handsomest young horse in Yorkshire, next to Lord Clifden, Blair Athol, and Adventurer; and if all Lord Glasgow's team were like this son of Stockwell, his Lordship would be far harder to beat at the stud than he is on the flat. In the South, the claims of Glenmasson are beginning to make themselves known, as all his stock that were out last year have won, and owners of mares do not seem to have forgotten that before the Derby, in which he was engaged, he had been tried to be a real good horse. The Cicada colt at Nottingham also has begun this season well for him. At Bennington Park, in Hertfordshire, where a small stud farm has recently been established, there has been a regular run on Orest, a horse but little known, but who is supposed to have been filled by the 'Sporting Times,' which made known the purity of his blood, and his other qualifications. As his name would infer, he is by Orestes out of Lady Louisa, by Touchstone, so those in the neighbourhood who are inclined to send to him need not fear any blot in his escutcheon. Lord Portsmouth we hear has got together some very fine mares at Hurstbourne, where he has just had dropped to him a very handsome foal, by Blair Athol out of Miserrima, which mare now goes on to Trumpeter, who promises to have a rare season, judging from the list of names in his seraglio. The Acton Paddock Sales, which many thought were dropped, are going to be revived with greater completeness than ever; and Mr. Donald, or 'The Scottish Chief,' as he is more familiarly called, has already booked over a couple of hundred yearlings to be disposed of during the months of June and July.

Racing Gossip is, of course, just now very plentiful, but some of it, as may be imagined, we cannot give circulation to. Lord Jersey's sale drew a crowded house to Albert Gate, and many a good judge got a good bargain, for some of the lots were given away. The notorious Cork Jacket, for which the silver-tongued Mr. Parr got the price of a Derby winner, was, of course, the chief object of gape-seed. But when he came out, his three-cornered appearance provoked such a fund of comicality, that Isaac Woolcot, who got him for a little over a hack's price, could scarcely command his countenance sufficiently to nod for him, and we dare say he may be useful to him on the sands of Weymouth. The handsomest of the youngsters was Conrad; and when he was led up to the box, all eyes were immediately turned to Mr. Rowlands, who was standing near to Mr. Tattersall, because it was felt he would never part him from his Medora. Whether, however, a sojourn at Epsom had blunted his sensibilities, or not, we cannot say, but he was deaf to the voice of the charmer, and, apparently unnerved, witnessed the destiny of Conrad accomplished. But the great Sale at Ascot will swallow up all preceding ones, and already speculation is indulged in as to what the lot will fetch. As none of the two-year olds have been tried, it is impossible to say which is the best; but, judging by the number of his engagements, John Day cannot have a very bad idea of the colt by Trumpeter out of The Roc. From Vauban's staying properties and engagements, the foreigners are sure to have a shy at him, particularly as they have got his sire among them, and there is certain to be a great demand for the Trumpeters from their good looks, as well as the good doings of those which have gone before them. Of the fitness of the site for selling them there cannot be a doubt, as the recollection of 'The Hastings Day' is too recent, and would have kept many away who will now be glad to run down and nod, and return to town to dinner with renewed appetites. We had forgotten to state in its proper order, that the Prince of Wales has been on a visit to the Duke of Beaufort, at Badminton, and has seen some capital

sport with the hounds before Clarke retires, which he does at the end of the season; when, according to report, they will be hunted by the Marquis of Worcester, whose coming of age in the summer will be celebrated with becoming splendour. We may state also, without the slightest suspicion of toadyism, that the Heir to the Throne never went harder or better than he did with 'The Duke.' Mr. Charles Weatherby, the Secretary of the Jockey Club, has been on a Vacation Tour to Italy, and as we learn he was at Rome while the races were being run, he must have formed, we fear, a strange idea of the state of the Roman Turf, and we should think could have suggested to the Stewards some useful hints for their improvement. We fancy also, he must have missed the whip and voice of Martin Starling—at least, we did, when assisting at the previous Meeting. The Betting Mania in the City and West End continues unabated, and instead of having the prices of horses quoted twice a-week, as was the case in the Ruff Dynasty, we have it now done some times every quarter of an hour. And in an Evening Journal, which illumines the Metropolis, we read the betting at 1 p.m. at one place, and that at 1.15 at another, so the public cannot complain of being kept in the dark about it. New clubs also are springing up in all directions, so that the provisions of the Metropolitan Street Traffic Act may not be infringed upon. Of these, the chief is the Rotunda, in the Blackfriars Road, and which holds the same relationship to the Albert as the Conservative to the Carlton, and is said to have been founded by Mr. George Reynolds, who has procured for it the support of the party of which he is the acknowledged leader. Under such auspices it would be almost treasonable to doubt its success; and we much doubt if at any period of the Rotunda's career it was more usefully appropriated, for surely betting is preferable to nightly expositions of Atheistical principles. The 'welshing' of Mr. Padwick at Nottingham must stand over for next month, as we have not time to give it the consideration it deserves now.

In a paper in our January number, entitled 'Athletics and Sport,' the writer, an old and valued contributor to 'Baileys Magazine,' has stated that the account in 'Sportascrapiana' of a match at pigeons shot by Captain Ross, at the Red House, in the year 1828, is '*simply incredible*.'

In reply to this statement we have received the following communication from the Captain himself, dated Island of Mull, February 9th:—

'I venture to ask you to state, on my authority, that the report of the match is perfectly true. There was at that date a Pigeon Club, of which I was President. We had one grand annual prize, a piece of plate, value two hundred guineas. The traps, five in number, were placed at thirty yards from the starter; and I think there were thirty yards between the two outside traps. We fired eighty shots each, twenty each day for four days, and were allowed both barrels; charge unlimited.

'I scored seventy-six; three more were picked up dead within the Red House enclosure, but were reckoned misses because they had settled for a moment on the top of the paling or fence before falling back dead. One bird only got over the fence, and that was owing to my right barrel missing fire: it was feathered by the shot of my left.

'I shot with guns made by the late William Moore, twelve gauge.'

Shooting with the late Lord Macdonald in Edinburgh in 1841, Captain Ross killed fifty-two pigeons in fifty-three shots, at thirty-five yards rise—a still more wonderful performance.





J. H. S. Thum

BAILY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

MR. JOHN HENRY CAMPBELL WYNDHAM.

THERE is not a single Sportsman of any standing in what is called, in the language of the Horse Guards, the South Western District but will recognise in a moment the good-humoured features of the above gentleman, who in that part of the country has played so many parts in his time in connection with the Sports of the Field.

Mr. Campbell Wyndham is the eldest son of Lieut.-Colonel Campbell, of the King's Dragoon Guards, and was born at Croydon, in 1788, and from whence he no doubt derived those sporting proclivities, in which he has indulged for upwards of forty years, with a marked share of success. He was educated at Eton ; on quitting which, instead of seeking 'the bubble reputation at the cannon's 'mouth,' or dedicating himself to the service of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, or aspiring to a seat on the Woolsack, he pursued the bent of his inclination for the Turf, the Chase, and the Road. The first portion of Mr. Campbell Wyndham's hunting career was passed in Bedfordshire, where, as Mr. Campbell, he was well known with the Oakley, the Fitzwilliam, and the Cambridgeshire. With the latter hounds he had once a very narrow escape of his life. For after a sharp burst from Clifden Spinnies, the hounds crossed the Ouse, and if he had not been able to swim like a Newfoundland dog, he must have gone down to rise no more, like a neighbour who was in his vicinity, or else have grasped hold of the tail of a hound who kept him company. However, fortunately for Hampshire sporting men, the Rubicon was

crossed, and a good Gentleman Rider's life preserved. In 1832 the subject of our Memoir removed from Bedfordshire into Hampshire, and took up his abode at Exton, which soon became a rallying point for all the sportsmen in the county, and from whence the future of the Hambledon Hounds was decided upon, and the dates of the various County Races fixed. During the time he was thus engaged with the Hambledon, he added to his *rôle* of a Foxhunter that of a Staghunter, for he was associated with Sir John Halkett in the management of a pack of staghounds, which were kept at Fareham, and which afforded considerable sport to the farmers of the county, as well as the officers from the garrison, who used to patronise them largely. These hounds were afterwards sold into Leicestershire, where at Melton, such was their speed, they were said to have killed more horses than they could eat, a compliment which they no doubt would have appreciated could it have been conveyed to them. With the Hambledon, after a frost of six weeks' duration, Mr. Wyndham—for by this time he had taken that surname, on the accession to his Scotch estates—had the misfortune to break his leg, and was carried home twelve miles in a cart without springs, which not a little added to the sufferings he endured from his fall, the results of which are still visible, as Mr. Wyndham still limps in his gait. But although so shattered a hulk, and a victim to *tarda podagra* in no small degree, he is still enabled to get to hounds, and takes as active an interest as ever in hunting, shooting, and racing, as well as other indigenous sports. But it is not alone as a hunting man that Mr. Wyndham has been so long before the public, for he has figured in the early part of his life as a Gentleman Jockey of a superior order; and those who look at his frame in our excellent Photograph, for which we confidently bespeak a wide circulation in Hants and Wiltshire, could no more fancy he could ride a trifle over nine stone than they could fancy John Day on the back of a Derby horse. Nevertheless, he was quite a star in his time among the provincials; and in the Becher era, on Vivian, and also in that of Delmé Radcliffe, on Lady Emily, and John Bayley, on Rustic, he could hold his own with them or any of their contemporaries. His first appearance in the pigskin was at Bedford, where he rode the winner of the Oakley Hunt Stakes, on Mr. Higgins's Knickerbocker (a rare name in those days). In Hampshire, Soberton was his stronghold; at which pretty little provincial meeting he was always in great force, his best nags being Mystery and Somerset, by Pantaloon, whose names were household words in the district. But the best race that we can call to our recollection he ever rode was when on Captain Williamson's Bitterne, at Salisbury, he defeated Captain Becher, on Vivian, amidst a great deal of excitement, for Vivian and his famous rider formed all the Hunter Stakes in the county at that period. On Conservative also he was very fortunate. Mr. Wyndham has been for some years also an owner of racehorses, and without being a very great winner, he may be said to have

been as lucky as his neighbours. The best animal, perhaps, he ever possessed is Glenmasson, whom he purchased for ninety-four guineas, at Tattersall's, who, in the hands of Isaac Woolcott, beat Commotion as a two-year old, and was very much fancied for the Derby; but meeting with an accident just before the day, his owner was disappointed in the great object of his ambition. Cynricus was another of his animals, who distinguished himself, as he not only won the July Stakes as a two-year old, the St. James's Palace Stakes, at Ascot, and a couple of Sweepstakes at Newmarket, besides running second to Promised Land for the Two Thousand. Sutherland and Innellan also paid their way, both at Newmarket and in the provinces; and from the manner in which the young Glenmassons are running this season, that horse bids fair to become one of our fashionable sires. Mr. Wyndham, who is a most devoted disciple of Izaak Walton, is likewise distinguished as an excellent landlord, and in that capacity has built a pretty watering place called Innellan, on the banks of the Clyde, which may be regarded as the Brighton of Glasgow, Greenock, and Edinburgh.

In conclusion, in summing up the attributes of Mr. Wyndham's character, we may say they are those of a frank-hearted English Country Squire, and as such he was recognised by the electors of Salisbury, when he represented them in Parliament.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT RACE.

'Rara juvenus.'—HOR.

ONCE more are we upon the eve of the greatest aquatic contest of the world, before the prestige of which the slowly departing glories of the Championships of Thames or Tyne, even the gala splendours of Henley itself, must fade away; a contest in which honour, and honour alone, nerves the sinewy sons of Isis or of Cam to face with self-denying determination the cold blasts of roaring March, and in the midst of the luxuries and enjoyments of life, like athletes of old,

'To spurn delights, and love laborious days.'

And this splendid contest, which year by year brings larger and more enthusiastic crowds to the river-banks, is needed, not only to stimulate the ambition of the rising generation in a manly and healthy recreation, but also to expose, in glaring contrast to the rigid code of honour which influences every phase of its management, that degrading spirit of profitless dispute and disreputable cunning which has characterized of late the 'professional' encounters on the waters of the Thames. The interest taken in rowing generally, and the flourishing state of most of the Clubs, whether of ancient or modern foundation, will go far to prevent such scandals from sapping the foundations of a noble

short; yet not the less surely are such proceedings as we lately witnessed in the race for the Championship dragging down its attributes to the level of Prize-ring wrangles and the numberless abuses resulting from contests arranged with a view to gain rather than to glory. And although speculation on the result of the University Boat Race is spread far and wide, yet who can assert that baser considerations have ever influenced a single member of either crew since the establishment of the race? and who has dared insinuate that in the only case of fouling which has occurred, that the circumstances were other than purely accidental, and as much deplored by both parties as by the most anxious spectators of the race?

For seven years have the watchers on the roof of the Old Ship seen the steady sweep of Oxford bearing down foremost in the fray; and neither has a lead at starting or stern chase to Hammersmith Bridge tended in the least to alter the machine-like regularity of their long telling swing. No one can begrudge them the honours which they have so brilliantly achieved, so modestly borne; and, as a natural result, the dark blue crew is the favourite with the general public, who, sincerely as they may sympathise with the misfortunes or shortcomings of the sons of the Cam, nevertheless have strictly followed Mr. Pickwick's advice 'to shout with the biggest crowd.' And so for them the Hansom cabby decorates the front of his screw with the colours of 'Oxonia victrix,' and many a fair maiden discards the light blue which becomes her so bewitchingly, for that 'darker, deeper, beautifuller blue,' which has flashed through such a long succession of years on the blades of the winning crew.

As usual, doubts were entertained at the beginning of the year whether Oxford would receive the usual challenge from her 'friendless and fallen' sister: but the croakers had the worst of it; and it was only upon the sudden and untimely death of her most trusted and faithful champion, that Cambridge, in the bitterness of her grief and disappointment, would have withdrawn from the contest. But on the receipt of the Oxford missive her ancient spirit revived, and her young and hopeful blood nullified by an overwhelming majority the decree of the 'patres conscripti' and the prudence of a wavering section. Whether the cry shall again be raised of 'Oxford wins,' or whether the sons of the Cam, by their Bruce-like perseverance, shall once more renew the ancient glories of the light-blue, by showing their adversaries the way from Putney to Mortlake, that eventful Saturday, now looming close at hand, shall determine: but be this as it may, Cambridge must blend alike with the laurel wreath or willow chaplet that mournful branch of cypress for one who, in the flower of his youth and the pride of his strength, Death has snatched so unrelentingly away. The most beloved of companions, the most faithful of friends, his generous heart exulting in the exercise of every manly sport and pastime, he has passed away, and realized the touching, but expressive words of Byron on the early death of Marceau:

'Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career,—
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes ;

* * * * *

He had kept

The whiteness of his soul ; and thus men o'er him wept.'

And it is a mournful satisfaction to be enabled to pay this last tribute to the memory of one who strove so gallantly for the honour of his University in the days of her darkness and defeat.

It is satisfactory to find, from the various 'Reports from Training Quarters,' that the crews, selected with so much anxious care, are in good work, and, if rumour may be accredited, equally confident. At Oxford there has been no lack of able and willing Mentors, by whose advice those changes have taken place in her crew which may be said to have completely altered the 'state of Denmark ;' while Cambridge has done wisely and well in recalling her old Palinurus to the helm of affairs—a pilot by whose skilful management many a hardly-contested race has been won, and whose knowledge and experience are inestimable at the present crisis. During the six years of their old tutor's exile from the grey flats of the fen country, Cambridge has learnt a bitter lesson from the 'uses of adversity,' and although many have tried their 'prentice hand' at the formation, management, and discipline of a crew, yet defeat, and disastrous defeat, has, year by year, been their portion. So we hail the return of the 'egregius exul' as ominous of good, and heartily hope that success may crown his efforts. It is by the wise and temperate counsels of these disinterested advisers that the querulous voice of dissension is hushed, the gulfs of difference and jealousy bridged over, and that unity of purpose and spirit of generous self-sacrifice fostered and perfected, without which no large body of men of different tastes and different opinions can be unselfishly animated in a common cause. And it is to this want of interest, which, whether by the repugnance of University men themselves, or cold apathy on the part of those willing to help them, has been evinced of late years in boating matters at Cambridge, that we attribute the long series of reverses which her sons have sustained at the hands of their more tractable, or at any rate better-instructed rivals, who have always shown themselves eager and willing to avail themselves of the freely-proffered counsel and advice of old University men.

There is no scene so thoroughly English as that which the banks of the Thames present on the morning of the University Boat Race. The excited, eager crowds which line the whole distance of the course, the eccentric fleet of steamboats, which seemingly defy all order and regulation, and the cloud of horsemen, good, bad, and indifferent, who endeavour to fight their way along the towing-path : there is no other country that can boast of such sights as these ; for, be it remembered, this is no pleasant picnic under a summer sky, such as to the many constitutes their whole pleasure in the uproarious

Derby fair on Epsom Downs, or on the more decorous and fashionable gala-days of Ascot and Goodwood. The pitiless east wind may ruffle the bosom of our mighty father of waters, yet not the less does the fairest bevy of beauty in the world brave its cold kiss. The watery beam of the newly risen sun may; only just faintly succeed in piercing the early morning sky, but it falls alike on the votaries of pleasure and those who burn the midnight oil, upon the *blasé* man of fashion, who for once has not 'slumbered again' after his early summons, and upon the pinched and careworn shepherd of his flock in some barren valley, who, perchance, on this his only yearly holiday, calls to mind the time when he too bore the part of more than a spectator in the spirit-stirring scene, and whose heart throbs once more in unison with the pulse of the oars, as they rise and fall with the precision of some well-regulated piece of machinery. It is the flower of British youth which mans those frail barks; and the reward of victory is of no greater intrinsic value than the Olympian crown, yet how far more noble, more honourable such a contest, than that in which success confers the title of 'Champion of the 'Thames,' and the transient blessing of the 'stakes.' It is a trite saying, but not the less true, that it is out of such material as that of which the contending crews are made that has sprung, and will continue to spring, the energy, the self-denial, and the perseverance, which are the characteristics of the true Englishman, in whatever sphere of life he may be placed; and it is a fact that this noble pastime, with its accessories of training and self-control, has greater share in contributing to the development of these national qualities than the more popular, because less exclusive, sports, in which we can all find the opportunity to engage. So devoutly do we record our hope that this annually-expected contest may never be wanting to enliven the time-honoured University course as often as Easter-tide returns, and that the same spirit of generous rivalry and mutual desire of accommodation may prevail in future competitions which has hitherto influenced the councils of the sister Universities in their arrangements for the greatest aquatic treat of the year. The abandonment or postponement of the race, even for a single year, would be almost looked upon in the light of a national misfortune; and no minor inter-University contest in rackets, or billiards, or athletics themselves, great as is, unquestionably, the interest evinced in their decision, can ever hope to rival in importance the aquatic trial of strength over the well-known course. It is true that the immense form shown by Oxford during the last seven years has gone some little way towards deadening the amount of interest which surrounded the race during that long series of alternate victories; but as 'everything comes in 'time to those who can wait,' so we will hope ere long to see Cambridge reaping the reward of her hydra-like perseverance. And we feel assured that the applauding voices of a generous foe would be the first to greet the triumph of the light blue, which, if it does not carry the money, at any rate bears along with it the sympathy of

those who have witnessed her efforts in a seemingly-hopeless cause during the long period of her night of misfortune. States and kingdoms have their rise and fall, and those now basking in the sunshine of prosperity, the dark cloud of adversity may hereafter envelop in its gloomy shade; and it is absurd to place the recent successes of Oxford to the account of any supposed superiority in the prowess of her oarsmen, the skill of her advisers, or the much-belauded 'buoyancy' of her waters. Be the issue of the contest what it may, it is evident that, so far from public interest in the race having subsided, it has increased year by year even through the long series of Oxford victories; and whether in storm or sunshine will assemble that indescribable crowd, which is seen nowhere save on the banks of the Thames when the University Boat Race is to be decided. There is no sight in the world which so generally attracts all orders and degrees of men as this trial of strength between England's two most renowned seats of learning; for the veriest tyro can understand every phase of the contest, which neither, like a horse race, confuses by its rapidity of action and consequent excitement, nor, like a cricket match, wearies by its length or by the thousand and one complications of its science and régime, so utterly misunderstood by any but an initiated spectator. And it is greatly to be hoped that some more stringent regulations may be brought to bear upon the Citizen-fleet, whose movements have hitherto so gravely detracted from the proceedings of the day. Surely the start of two eight-oared boats, whose object is to secure a clear course and a fair race, ought not to be impeded by the erratic evolutions of those piratical craft which are for ever, like a swarm of hornets, buzzing round the rival crews, and churning into foam and mimic waves the course which lies before them. Is there no 'Admiral' to call the refractory skippers to order, no steward of the mysteries of the Thames Conservancy by whom some such salutary change can be effected, as is now loudly demanded by those who have seen year after year the losing crew vexed and bullied and 'washed' by their crowding and pushing followers? It is in no prophetic spirit that these lines are penned, and believing as we do that no reliable opinion as to the merits of the crews can be formed until they have become thoroughly accustomed to the London waters, we have purposely refrained from any comment upon the reports which invariably arise at this period of their training. Year after year have rumours arisen, only to be contradicted; and when we consider how very few and far between are the real judges of rowing, and how implicitly the 'ipse dixit' of eminent amateurs and professionals are accredited and promulgated, it is not to be wondered at that the difficulties of arriving at a correct conclusion should be immeasurably increased. But before the eventful morning breaks, to the minds of those few who have seen, and weighed, and thought, the result of the race will be a foregone conclusion, which nothing but an accident can upset.

Oxford will go to the post with the prestige of former victories.

and the confidence inspired by an unbroken series of triumphs. That long heart-breaking stroke, which has more than once made the light blue 'come back' foot by foot to its gaining foe, is still the distinguishing feature of her crew. An old and well-tried steersman holds the rudder-lines, and a goodly company of 'ancient mariners' look on with pride and pleasure at their successors, to whom has been confided the honour of their old University. To one of well-known name and fame has been, by common consent, deputed that most 'delightful task' of Mentor, and with heart and soul has he entered into his labours. And should Oxford this year complete her octave of victories, men, while they applaud her triumph, will not fail to attribute the greatness of her successes equally to her stalwart sons, and the master mind which perfected and regulated their powers.

Cambridge will only have the memories of old to nerve her in the hour of need; but she will, at least, set a noble example of perseverance under difficulties, to those who, like her, are facing the beating winds and surging tides of misfortune for a while; and from the fires of adversity, which consume only the desponding and faint-hearted, will she emerge at no distant period, like gold from the refiner's furnace. 'Fas est et ab hoste doceri' should be her motto for the future, as 'stare super antiquas vias' has been that of Oxford; and it cannot but be that seven successive defeats have brought conviction to her sons that the fatal alteration of style, so thoughtlessly adopted, and so obstinately adhered to, has been the main cause of her decline and fall. She has, by the recal of her well-tried friend and adviser, shown that old prejudices at least no longer perplex her, and that she recognizes the fact, that although 'in the multitude of 'oracles there is safety,' nevertheless, real confidence can be placed in one alone; and she will abide the issue of the race in the steadfast resolve to rise again and again superior to defeat, from seven times unto seventy times seven. And not inaptly may her captain address his crew in the words which Tennyson has put into the mouth of the wandering Ulysses:—

'Come, my friends,

Push off, and sitting well in order, strike

The sounding furrows.

* * * * *

Tho' much is taken, much abides, and tho'

We are not now that strength which in old days

Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;

One equal temper of heroic hearts

Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will

To strive, to seek, to find, and *not to yield*.'

AMPHION.

March 24th.

'BALDHEAD'S' REPLY TO 'JUVENIS.'

YOUR correspondent 'Juvenis,' in the March number of your Magazine, in alluding to a critique upon 'Scrutator's' new work on 'The Science of Fox-hunting,' has called upon me to inform him *in what essentials the fox-hunting of 1868 differs from that of 1828.*

Where ignorance is bliss 'twere folly to be wise; but it is impossible to shut one's eyes to the fact that, in that margin of forty years the decline of fox-hunting has been very rapid. The change has been gradual, but it has not been the less marked; and the prayer of the old song, 'May fox-hunting flourish a thousand years hence,' will never be realised.

Since 1828 the whole kingdom has been gridironed with railroads; main lines have been made north and south, with branch lines east and west, oftentimes cutting through the best covers and the most favourite parts of the country. And what sort of persons do they bring to the meet? In the former time the field consisted of sportsmen, who knew the hounds in the pack, and took a pride in their work—men who went out to enjoy hunting and not to spoil it. Can 'Juvenis' say the same for the crowds who go out now? The account of a run, nowadays, is a history of the big places that the rider has jumped in the course of the day; and very little mention is made of the hounds, who play quite a subordinate part in the narrative.

Another important change is in the animal that is pursued, and upon whom the whole sport of the day depends. Colonel Cook tells us that 'a stock of old foxes is as necessary for sport as a stock of old hounds; foxes of the year are weak, and those of two years old know but little country.' The stout, old, woodland fox, who had to travel many a mile for his nightly food, is almost extinct, and in his place there is a weak, turned-down wretch, that runs rings like a hare, and goes to ground like a rabbit. We seldom hear now of a fox making a point of eight or ten miles, as in days of yore: such an one as my Lady Salisbury's slack huntsman, who wanted to get home to his mutton-chops, was so fearful of finding,—'A d—d wild brute, that will take us the Lord knows where.' Of late years a fashion has sprung up of shooting for the newspapers, and, if a thousand pheasants are killed in a day, any shortcomings as to foxes are winked at. If a keeper has not a good show of pheasants he is discharged as being incompetent; if he has not a good show of foxes he is equally incompetent; and a Master, pretending to be friendly to fox-hunting, should prove his sincerity by dismissing the man. The words of the late Lord Leigh went straight to the point, when he said to his keeper, 'Recollect, no foxes, no Potts.' But then Lord Leigh was a pattern of a country gentleman. Shooting is now very commonly let to some London tradesman, or other person residing at a distance, who has no interest in the hunt, and it is too much to expect from such persons that foxes should be strictly pre-

served. You must rather look for the answer of the ginshop-keeper, who had bought a field in the very centre of a nobleman's best pheasant preserves, 'The fact is, I am very fond of a little 'shooting.'

Then, again, every hunting country has deteriorated. Population has increased, buildings have sprung up, commons have been inclosed and ploughed up; there are men at work in every field. A shy animal like the fox cannot bear to be seen, and will run short in consequence. In the grass countries millions of draining-tiles have been put into the ground, draining the land to such an extent as to bear cattle and sheep at all times and in all seasons. The ground is thus never free from foil. The whole face of the land has been altered. Well might Lord Southampton exclaim, when his hounds were eating their fox at the finish of a fine run into the heart of the Vale of Aylesbury, 'By George! this is the only wild 'country in England that is left.' As soon as wire-fences become general all riding to hounds will become impossible.

I have no desire to repeat the observations in my former letter upon the modern system of the huntsman trying to ride his fox down himself, with his hounds scattered all over the country. Too much use of the horn makes hounds disregard it altogether. Hounds being only allowed to chase, and never to hunt, it seems somewhat hard to accuse them of want of nose and of want of tongue; but it is the common remark that they are deficient nowadays in those respects. I suppose it must be that whilst old Masters bred for the nose, modern ones breed for the flags.

Amongst other changes, I had almost forgotten to mention horses; but even with them time has worked its way. Forty years ago, a man between 11 and 12 stone could mount himself well for 75*l.* up to 100*l.*, whilst a man weighing from 13 to 14 stone would have to give 120*l.* or 150*l.* These prices are now doubled, and yet a good hunter is not to be obtained, as every hunting man will tell you. In the same time all the other expenses attendant upon the sport have been increased. Then the wages of a helper in the stable were twelve shillings a week; they are now eighteen.

In the face of these facts, who can assert that the fox-hunting of 1868 does not differ from that of 1828? 'Juvenis' may rest assured that to the majority of those who go out with hounds in the present day, the dicta of his favourite Hertfordshire Beckford would be pearls before swine.

THE SALMON FISHERIES OF ENGLAND.*

WHEN Mr. Smith of Deanston demonstrated to the British public that, by means of a subsoil plough and scientific drainage, he could make 'two blades of grass grow where one grew before,' the prin-

* A pamphlet, by Thomas Ashworth, Esq. Printed by Wm. Lewis, Northgate Street, Bath. Price 1*s.*

ciples of political economy gained a progressive and practical step by the important discovery. Not only has the produce of tens of thousands of acres been doubled by its adoption, but land, that heretofore would scarcely have sustained a flock of geese, has by this process sent bullocks to the market that have weighed a ton apiece. And so with corn:—land that has never grown anything more useful than sedges and rushes, the home of the bittern and the snipe, has, when thus treated, gladdened the eye with its golden crops, and brought forth fruit an hundredfold.

If, according to Adam Smith, ‘every frugal man is a public benefactor,’ *he* must indeed be one who by science and industry converts barrenness into fertility, and thus creates so plenteous an increase in the produce of the land. Indeed, if this ingenious philosopher in his ‘Wealth of Nations’ has treated the subject of political economy with vast theoretical ability, it cannot be doubted that his namesake of Deanston has accomplished a great work, in a practical form, for the wants of his country and the benefit of his fellow-creatures. And this, after all, is the object of political economy.

The scheme of the successful agriculturist, however, was limited to the improvement of land; but, as to the cultivation of water, the superfluity of which he was so intent on removing, he probably never bestowed on it a second thought; so long as he could drain it from his wheat-fields, and concentrate it upon an overshot-wheel, its further utilization gave him no concern.

Mr. Smith, although the inventor of the first salmon ladder, which he erected on the weir at Deanston, was little aware—few of us are—of the vast resource of wealth which our present barren waters, by management and cultivation, may be made to develop. He little imagined, for instance, that the waters of a river could be made to command a rental, as the Tay now does, of 14*l.* per acre, a price far exceeding the annual value of any farm in Great Britain. Mr. Ashworth, however, in his pamphlet ‘On the Salmon Fisheries of England,’ enlightens his countrymen on this important subject. He tells us ‘there are 34,730 square miles of rivers in England that should produce 514,000*l.*; whereas we find that these 34,730 square miles do not produce more than 30,000*l.* annually in money value, or 17*s.* 3*d.* per square mile.’

Ireland, however, is more fortunate; and although he quotes his facts from the printed ‘Reports and Evidence of the Fishery Commissioners,’ Mr. Ashworth’s own testimony would be amply sufficient on this point: ‘There are 22,947 miles in Ireland, that produce about 330,000*l.* in money value of salmon annually, or at the rate of 14*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* per square mile.’

Then why the fisheries of Ireland, with an area of river one-third less than that of England and Wales, should produce such very different results, he attributes mainly to the mill-weirs and obstructions that oppose the progress of the salmon to their spawning-ground. The pollution of the water even is not so damaging; for he says: ‘The weirs on the Thames have done more towards ex-

‘terminating the salmon in that river than even the pollutions of London, inasmuch as the Tyne, although fearfully polluted at Newcastle and *below*, is clear of weirs and obstructions *above*, and is therefore one of our best English salmon rivers.’

And again, speaking of some of the principal English rivers, he says: ‘The water of many of these rivers is as pure at the present time as it was centuries ago, and would no doubt become equally valuable in the production of food, if cultivated; assuming that these obstructions could be removed or abated by the substitution of steam, or by the erection of proper fish-passes over them, with some equable division of the water, by allowing the salmon to have it during the night, and the millers during the day.’

The proposal that steam should be substituted for water-power is worthy the practical mind that has suggested it, and it is to be hoped the country will not lose sight of so valuable a hint.

Mr. Ashworth maintains, ‘that however valuable water-power may have been in the last century, steam-power has become much more valuable and available as a substitute in our day. We think it could be shown that some of our salmon rivers would now be more valuable by the substitution of steam, and their restoration to the original purposes of the salmon fisheries.’

For instance, Mr. Ashworth proves that the water-power of England amounts only to 15,544 (H.P.); that of the United Kingdom to 28,617 (H.P.); whereas, the steam-power of the United Kingdom amounts to 374,869 (H.P.). So that the relative powers stand thus :—

Steam	93 per cent.
Water	7 per cent.
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Our enlightened pisciculturist then institutes a comparison between two adjoining rivers: ‘The Wye has no weirs upon it, and has an area of about 600 square miles of salmon-breeding ground. The Teme has an area of 625 square miles, from which the salmon are shut out by twenty-four mill-weirs, the water-power of which may be taken at 50*l.* each, or 1,200*l.* a year. There is no doubt that the salmon from the Wye is of double the value as a fishery, when compared with the rents of the water-power on the Teme.’

But as to the ‘equable division of the water’ between the miller and salmon, giving it the latter by night and the former by day, with the erection of fish-passes over the weirs, that is a scheme which, without extraordinary vigilance on the part of the water-bailiffs, would doubtless be evaded in many ways; and the miller’s would be the lion’s share of such a partnership. No! let the weirs be removed; give the current full scope, and the fish a free pass at all times. The current, thus liberated, would not only scour away the mud from the bed of the river, and render it more suitable for breeding purposes, but would drain the meadows for hundreds of

miles on many of our great rivers, and improve the value of the land incalculably. The public weal is paramount to private interest, and that man would indeed be a benefactor to his country who could devise a plan for sweeping away all water-mills, and giving the millers, who have still wind and steam at their service, fair compensation for loss in their vested rights.

But to proceed with Mr. Ashworth. He originates a grand scheme for the improvement of the Thames, and instances that river as 'the worst case on record: with an area of 5,162 square miles, when compared with the Tay, the Spey, or Waterford, it should produce salmon worth 50,000*l.* a year. The sewage is now carried into the sea, and the pollutions in the upper streams suppressed. If all the weirs could be abolished, and steam-power substituted for water-power, and the navigation converted into a canal, then these artificial weirs, or cesspools for filth, would be removed, and the water would flow in its pure state to London, and the metropolis would have an abundant supply of water from its own river, and save the enormous outlay of 8,600,000*l.* in bringing water from the sources of the Severn. We doubt if any one would estimate the cost of substituting steam-power in place of the milling power, and altering the navigation to a canal, at an annual charge of 344,000*l.* a year, the interest at 4 per cent. on 8,600,000*l.*; and London would then possess an unlimited supply of pure water from the Thames, with some salmon in addition.'

It appears our legislators were guilty of a gross blunder when, by the Act of 1861, they repealed upwards of twenty ancient salmon-fishery Acts, which 'supplied adequate means for enforcing a free passage for the salmon to their spawning-beds: whereas the new Acts of 1861 and 1865 are powerless in that respect.

The inference he draws from these numerous Acts is unquestionable: 'It is therefore evident how much importance the public in former days attached to a systematic protection of a nutritious and valuable article of commerce, and cheap food for the people, *produced without cost to the public*, by our English salmon rivers.'

It would exceed the limit of our tether to give the list of seventeen rivers, and the amount of area lost for spawning-ground, recorded by Mr. Ashworth; suffice it to say that 'there is only about one-third of the area left that existed about one hundred years ago, whereas 11,640 square miles have been destroyed or rendered nearly unproductive by weirs and pollutions, in seventeen rivers.'

Again, with regard to the Severn, so famous for its former productiveness, and equally famous for the quality of its salmon, inasmuch that Earl Fitzhardinge was wont to say no river in England could compete with it in that respect, what a gloomy picture the author draws! We can fancy the response given by its river-god to the wail of woe and cry for help put forth in his behalf by Mr. Ashworth—a cry that we trust he will not abate till its waters teem again with life, and

'Rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.'

That river has, it appears, an area of 4,437 square miles, and 668 miles of streams, *with seventy-three mill-weirs*. Now these seventy-three owners of mills, Mr. Ashworth assumes, obstruct a tenth part of the bed of the river by means of weirs placed across the stream, all of which, to a greater or less degree, exclude the salmon from their spawning-ground; and, whilst obstructing the river for water-power, destroy their own salmon-fishery, as well as that of nine-tenths of the other proprietors of the river, who have no interest in the mills, and whose salmon-fisheries in these rivers were protected for upwards of five centuries, until 1861. Thus at least nine-tenths of the salmon-fishery proprietors of the kingdom were sacrificed for the benefit of the other tenth, viz. the mill-owning proprietors; and the nation lost food worth nearly half a million a year, when compared with the produce of Scotch and Irish rivers, of which the Commissioners say, 'they are not superior in natural capabilities to England and Wales, and at the present moment far more productive.'

'It is estimated that a sum of 2,000*l.* would make the seventy-three mill-weirs on the river Severn passable to salmon, and would probably yield an increased return of food to the country from these 4,437 square miles of at least 40,000*l.* a-year, to the mutual benefit of both the owners of mills who are fishery-owners, and proprietors of river-fisheries who are not mill-owners.

'As there are but three parties interested in this question, we will endeavour to explain their relative positions, as they naturally occur:—

'1st. The ancient riparian proprietors of the banks and bed of the river, whom we will call the salmon-fishery proprietors.

'2nd. The mill-owning proprietors, who have, contrary to statutes, built weirs across the rivers for their own private benefit.

'3rd. The public, who have been deprived of valuable and nutritious food.

'We will first deal with the ancient salmon-fishery proprietors. The Act of 1865 has destroyed all fixed engines in our estuaries, on the principle that it was a transference of the property of the river proprietors to those on the sea-coast; and this, with the power of protecting the salmon in the upper waters, has greatly improved the produce of the fisheries. But if the legislature consider it necessary to abolish these destructive engines, in order to improve our fisheries, how much more important is it now to remove, or at least render less mischievous, the most destructive engine that was ever invented, which has destroyed the property of the ancient fishery proprietors as well as of the public.

'The mill-owning proprietors for many years have built these walls across our salmon rivers, contrary to statute law. They do not occupy the tenth part of the length of our rivers, and have destroyed the property of the fishery proprietors and the public food to the amount of (by comparison with the Irish rivers) half a million of pounds a year. This food can only be restored by allowing the salmon to resort to the upper waters, where alone they can be safely bred.

'The bag and stake-nets and other fixed engines have been just abolished, on the ground of their transferring the property of the river proprietors to the sea-coast fisheries, whereas the millers' weirs have exterminated the salmon from many of our rivers.'

We have given the passage *in extenso*, in order that our readers may judge how incontrovertible are the arguments in favour of further legislation, with a view to increase a valuable article of food for the benefit of the people.

It is impossible to overrate the importance of Mr. Ashworth's object, which is to 'enable all Members of Parliament, and others 'connected with salmon fisheries, to have a correct insight into the 'actual requirements of the public right to enforce the cultivation, 'protection, and natural capabilities of the various rivers for producing 'a valuable supply of food, and to show the unfairness of enactments 'which allow the public interest at large to be severely damaged for 'the benefit of a few individuals.'

And the only question that remains is, how far the remedy is to affect the milling interests?

Numerous as our extracts have been from this pamphlet, the statistics it contains are so comprehensive and so convincing, that we strongly recommend its perusal to our readers, who, independent of their proclivities, will gain from it both useful and interesting information.

Mr. Ashworth is the author of another 'Essay on the Practical 'Cultivation of a Salmon Fishery.' It was addressed to the President and Council of the International Congress to promote the Cultivation of Fisheries, held at Arcaehon in 1866, for which he was awarded a French medal. But the culture of the waters has not been with him a mere matter of theory and speculation; he has studied it for years, has applied his principles to his own fishery in Ireland with the most satisfactory results, and proved himself beyond a doubt a practical Political Economist of the highest order.

France has long been actively engaged in the cultivation of her waters, and the able management of M. Coste has already produced remarkable results in that country. America, too, is going ahead, and bids fair, by active measures and enlightened legislation, to gather from her waters a crop that may equal the vast produce of her land. The example of France has led the United States to make annual grants of money for the purpose of artificial breeding, and the protection of fish; and mill-owners are required by law to construct suitable and sufficient 'fish-ways' on all weirs and dams, for the free passage of salmon and shad to their breeding-ground.

The produce of the Russian fisheries is worth three and a half millions of pounds annually to that country; and even Norway nets an income of two millions from her prolific waters. What, then, is England about in this great work, that so vitally concerns her;—a work, the main object of which is to *home-grow* plentiful, cheap, and nutritious food for the good of her people?

Britannia may not for ever rule the waves; and should the day come, *quod Deus avertat*, on which she is forced to depend on the produce of her own country, that day will assuredly bring trouble and humiliation to the doors of her rulers, if they now neglect to develop and foster the vast *water-wealth* she is unquestionably proved to contain.

A LECTURE ON FOX-HUNTING.

‘WELL, Arthur, your roll to-day seems by no means to have spoilt ‘your appetite,’ said Mr. Halston to his nephew, as they sat cozily over their wine on a chill evening in February. There was a twinkle in the old gentleman’s eye as he said this, and a smile played around his mouth, that betrayed a keen sense of humour, as well as a quiet satisfaction with all his surroundings. Well indeed might he feel satisfied; for not only had he enjoyed a good run and excellent dinner, but had, moreover, port of the choicest vintage wherewith to cheer his heart, besides his nephew to quiz on his shortcomings during the day, as well as to advise for the future—all most congenial occupations; for, though not a winebibber, he loved his glass ‘within the limits of becoming mirth.’ His innate sense of fun caused him to lose no opportunity of chaffing a young one; while at the same time he would gladly give him the benefit of his own experience, which was extensive, for his guidance hereafter.

‘No, uncle, I am none the worse for the roll, as you term it, ‘though it was awfully annoying; and that brute Closeshaver stuck ‘so long in the ditch I had not a chance of seeing you again.’

‘Don’t blame Closeshaver,’ said Mr. Halston. ‘If you ‘young fellows will ride horses to a stand-still in ten minutes, you ‘cannot expect them to struggle out of black, boggy ditches in a ‘hurry, when there is not a breath of wind left in them.’

‘I cry your mercy, uncle. Closeshaver is a brute, and not worth ‘an old song. I had not hurried him, or at least only for a mile or ‘two, to catch you after you slipped away from Oldhams Wood; ‘and just as I got well settled into a place, down he came, and lost ‘it for me. Why, the brute reclined in that soft ditch as if he liked ‘it, and would not make an effort.’

‘Because he had not an effort left in him. It is no use blinking ‘it, my boy; you pumped him out, and, as a natural consequence, ‘caught a cropper. But may I ask by what means it was you failed ‘to get a start from Oldhams Wood?’

‘Why, yes. I got into conversation with Tom Hepworth about ‘Nulli ‘Secundus’ chance for the Derby. He said Oldhams Wood ‘was a wretched place, that you never by any chance got a run from; ‘and as he had at the latter part of last week been over Straightip’s ‘stables, we lighted our weeds, and sat chatting about his string at ‘the lower corner, concluding that, when you had given the fox ‘sufficient badgering to tire your patience, or had killed him, you ‘would come that way to draw Littlefield Gorse, a cover from which ‘they must go. We “concluded,” as the Yankees say, to save our ‘horses at least half an hour’s bucketing in those deep ridings.’

‘Precisely so. You and your friend Hepworth in youthful wisdom ‘decided that there was not any chance of a run from Oldhams, so ‘sat coffeehousing, instead of attending to the work of the hounds, ‘and in consequence lost the run of the season, besides, in your ‘case, getting a fall which might have stopped your seeing another

‘for some time to come. Believe me, a fall with a really blown horse is no joking matter : when in that state they go down like a lump of lead, and give you little time to get clear of them. Now take my advice, and, as you have the means to hunt, endeavour to become not only a riding man, but a sportsman. When you go out fox-hunting, mean fox-hunting, and that only ; and leave racing and other matters to their proper times and seasons. If you must chat and gossip, there is your club, and a hundred other far more suitable places than the cover-side. Moreover, never conclude because a covert is not of a size to be covered with a pocket-handkerchief, that there is not any chance of a run from it. As you should have known, Oldhams has been frequently disturbed of late. There are strong woodlands with main earths at Thorny Brake hangings, the line to-day taken. We are in the month of February, when travelling foxes are most often met with ; and yet, instead of following and watching the hounds in covert, you posted yourself upwind, forsooth, because Littlefield Gorse laid on that side ; and I presume, when you found yourselves slipped, came as hard as legs could carry you on our line, intent only on regaining the place you could not keep.’

‘Well, uncle, I must admit that it was so. I really hadn’t an idea hounds could have gone such a pace over that plough country, and bargained for being up with you in a few fields.’

‘Fill your glass, Arthur, and attend to what an old man has to say on the subject, by which means you may perhaps be spared some similar disappointments for the time to come. Nor let me tell you, will a little advice regarding the art of crossing a country be lost upon you. You have a good seat and fair hands, I grant ; but at present that article called head seems of more use to hang your hat upon, and save more sensitive parts, in case of a fall, as it did to-day, than in helping you to see sport.

‘You must excuse me if I wound your *amour propre* a bit, as I wish to see you shine in the field, so must, without reserve, tell you what I think are your weak points. As to-day you thought it desirable to take rear-rank, I had not an opportunity of seeing how you performed, save from the stains on your toggery. But yesterday, I suppose, you considered it as much Quickstep’s fault that you blundered at the brook, and only just got over with a scramble, as it was Closesnaver’s that you fell to-day—is it not so ?’

‘Yes. Certainly he did not appear to like the water, and was all but swerving, though I sent him at it as hard as he could go, as that is the way you have told me to ride at water.’

‘Your pardon a moment. You undoubtedly have heard me say that you should go fast at water, but decidedly never that you should bring a horse all across a field—down hill to boot—without collecting him, and then send him at it with his head loose. Such was the form in which you rode Quickstep. And the only wonder is that you got over it at all ; it is better luck than you deserved. Always steady your horse before coming to a leap of any kind, but

‘ especially water ; and when you have collected him, with his hind-legs well under, then send him at it as fast as you like, but at the same time with light hands, keeping him to that form. No horse can get over large fences when going all abroad ; and at small ones he will generally fail to rise at all, and come down. When riding at water, think of Whyte Melville’s words :

‘ There in the bottom see, sluggish and idle,
Steals the dark stream, where the willow tree grows ;
Harden your heart, and catch hold of your bridle ;
Steady him, rouse him ; and over he goes.’

‘ You cannot have a better precept to follow, or one more elegantly expressed. There is another thing you must avoid, if you mean to become really *au fait* as a horseman across country, and that is, keeping your attention on other people’s horses, and what they are doing, instead of on the hounds. It is to see hounds and their work that you do, or should ride, not to cut down Tom, Phil, or Harry. If you have any such ambition, make a match or a sweepstakes, and have it out fairly, with equal weights ; but don’t race in the hunting-field, where one horse is perhaps carrying eleven and another thirteen stone, and you are spoiling the sport of the whole field by your ignorance and folly. Keep your eye on the pack, and ride to be with them. Be always ready to pull up when you see they are over the line, which, if you watch them, you may perceive by the leading hounds dropping back into the body of the pack, as well as a wavering, if I may so term it, of the whole number, though, if pressed, they will often flash on as though running hard for several fields. Moreover, lie wide of them, and allow them to recover any slight check, which is impossible when pressed on by a crowd of steaming horses. A maxim of old Meynell’s, which in this extra galloping age cannot be too often repeated, was, that “ you should keep your eye on the body of the hounds, instead of depending on two or three which are leading ; and you should always anticipate a check, which sheep, cattle, teams at plough, arable land, or a road are all likely to produce. Every check gives your fox an advantage over hounds, and scent is of a fleeting nature, soon lost, never again to be recovered.” Neither should you be so forward but that, if the hounds incline towards you, you can pull up without being amongst them. Of course you cannot do this unless the body are well in front. With the pack so placed, and your attention on the work of the hounds, you can turn with them, without the necessity of stopping your horse, or interfering with his stride. Another thing, if you keep it in remembrance, will considerably enhance your favour with the Master, as well as with all true sportsmen, that is, to avoid cutting off straggling hounds at gaps. Bear in mind it is the head they carry that keeps hounds going, and causes the absence of checks ; so do all in your power to enable each individual hound to get to the front. The one that you cut off, and so stop, may be perhaps the most useful in the pack, though by some accident for a time put out of it. All who

'ride before, or in any way prevent hounds getting up, are doing so much to lessen their chance of killing. You will no doubt be told all this is dead slow, and "Go along—there's three couple on the line, and the rest coming," is the correct style of thing. But it is only so for those who are out for a lark, and care nothing about the hunting. Where large crowds of strangers throng to a meet—men who have never seen the Master before, and probably may never see him again—it is next to impossible to stop this kind of thing. Though all who pretend to the name of sportsmen should discourage it by example at least. I fear some young Masters are inclined to countenance such proceedings, instead of checking them. Where this is the case, little sport can be looked for; but, I am pleased to say, we have some who can, and do, keep their fields in order, even in the fastest countries. Another thing be so kind as to think of, viz., that it is quite unjustifiable to ride another man's line, or to cross and jostle at fences for a weaker place. No accidents are so bad as those which happen from this cause. Fancy, for instance, what chance have you for escaping unhurt when two horses come into collision, and are down, and struggling on the ground together? A fair purl will seldom do you much harm—every man who rides gets plenty of them during the season—and you had better incur the certainty of one than clash at a fence. Where you must follow, be sure and allow time enough. You will always see the best men shift the crowd as quickly as possible, and, getting quietly away by themselves, take their place and keep it. Should you not know the country, keep an eye on one of these, but do not follow him—endeavour to take your own line always; but, if I may so express it, waiting on a well-known man may in wooded countries prevent your being thrown out, or in open ones coming to some unjumpable part of a brook, or other obstacle. Moreover, be sure and pay attention to the land you are riding over, so as to ease your horse where it is deep. The best will stop in a few fields, if pressed through heavy ground; whereas a well-bred one, if nursed across it, and carefully handled, will come again in an astonishing manner. Always select firm ground if you can, and go round a sound headland rather than across a deep ridge and furrow, particularly before coming to a fence. Nothing exhausts a horse so much as taking a leap out of heavy ground. Try it yourself some day as an experiment, and see the effect it has. A man, to ride well, wants something more than mere nerve: he must have what is technically called head, which means observation, and a quick eye to a country. This will enable him to select his line; then, if he has decision, he can ride it. Hesitation is fatal; for, besides losing him much time when hounds run fast, it upsets horses: high-couraged ones like to be set going, and kept straight. Always keep your temper with them. If you see a man pulling, hauling, and fighting with his horse, you may bet odds on his coming to grief before long. No matter what the horse's temper is, the man who knows where he means to go, and has good

temper and good hands, will sail away like a swallow in summer, and surmount all obstacles, apparently without an effort. That is the sort of understanding you should endeavour to establish with your horses, so that they may obey the slightest inclination of your will. It is possible with the most awkward; but, as I said before, only patience, good humour, and good hands can do it. By the way, too, I am afraid you were near losing your temper on Tuesday last, when Musters "halloa'd" you back from the corner of the gorse.

I certainly don't understand being spoken to in that manner. I was doing no harm.

Two opinions about that, Arthur. You rode forward there, unthinkingly, I admit, and not with the intention of doing harm; but had you used your eyes, you would have seen that Musters had just moved the field from that very spot, in order that the fox might break for the open; and though he was perhaps (as men anxious to show sport at times will be) rather warm, you decidedly deserved a "wiggling" for your thoughtlessness, if nothing more. Though Musters gave it you rather strong, it was for the public good, done as a warning to others, and, as Captain Wilson told his protégé, you must put it down as "zeal, all zeal." At the same time, I hope you may profit by the lesson, and not place yourself in a similar situation for the future. All communities must have a responsible head; and in the field, unless the Master can keep order, he is no use. Like the king for the time, "he can do no wrong;" nor should his mandates be questioned. But you will, I am sure, tire of my lecture, and must be anxious to get some rest after your shaking. Shall you hunt to-morrow?

Oh, yes; I feel none the worse, and shall not miss a day.

Then, as you will ride Firefly, have an easier bit on him, or you will come to grief again: he is a light-mouthed horse. Sharp bits are very well in fine hands, and with experience: given this, nearly all horses go pleasantly in them; but, as your hands have yet to improve, and you have experience to gain, you must avoid them on such horses at present. If he wants to go quick at his fences, too, don't check him, or down you come. Provided you do not pump him out, or pull him into the ditches, he won't make a mistake with you. By-the-bye, be a little careful of the hounds at first starting, and don't ride him amongst them, as you have the others. I am sure you would regret any accident as much as I should myself; and he is rather queer-tempered when fresh. I will order him and Birdcatcher to be sent on in the morning, and we will drive to cover. So now, my boy, good night, and remember the few hints I have given you. I should have been glad with them at your age, but had no one to guide me.

A VOICE FROM HIGH LEICESTERSHIRE.

BY A LADY.

Know ye the County, whose soft velvet pastures
 (When all else is desolate, sad, and forlorn)
 Smile green, as though tinted with undying freshness,
 Ring clear to the echo of hound and of horn?
 When autumn winds sigh the low dirge of the summer,
 When days are so gloomy, the nights long and cold,
 Speed away to that County, and prove for yourselves there
 The charms that High Leicestershire then will unfold.
 As mounted and off in the freshness of morning,
 Direct for the covert, see trooping along
 Brave men and fair ladies all weariness scorning,
 The moments made brighter by mirth and by song.
 Hark! through the clear air one loud cheer is resounding,
 One crash, and Hark forward! then onward we pass,
 Swiftly and silently, but, oh! how cheerily,
 O'er the big fences, and o'er the green grass.
 Mark well the true line of the foremost hard rider,
 Who stops at no obstacle, fears no disaster,
 But straight as an arrow is skimming along,
 For close to his hounds is the bold, gallant Master.
 Then hail to the County, and hail to the pastime
 Whose name brings a thrill to each Englishman's heart;
 Thrice hail to the spirits whose mirth and gay laughter
 We'll welcome through many a day ere we part.

FOOTBALL.

BY M. F. H.

ETON against the world. Of course. In a former day the wonted battle-cry was more electrical and potential than at present. The grand old school, undiminished in glory, untarnished in reputation, has beheld not only a single star at her side, but a galaxy of constellations springing up around her in this day of progress, whilst it is the pride of these *ignes minores* to assimilate themselves to the *Julium sidus* which for so long a period has eclipsed the minor celebrities; and the *generosorum filii commensales*, as oppidans were styled in the roll of 'the King's College of our Lady of Eton beside Wyndstore,' hold out the hand of fellowship as of yore, loyally welcoming the advent of the rising generations to the competitive arena, literary and athletic. So essential was a good understanding between public schools formerly held to be, that a treaty of alliance, called the '*Amabilis Concordia*,' was drawn up and duly signed, between Eton

and its mother college of Winchester, in order to make perfect a '*mutua et perpetua caritas*.' The scholastic treaty of peace has been observed with a faith more honourable than that of many others which have been celebrated by the ringing of cathedral bells, amidst the thunder of cannon and the pompous intonation of a papal 'Te Deum.' The boy beats the man in all points appertaining to the ingenuousness of a kindly nature, young and fresh, before it becomes corrupted by a carnal wisdom emanating from the fruit of the tree of knowledge; albeit that 'tree is pleasant to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise.'

In the Wars of the Roses, masters and boys stood by the red rose of the royal founder, suffered for their loyalty, but did not hold themselves vanquished. They successfully resisted the attempt of the champion of the White Rose to merge their college into that of St. George of Windsor; and the '*Bulla Unionis*,' which had been obtained from Pius II., Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, was cancelled by his successor, Paul II. Latin versification appears, even in those early days, to have been one of the chief objects of study, cultivated with more or less of success. Dr. Richard Coxe, the Head Master from 1528 to 1535, left a specimen of his moderate powers in hexameters and pentameters which was inscribed on his tomb:—

'In terrâ Christi GALLUS, Christum resonabam,
Da, Christe, in cœlis te sine fine sonam.'

And the old block in the library had its poet laureate also; for Tusser, 1540, the agricultural poet and Etonian, wrote, in complaint of Dr. Udall, the successor of Coxe,—

'From Paul's I went, to Eton sent
To learn straightways the Latin phrase,
Where fifty-three stripes given to me
At once I had.

'For fault thus small, or none at all,
It came to pass, thus beat I was;
See, Udall, see, the mercy of thee
To me, poor lad.'

This outhiered the '*peine forte et dure*' of Keate, thirteen being held to be the *maximum* number of permitted stripes. It is related in the '*Curiosities of Literature*,' by the elder Disraeli, that at a dinner-party given by Sir William Cecil at Windsor, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, 1565, Sir William mentioned that several Eton boys had run away from school on account of the severity of the Head Master. Sir William Petre eulogised the birch, and gave it as his opinion that the best schoolmaster in England was the best flogger. Roger Ascham, who was present, and had been private tutor to the Queen, indignantly exclaimed that an able boy was the result of his own genius, and not of the master's rod. This trivial circumstance produced the admirable treatise of Ascham '*On Education*.' Eton was saved from the sweeping edict of Henry VIII. against collegiate establishments by the opportune death of the King.

A statute of exemption was immediately passed on the accession of Edward VI., which effectually prevented it from condemnation. Queen Mary, of bigoted memory, burnt three Fellows of King's, '*per majorem Dei gloriam*,' and appointed Cole, the Roman Catholic Provost of Eton, to preach at the execution of Cranmer. A general rejoicing welcomed Elizabeth to the throne, the Eton boys commemorating her arrival at Windsor by complimentary verses in Latin.

'Vive, precor, Regina potens; pro munere tantum,
Hoc possum dare et hoc,—Vive, valeque simul,'

wrote one who had evidently been out on the loose, and had only just time to screw out in haste the two lines in his tutor's pupil room. They passed muster, however, and are to be seen, with his name attached, Osmund Yates, in the '*Registrum Regale*.' There were high names to be found in the Eton lists of those early days. Cavendish major and Cavendish minor: the first represented Devonshire in five parliaments, and the other became the first Earl of Devonshire. Then follow the patronymics of Stanhope, Arundel, Fitzwilliam, Grey, Cornwallis, Temple, Bartie, Throgmorton, Mildmaye, and at a later date, 1612, Lord Willoughby, Lord Dormer, with Philip Lytton, the son of Sir Rowland Lytton of Knebworth. True to their royal patron, and firm in their devotional attachment for his person, many of the elder Eton boys, in the time of the Rebellion, repaired to Oxford and took their place in the squadrons of Prince Rupert. Dr. Stewart, Provost of Eton, with some of the Fellows of the College, raised a troop of horse; whilst his pupils exchanged their cricket-bat for a sword, and made a football of the rebellious Puritan. The fields of Edgehill, Chalgrave, Cropredy, Newbury, Marston Moor, and Naseby bore witness to their deeds of chivalry in defence of the right. One boy, Henry Bard, having served throughout the war in every engagement, escaped the carnage of Naseby, where he was severely wounded, and became Viscount Bellamont, in reward for his gallant services. James Fleetwood, one of the assistant-masters, who officiated as chaplain to his regiment, was entrusted with the care of the two young princes, Charles and James, at Edgehill. Having seen to their safety, in a cottage at Radway, which is still shown with the table on which they breakfasted, and putting his prayer-book in his pocket, he galloped off to take his part in the furious onset of Prince Rupert.—'Brave masters, lion-hearted boys, semper honos laudesque manebunt.'

And they would be ready to do the same again if the necessity existed. Did not the Duke of Wellington say that Waterloo was won in the playing-fields of Eton? Let the Manchester Fenians try a brush with the young fellows in those same playing-fields.

Cromwell, from motives of prudence, treated the College with a certain degree of respect, although he assumed to nominate the Provost and masters. Rouse, his nominee, at the time of the Restoration was dead; but the banners and escutcheons over his tomb, says Anthony Wood, 'were pulled down with scorn by the loyal Provost and Fellows, and thrown aside as tokens and badges of damned

‘baseness and rebellion.’ Dr. Allstree was deservedly appointed to be Provost. He had fought for King Charles I. at the head of the Eton troop, and did true and good service for the church militant in the simple sense of the word. In such times of sedition, privy conspiracy and rebellion against the Lord and against His anointed, ‘he that has no sword let him sell his garment and buy one.’ Coming to more recent times, there appear the names of Sir Robert Walpole, his son Horace Walpole, St. John, Lord Bolingbroke, Earl of Chatham, Boyle, the philosopher, Gray, Horace Mann, the Montagus, Talbot, Duke of St. Albans, Lord Harvey, Lord Harcourt, Lord Tankerville, Windham, Charles James Fox, Grey, the Marquis Wellesley, Porson, George Canning, Hallam, Frere, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Melbourne, Lord Lauderdale, Assheton Smith, Duke of Athole, Lord Fortescue, Lord Heytesbury, Henry Drury, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, Lord Beauvale, Gally Knight, Lord Ellenborough, Duke of Northumberland, Lord Malmesbury, Lord Bathurst, Coleridge, Lord Durham, Bysshe Shelley, Lord Howard de Walden, Yorke Scarlett, Lord Auckland, George Cathcart, Lord Carnarvon, Molesworth, Winthrop Praed, Spencer Walpole, Lord Carlisle, Duke of Newcastle, Duke of Bedford, Stafford Northcote, Duke of Marlborough, Lord Lyttelton,—and let us close these excerpts from the Eton lists with the name of one of whom it may justly be said, as a scholar and a statesman, *nulli secundus*—the present Earl of Derby.*

Dulce est desipere in loco. Largely translated let it stand for—

‘All book and no play
Makes Jack a dull boy.’

Winking at the discordant rhythm, unless the Saxon *a* be pronounced broad, according to the *della cruscan* dialect of Somersetshire, it may be said that, at Eton, there was not any lack of games or play of all sorts—recreations, as the Cockney seminaries have it on their advertising boards, for young gentlemen grocers and others. But flogging is not permitted, be it observed, at these polished seminaries, being judged contrary to propriety and progress; but the magisterial recreation of caning is practised until the wheals on the body of the victim prevent any posture from being tolerable that necessitates a contact with solid matter. Some of these games of the olden time did not redound to the credit of the *alumni*. The hunting and killing the ram in college, with clubs, a barbarism utterly disgraceful,—in which the ‘butcher’ Cumberland participated and delighted according to his brutal nature—was properly suppressed in 1747. Bull-baiting in Bachelors’ Acre, and cock-fighting in Bedford’s Yard, gave way before that enthusiasm of humanity which became general at the time of Wilberforce and the slave trade. The cock, the bull, and the negro made a common cause. Nevertheless, since the days of that triangular emancipation, we have often, on the sly, partaken of the victims of Bachelors’ Acre and Bedford’s

* Etoniana; Ancient and Modern. By W. L. C.

Yard, grilled and peppered, accompanied by a bowl of punch from the 'Christopher,' and introduced through the bars of the study window at our dame's, by Jack Hall, of happy and famous memory. We never transacted business with the negro.

The standard games of Eton were ever cricket and football. The first deservedly occupies the foremost position in the annals of public school play; yet the latter has by far the most ancient origin. It may be said to be the parent source from whence all games of ball are derived. It was a favourite amusement of the Romans, who practised it in various ways. The handball, *follis* or *pila trigonalis*, was inflated with wind, which they struck about with their hands armed with a kind of gauntlet, and is still played in the same manner in Italy. The *pila paganica*, or village ball, filled either with wind or feathers, was put down in the middle between two goals, and the two sides contended in the way they do at the present time. Shrove Tuesday was usually called 'Football Day,' the game forming one of the principal pastimes of that festivity. The young men, in the morning, carried the football from house to house, soliciting 'wind,' otherwise money, and at twelve o'clock the ball was placed in the centre of the common green, and, after play, the 'wind-money' furnished the supper at the adjoining tavern. Nor was the fun confined to the lads of the village; for the old ditty says--

'Young men and maids,
Now very brisk,
At barley-break and
Football frisk.'

We did not play it in that seductive company at Eton, *tempore* Keate, although 'Barkis was willing.' And again—

'At football, Lucy, let us play
For sugar, cakes, or wine,
Or for a fancy let us pay
The loss be thine or mine.
If thou, my dear, a winner be
At trundling of the ball,
The wager thou shalt have, and me
And my misfortunes all.'

Very good; but the fortune or misfortune would be according to the quantity and quality of Lucy. Sir Frederick Morton Eden, in his 'Statistical Account of Scotland,' mentions that 'there is a standing match at football in the parish of Inverness, county Mid-Lothian, between the married and unmarried women;' and he states, as a remarkable fact, that the married women were always successful. Neither were the Romish clergy averse to the ecclesiastical device of Easter ball-play; the meaning of which cannot be clearly traced, but it is certain that the Romish clergy played at hand and foot ball in the church, as part of the Paschal services. We find an archbishop joining in the sport. Fosbrooke says, an inflated ball, 'not of the size to be grasped by one hand only, being given out at Easter, the Dean and his representatives began an antiphone suited to Easter

'day; then taking the ball in his left hand, he commenced a dance 'suited to the antiphone, the others dancing round hand in hand; at 'intervals the ball was banded,' or kicked, 'to each of the choristers. The dancing, kicking, and antiphone being concluded, the 'choir went to take refreshment. It was the privilege of the Lord to 'throw,' or kick, 'the ball; even the archbishop did it.' It is also related of St. Cuthbert, in the Golden Legend, that 'Whan he was 'viii yere old, as he played at the ball with other chyldren, sodeynly 'there stode amonge them a fayre yonge chylde,' who admonished Cuthbert against 'vayne playes;' and seeing Cuthbert 'take no heed, 'he wept sore and wrung hys hands;' and then Cuthbert and the other chyldren 'left theyre playe and comforted hym: and then 'sodeynly he vanished away; then he knew verily that it was an 'angel; and fro that forth on he lefte all such vayne playes and 'never used them more.' No such angel dared to come to Eton. He would have fared ill in the 'rouge' under the Slough Road wall, between Collegers and Oppidans.

'Ball-play,' it should be observed, consisted, originally, both in throwing with the hand and kicking a large ball. It was afterwards divided into 'palm-play' and 'foot-play,' the latter retaining the large inflated ball and the former returning to the old hand tennis-ball. 'Hence,' says St. Foix, 'the racket and fives derived their 'origin, which was played with a naked hand or at least with a 'double glove.' On Tuesday, the 5th December, 1815, a great football match took place at Carterhaugh, Ettrick Forest, betwixt the Ettrick men and the men of Yarrow; the one party backed by the Earl of Home, and the other by Sir Walter Scott, sheriff of the forest, who wrote a song for the occasion, of which two stanzas are as follows:—

- 'Up, up with the banner, let forest winds fan her,
She has blazed over Ettrick eight ages and more;
In sport we'll attend her, in battle defend her,
With heart and with hand, like our fathers before.
- 'Then strip, lads, and to it, though sharp be the weather,
And it, by mischance, you should happen to fall,
There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,
And life is itself but a game at football.'

Four months after that same December a game was played in the 'fossés' of Geneva—Eton against the world—*cælum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt*. There can be no greater advantage to social interests, to judge by its results, than a prevailing unity of affectionate regard for the bright localities of boyhood amongst those who by the fortune of circumstance may have been thrown together in the spring-time of life. The common sympathy of an honest pride having purified and elevated the tone of the little world of a public school, engenders a unity of regard that outlives the day of control, and ever after accompanies the man throughout the changing scenes of life. It is the familiar spirit that gladdens the boy, inspires youth, nerves manhood, and soothes the declining years

of age with dear and never-to-be-forgotten memories that neither the vanities of the world nor the storms of fate have either sullied or destroyed.

It was the Easter vacation. There was a sufficient sprinkling of Etonians at Geneva to make a good game, and when the captain of the World, Burke, afterwards Earl of Mayo, had picked his twelve, the captain of Eton, Lloyd, chose amongst the remainder to make up the required complement. The ground selected was a long, broad, and open trench or 'fossé' in the southern part of the former fortifications, outside the Rue Beauregard, looking towards the Salève and the Voirons, immediately beneath the promenade round the ramparts. Although the space was narrow, there was sufficient width to allow a fair game, with walls on each side proper for a plenitude of 'rouging.' It was first necessary to obtain the permission of that august functionary the senior Syndic, and a deputation was appointed to wait on him at the Hotel de Ville. The sentinel belonging to the Civic Guard, in a round hat and plain clothes, with his cartouche-box and sword-belt simply slung across his shoulders, and with a piece of wood instead of a flint in the lock to prevent accidents, did not present arms as we passed up the staircase to the salle of audience and smiled derisively at his incongruous costume and innocuous chasseur. There was another sentinel at the door of the antechamber. It was no less a personage than Professor Duvillard. Perceiving one of the boys who boarded 'en pension' at his house, and ought to have been hard at work for his lesson at the Auditoire, he cried out, 'Ha! petit polisson, what you do here? Fi donc.' 'Mon devoir,' replied the little fellow, and having an eye to the military, counselled the professor not to neglect his duty by interfering with him and leaving his guard. With the words 'vaurien-petit chien d'Anglois' ringing in our ears, we approached the august presence of the Chief Magistrate of the Republic. At the door were two 'huissiers,' with large cocked hats, arrayed in long cloaks of red and yellow serge in equal divisions—Tom Fool's livery, and they looked and acted that part well. The Syndic was an oily 'gent,' positively 'gent,' in full costume, with shorts, silk stockings, buckles, and a dress-sword that was very much in his way, either by getting between his legs or cocking out like a monkey's tail from underneath the arm of the official fauteuil. Wedgwood, being the best Frenchman of the lot, was spokesman. The great man listened attentively, smiled condescendingly, and said 'Voyons.' He seemed a little uppish, solemn, and desirous of impressing the deputation with the full length, depth, and breadth of his republican grandeur. 'Messieurs,' he observed, somewhat haughtily, 'when your compatriots came to ask permission to play "creequets"—n'est ce pas?—in the Plain Palais——' Wedgwood told him that his pronunciation was perfect. 'Oui, c'est ça creequets,' smiling graciously, for a soft point had been touched; 'it was Son Altesse le Grand Duc de Mecklenbourg Schweiren who came to prefer the request, Monsieur Vedgwood.'

Here oozed out the republican hypocrisy of the 'autant que toi' principle. The grand man of authority wanted to rub shoulders with royalty, and was disposed to treat his equals as curs, to which specific *genus* he unquestionably belonged. But the Etruscan was not taken aback, replying modestly that it was the simple accident of his speaking French—Genevese French—with greater facility than his friends that had caused him to address the imperial Syndic; but that he spoke for Mr. Anson and Lord Uxbridge—not an Etonian—the son of the Marquis of Anglesey, who were present. 'Ha! ha! 'mais vraiment!' and as he started to his feet the hilt of his sword got entangled within the arm of the chair, and the point of the scabbard tilting up from under the flaps of his coat came out behind his ear. 'Grand Dieu, est il possible? The son of that preux chevalier, Milor Anglesey, c'est lui, eh?—Milor Oxbreech, I am proud, 'ver' proud, de faire votre connoissance. Your noble father, sir, 'has a "renommée magnifique s'il n'en fut jamais." Sir, I make 'you my compliment. Milor Anson, son of the Gran Amiral of 'England—yees, yees, Rool Britanne—n'est ce pas? Ha! ha! 'Je puis fredonner; that leetle song même in English bien—your 'servant. Ah! this young gentleman is a son of an Irish bishop—'le digne homme—there were once bishops of Geneva—malheureusement il n'y en a plus,' and the crop-eared Puritan and Republican coveted the mitre also. 'Milors'—we were all Milors now—'you would to play your game in the trenches. By all means, 'sans doute, avec le plus grand plaisir du monde—the game of ball 'à coup de pied, comme c'est drôle. Milors'—with a bow to the whole lot—'I wish you beau jeu,' and the deputation withdrew, having gained their point, and having witnessed the farce of pure and exalted republicanism, fraternal, one and indivisible, from the lowest and most base impulses of humanity.

It was a fine spring morning. All were in high glee, expectant of a merry day without drawback or hindrance. Anticipation is one of the chief attributes of pleasure, and he is a lucky one in life that finds the reckoning of an excited hope verified. The difficulty of manufacturing the ball had been overcome. After sundry failures the shoemaker in the Bourg de Four had performed his task creditably, and with his quills and paraphernalia brought the balls to the 'fossés' ready for action. The goals had been traced out on the bottom of the bastion walls, one full and fair, whilst the other slanted obliquely at the obtuse angle of another trench. They were to be changed after each game, the best in three to win, with a dinner at the Ecu de Geneve to close the day. A toss for the choice of goals and first kick. Up goes the five-franc piece—heads or tails? Tails, for luck, and Eton loses. Paddy Burke, a fine, handsome fellow, has the ball, and he places it in the middle.

A crowd had gathered on the promenade outside the ramparts, from whence the game might be perfectly seen. Amongst others were Mr. Poyntz, of Cowdray, with his team, that attracted as much attention from the foreigners as football; Lord Clinton, Lord Ren-

dlesham, Sir John St. Aubyn, Whyte Melville, uncle of the author, M. Etienne Dumont, Sismondi the historian, Prince Carignano, afterwards Carlo Alberto, the Duke of Holstein Augustenbourg, Madame de Staël, and Lady Charlotte Bury. There was a full assemblage also of Genevese ladies, clad in those graceful pelisses fitting to the figure and trimmed with fur, that the fair Polonaises brought into a fashion which shames that of the present day. Conspicuous amongst them were two sisters, Madame Eynard and Madame Beaumont.

Play. The ball is placed by Burke in the middle, a fair kick, and up it goes with a whirl over the heads of the Etonians. The sides were well placed, Lloyd taking his post in the Eton centre, supported right and left, with good men and true behind him, and Lord Glenorchy, a powerful man, at goal, flanked by two little fellows, Capel and Leigh minor. Broadhead has the ball at the first bound; attempting a run which in so narrow a space, with a wall on each side, can only be brief, down it goes, and the 'rouge' begins. Shoulder to shoulder, legs going, one firmly supporting the body, whilst the other is brandishing and kicking at something—it may be the ball—but who can see amidst such a confusion of limbs long and short? A deep thud or two gives notice of a damaged shin, without a murmur or sign of flinching, although the skin may be peeled off for many an inch. Gradually the ball is squeezed up by pressure as high as the knees of the players in the ruck; a short lunge brings it out. Burke, the son of the 'digne évêque,' catches it, and coming out of the throng with a lusty kick sends it flying away towards the Eton goal, backed and forced on by the strongest of his party. The Etonians were overweighted, a great disadvantage at football. Buchanan, a large Scotchman, brings the ball down with a good lead and at a pace; he has it all his own way, for the Etonians cannot take the line from him. Glenorchy is well prepared at the goal, and is ready for the scrimmage, but dare not quit his post. Leigh minor, however, nothing daunted, runs out to face the Scotchman; he was about as high as his waist. Both meet at full speed, kicking the ball at the same moment. Whop! and over goes the little fellow, doubled up into nothing. The ladies scream, some shed honest tears for once—'le scelerat, le cher enfant, shame, va-voyez donc, 'he is abîmé, meurtrié, ce petit amour.' The 'petit amour' had been one of the dirtiest of the lower boys, and had been ducked at Cuckoo Weir, clothes and all, for purification. He limps as he gets up, amidst the cheers of the Etonians, and at it again—vrai cœur de lion—and the women would have kissed him all round if they had had the chance. Even Corinne relents in her stoicism, smiling in approval, and twirling the accustomed sprig of poplar with increased energy. Carignano is vastly pleased as he addresses Dumont, who was English—quand même—at heart, and Sismondi speaks of Leigh's pluck as 'roba d'Inghilterra.'

Leigh minor had turned the tide of war. The Etonians came up, and by sheer good play recovered the advantage. A fresh rouge

under the lower wall, long and stoutly fought out; another boy is sent to goal, and Glenorchy rushes to the front, to do or die. Hard at it one and all—a jolly rouge. Lloyd, the Captain, is on the outside, waiting for the event of the in-and-in tussle of Burke and Glenorchy. The ball is tossed out high by the latter; Lloyd catches it; a hand kick, and away and away for the enemy's goal. He is a fast runner, and keeps his ground. The ball is slightly beyond bounds; he turns and steadies it, and with a slashing kick sends it right against the goal-keeper, who is handled by Glenorchy and Elmsley. The others rush up to defend the goal. It is crashing play; but their weight on the outside only forces on the Eton insiders, who, desperate and determined, work their way, and amidst the severest punishment the goal is won.

‘Well done, Eton!’ Whose voice was that? Well-known was it, and not less dear to all Etonians of that time. A tall man, handsome and portly, stood by the side of the Hon. John Capel, whom he had accompanied from Lausanne. Ben. Drury, by Jove—*clarum et insigne nomen!*—even now the words have a magic in them. Long and loud was the affectionate greeting given to this most deservedly popular master of his day; and the cheers again and again renewed, with the familiar abbreviation of the sponsorial name, that caused a smile on his countenance, uttered as it was by little fellows whom he had often put in the bill, and perchance would again, proved how sincere was the generous impulse that drew forth this unpremeditated demonstration of regard. He has been well called by the historian of Eton, ‘the Admirable Crichton of his day.’ Those who deem learning, and learning alone, to be a sufficient requisite for a master, are ignorant of the nature of a tuition that should influence character whilst enlarging the intellect. Drury desired to make his pupils gentlemen as well as scholars; he treated them in that character, and thus won their regard and acquired their respect. Archbishops and bishops may have been selected from the ranks of masters of public schools; but, with no mark of notoriety beyond the abbreviation of a familiar name,—without the prefix of titular honour, or the appendage of ponderous dignity,—his name will live at Eton, loved and cherished, long, long after those of his titled contemporaries shall cease to be mentioned and be forgotten.

Play! The Genevese trotted away to dinner, whilst ‘all the world’ contended for the second game. They won it. The day was waning, and being too late for the third game, an adjournment was made to the Ecu de Geneve for the dinner, with the Captain of Eton in the chair.

The conviviality at these juvenile feasts after matches is invariably of the same description. Energetic talking, verging upon the boisterous; bold assertions, impossible feats of dexterity, startling adventures, *per mare per terram*, with a rare exuberance of spirits, that from the jocund relation of a questionable fact, steals on in progressive amplification to the domain of hyperbole, where all verisimilitude is lost amidst the wild extravagance of the most inventive and mendacious fancy.

By the early palate the rarer viands of culinary science are little valued; yet are there standard delicacies, at school, of immemorial honour, that demand the respect of succeeding generations. They are almost statutable comestibles. Ducks and green peas belong to the lower boys at Eton, in undisputed and exclusive seigniority. They have a beneficial interest—a vested right, time-honoured as Ducal Lancaster of old, in that most exquisite *pabulum*. To them it is as the pilau to the Turk, the olla podrida to the Spaniard, the ‘granelli fritti con unto’ to the Italian, the saur kraut to the German, the fricandeau to the Frenchman, lamp-oil to the Kalmuck, birdnest-soup to the Chinese, and the tender pap, flavoured with the milk of a first-born, the tit-bit to a cannibal. Not an insipid and immature duckling, innocent of wrong as the Tiverton child of Lord Palmerston:—no; but one having arrived at years of discretion, of a ripe perfection, conjugal and matronly, plump, delicately trussed, with the gravy dark in abundance, frothing upon the full and ample breast, that softly crackles and murmurs almost inaudibly from a sense of delight at its high Etonian destiny; containing moreover, within the redolent penetralia, a relish of sage, blended with the savoury ingredient from Portugal that imparts a delicious aroma to the mass of peas, young and sweet, in which the wing or breast of the duck is sapidly imbedded on the plate of Brown minor at his dinner. Such is the dainty dish dear to the lower boy of Eton.

‘The feast was over in Branksome tower,’—eke at the Ecu de Geneve,—and the spirit of mischief that in the Baron’s dwarf brought bold Deloraine to grief, instilled itself into the more jovial and cocky of the boys, as they marched up the Rue Haute to the upper city. What Etonian does not remember the perilous enterprise of ‘fighting the blackguards up town,’ with a prevailing sense of heroism at the display of pluck in the lower boys? and the cogitator, with a glow of satisfaction, adds mentally, *quorum pars magna fui*.

‘Nine-and-twenty knights of fame
Hang their shields in Branksome Hall;
Nine-and-twenty squires of name
Brought them their steeds from bower to stall.’

It should have been ‘stall to bower,’ if the rhythm had permitted, since grooms bring the covert horses from the stable to the hall-door, or bower, to go to the meet; but the Ariosto of the north was not up in the horse line. Well, much about that number of lower boys, with the additional ‘ten squires and ten yeomen,’ were wont, upon an occasion, in auld lang syne, to foray up town, in mischievous intent of broken heads and damaged ogles.

‘Such is the custom of Branksome Hall,’ and such the habitude of Eton. ‘The more the pity and the shame,’ ejaculates angrily the usher of Cockneydom, cane in hand, which he twitches convulsively, with a wicked longing in his wicked eye. ‘I wish,’ says he. ‘Do you?’ retort we; ‘remember the quality that is the best part of valour, and abstain from meddling with those young dare-devils, otherwise those eyes “of yourn,” to speak in your own ver-

‘nacular, might not see the light to lighten the darkness, or thy seat of honour have the means of sitting upon the throne either, in peace or without dolour for many a day.’

The Switzers are sturdy dogs,—republican, yet hybrid; taking a practical joke but indifferently well, except it be from a prince or a duke, whom they revile in the market-place, and worship on their knees in the gilded palaces of society. It was easy enough to begin a scrimmage, but the end was not so agreeable. The *autant que toi* Genevese did not understand jocular fisticuffs: the Eton boys got the worst of it, and the *minores* and *minimi* were pounced upon and quodded. The Auditeur on the next morning was inflexible. He had had his leg damaged by a ‘creekets’ ball, when obstinately insisting on his republican right to walk between the wickets during play in the Plain-palais, and the injury still rankled:—‘Messieurs, you will pay the expenses of these coup de poings brutales,—et je vous mette en pénitence pour trois jours.’ Here was a go!

‘Brightest in dungeons, Liberty! thou art.’

Yes, it was bright enough for the ‘petit amour’ and his companions. They were allowed every indulgence in this asylum of wrong-doers, even to having their dinners from the Ecu: and they were sent with a sufficiency of champagne and other stimulants. The custodians—let them not be called jailers; for these same males and females, two-by-two, that had entered into and were the belongings of this penitential ark—were affable, kind, and considerate. They did eat of the remnants of the feast; moreover, they did drink; and each said in his heart, Ha! ha! I am glad! and fell asleep. Then the Gilpin Horner of these young spirits abstracted the key of the outer door from the pocket of the inebriated concierge, and—

‘The gate gain’d, turn’d the key about,
And liking not the inside, lock’d the out.’

We were free—*Post tenebras lux*. Vive la République de Genève!
What a lark! Even we—

‘Regain’d our freedom with a sigh.’

JOHNNY DALEY.

CONSPICUOUS among the Jockeys of the present day for those qualities which are most estimated in their profession is Daley, or, as he is more popularly designated, Johnny Daley, who last year earned for himself a place in the history of the Turf, by his riding of the winner of the Derby and Oaks; and as an accompaniment to the excellent vignette of him in our front page, we append the following brief sketch of his career in the saddle, in which he has attained that distinction which his father always predicted for him. Johnny Daley was born at Newmarket in 1847, and was the son of J. Daley, who for some years had charge of Sir Robert Clifton’s horses at that place. Johnny’s education, unlike that of many of his class, was a subject of special care by his father, who sent him to the

Grammar School of that place, where he pursued his studies in a manner that has since benefited him in no ordinary degree, and has impressed upon his natural gentle disposition the truth of the maxim that learning ‘emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.’ But while thus engaged in storing his mind with useful knowledge, his bodily education, if we may so term it, was not neglected, and he was simultaneously taught the rudiments of that art, by which he was told he must not only support himself, but in all probability others who would be dependent upon his proficiency in it. Accordingly, after a great deal of rehearsing, he made what may be called his first appearance on any saddle, in a handicap A. F., in 1857, on Renown, belonging to his father, being then ten years of age, and his weight 3st. 10lb.; and the Houghton Meeting following he won the Feather Plate, for the late Sir John Mill, on Beacon. For the next year or so he did nothing worth speaking of; but in 1859 he came to the front again, as he won the Stewards’ Cup at Goodwood, for Mr. Gratwicke, on Maid of Kent, beating Witthington on Montebello, and Billy Bottom on Penalty, by as short a head as Mr. Clarke ever gave; and from that moment all the trainers had their eyes upon him, and he got plenty of encouragement to persevere in his vocation. His success, however, was by no means rapid, and the only winning mounts of any importance that he had in the following year was at Ascot, where he won the Queen’s Stand Plate and the Fernhill, on Queen of the Vale, and the Maiden Plate on Tomyis, for Baron Rothschild, as well as the Coronation Stakes for Mr. Gratwicke. At Jenkinstown, also, he not a little astonished the Curragh boys by the manner in which he rode Mr. George Bryant’s mare in the Jenkinstown Plate, and which was as faultless as her name. In 1861 he did not get much higher on the poll, although he had a fair share of business, and his ‘best bits’ may be said to have been the Goodwood Stakes on Elcho, the Doncaster Nursery on Spite, and the First and Second Class Nurseries at Newmarket, on Malek and Gorse. In 1865 he was lucky enough to pull off the Ascot Stakes for his old master, Baron Rothschild, on Tomato; and last year he achieved his great *coup* of winning the Derby and Oaks on Hermit and Hippias, under circumstances too familiar to need recapitulation. By this performance he at once placed himself on a level with those great stars of the jockey firmament, viz., Goodisson, Robinson, Chapple, Templeman, and Frank, all of whom, it will be recollected, have taken ‘a double first’ at Epsom. As may be imagined, Daley has won a great many other races, and ridden a great quantity of ‘seconds;’ but the events we have above enumerated are those in which he has most distinguished himself and laid the foundation of his fortunes.

In private life he carries out the same rules he has laid down for the government of his conduct in public, and he may be said to be the best-educated jockey on the Turf, and at the same time the best naturalist. Fastidious critics at one time took exception to his using his hands too high when he finished; but this might be accounted

for by his want of strength, as, now he is got more muscular, it has entirely disappeared. In attention to his horse no jockey can surpass him, and in the punctuality of his habits he may be said to resemble the Great Northern Express. Provident in his disposition, the presents which he received at Epsom have enabled him to pay off certain incumbrances left by his father on some little property at Newmarket, and he has honourably maintained his mother and sisters. Now, according to rumour, he is about to go into double harness, and, in the language of the 'Morning Post,' contract an alliance with Miss Hayhoe, daughter of Mr. Joseph Hayhoe, the respected trainer of Baron Rothschild, in whose colours he has been so fortunate; and in entering on his new estate we are quite sure he will be followed by the good wishes of all the admirers of his integrity, talent, and good conduct in the pigskin.

In connection with Daley's winning the Derby with Hermit, we append the following verses, which, being written by a little boy of fourteen years of age, will, we imagine, cause our readers some amusement, as they give indications of the possession of poetic talent of no small degree. The author, we should add, is the son of an old and well-known foxhunter.

THE DERBY, 1867.*

With fruitless labour great Vauban,
 The fav'rite in the Derby, ran;
 George Fordham, with both whip and spur,
 Could not to win the fav'rite stir.
 And now he sees that in the race
 Young Daley comes by at full pace,
 And near to Fordham bent his face,
 And whispered then to him:—
 'I'll bet thee a pony, thou very great rider,
 'The Hermit will win, though almost an outsider;
 'He's very swift of limb!'

The Danebury men, and John Day too,
 Have bet on Vauban 3 to 2.
 The Hermit rushes out so game,
 That old John Day is heard t' exclaim:
 'By Jove, I've made a miss!
 'At many a Derby I have been,
 'And unexpected winnings seen,
 'But never aught like this!
 The race it now was almost run;
 They past the Grand Stand now had come,
 And 'Hermit' was the cry.

A light on Bos's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye;
 He held his hand above his head,
 His face turn'd suddenly crimson red,
 He shouted, 'Victory!
 Charge, Hermit, charge! On, Chaplin, on!
 Hermit this great race hath won!

* Vide Sir Walter Scott's 'Marmion,' Canto 6, chap. 32.

PARIS SPORT AND PARIS LIFE.

MARCH is not, I think, a nicer month in Paris than in London. Where is it nice? not at Nice—I do not mean the slightest joke—where the stormy winds begin to blow the detestable dust; not at Monaco, where not only ‘zero’ is out, but a blazing sun and a blasting breeze; not in Florence, which is cold and glaring. Where is March pleasant? echo, I think, is kind enough to say ‘in bed.’ March in Paris has been only marked by the death and burial of the Carnival, or rather, I should say, by the last offices of mid-Lent; and by a series of Sunday steeple-chases, which have this year certainly produced good sport—good fun rather—but the results of which are forgotten when the little balance against the backer is paid up at the ‘Grand Hôtel’ on the following Saturday. The stable of the Duke of Hamilton may, I think, be said to have taken that place in the ‘cross-country’ world of Paris which in the old days of the Switcher, Red Lancer, &c., &c., that of Earl Strathmore did in England. Whether here ‘le jeu vaut la chandelle’ is a question only to be answered by the noble owner, when he looks at his trainer’s bills. I fancy that about eight days’ steeple-chasing in one neighbourhood for four races a-day, worth each, on average, say 120*l.*, may be capital fun for the general public who literally swarm to these gatherings, but can never pay owners, and are, indeed, I think, against the interest of the legitimate Turf. One thing is quite clear, that the Turf of France, as far as the jumping meetings are concerned, is very much indebted to the owner of Beadle—a horse which seems to mind the journey from, let us say, the Land’s End Steeple-chase to Porchefontaine no more than his owner, and when the stable wins the applause of the multitude should be great indeed. A sister of Etoile Filante (who two years ago won all sorts of races at Baden), Etoile Polaire, who ran very well on the flat here, gave the world a taste of her quality ‘over obstacles,’ and if any noble plunger intends coming to see our little efforts at amusement this year, he will do well to keep her in his mind, and back her when she runs again for a trifle—say half a million sterling at 7 to 4 (I believe your friends seldom bet to a less amount, and we never exceed that shade of odds). Floreal, who beat Beadle one day, and who, on the strength of having been bottled up ever since the sale of the late Duc de Morny (the ‘bands’ of whose widow have also just been ‘put up’ in Paris), was declared to be a flyer, declines to fly when asked to perform that remunerative act, and has declined in public opinion—not unlikely, also, in that of her owner. At Vincennes there was good sport for those who did not bet, or who looked on, and a nice scrimmage to get home: if you returned by the train you were crushed to atoms and late for dinner; if you drove you were upset—like M. de Turenne—stunned, and so, late even for supper; and if you walked, were run over and killed like an aged dame of seventy-six, and so be late for everything in this world. Your readers will be glad to learn that the Vicomte Artus Talon was well enough one day to start the horses at La Marche: he is not strong, however, and is going off to the south to set himself up entirely. The noble English marquis, his brother, has promised us a ‘coach’ and ‘lunch’ for all the flat races of the season. They begin on Easter Monday, and go on one a-week for eight weeks. I have heard no great news as yet from French training stables; but here, you know, young ones are only tried very late. We shall all be very glad when we go down once more, quietly, to the Bois, and see some real racing occasionally, varied by a stroll across the course,

and an inspection of the 'toilette' which affects the 'Hill' rather than the 'Stand.' In the meantime, that amusement which is called by moral writers the 'demon play' has been playing the very devil in Paris, where there is now a saying, 'The smaller the club, the bigger the stakes;' and this month has closed some bankers' accounts, and entirely altered the balance of others. A 'foreigner of distinction'—one of a confederacy which luck has lately hammered into little bits—has 'come again,' owing to the green-cloth demon above-mentioned, and his friends say that he can not only go fast, but stay. It is not 'proven' at present, but may be true, and he runs, as John Day used to say, 'remarkable resolute.' There were a good many very serious faces at the clubs of this little city on the evening of Tuesday, 24th March, when it was known that Nemea had not won. National pride naturally urged the Jockey Club to stand Nemea; but somehow on the next Saturday Nemea was anything but the 'best favourite' among the settlers in the 'betting-room' of the Boulevards. If we are to have international racing—which we have but very imperfectly, as the authorities here seem to do all in their power by naming impossible days both for horses and visitors, and they should remember that visitors from England pay down and pay dear by racing on Sundays, which if not wrong in France, where you should consider yourself in Rome, and for that day a Roman (Greeks, I dare say we should all be called by elderly ladies of either sex) is utterly impossible for royal princes, members of the ministry or the household, and members of the Lower House—we must have great reforms. We must have a telegraph which does not take six hours to transmit from England the winner of the event of the day to 'Jones's' on the Boulevard, the spot to which any English racing man being in Paris considers he is bound to go before dinner. We must have some week-day meetings, especially for the 'Grand Prix,' and some consideration for English engagements. If the French wish to make a monopoly of the 'Grand Prix,' let them continue to run for it on the Sunday before Ascot. Horses worth a halfpenny will not come; they have tried the game and failed: men will not come, for there is the oft-recurring settling day, besides such social claims as a London season at its height offers. Perhaps if I was a French owner of horses I should see through the same spectacles as MM. the members of the French Jockey Club (which itself is a mistake in one sense—fancy, they have panelled their walls with granite—fancy dining in the cold shade of a quarry!). I should say we are Maids and Parsons, and our laws shall stand! But really international racing does mean horses of both countries contending. I wonder if, calling the Emperor from the seclusion of his study, we put that question to him, what he would say? And as existing laws work, nominally all the best horses in England can run against all the best in France; but actually they can do no such thing. Epsom and Ascot paralyse the action of the English Turf, and the 'lords and 'ladies, knights and squires, ladies and gentlemen' who would come over to see the fun are bound in those pleasant fetters the 'height of the season.' What have you done with all your 'swells?' You used to allow us so many between Christmas and Easter, and now and again they wagered on the races of Vincennes, or punted in the hospitable clubs. This year we have literally nobody! We have seen no 'swells' save two or three *en route* from Pau, or Nice, or ruinous Monaco, where there is a capital hôtel, and a *cuisine* which reminds the French of Paris—it is impossible to say more—and from the appearance of our visitors I should feel rather low about their winnings: it seemed to me that London, and the nearer presence of a banker, who,

though long-suffering, yet stands always on exigencies, that a final draw were more to their taste than 'a few days in Paris, old fellow!' and their consequent outlay. Paris is, as you know, very hard riding, reader of 'Baily;' not quite a 'moderate' residence for a youth who has recently removed from 'Long's' to 'Short's Gardens.' As for great lords with fine carriages, four powdered footmen, a lady's-maid, a valet, and by-the-by, perhaps a wife—we have done with that form. If *they* go abroad, I find they go—staying always one night in Paris—to the Antipodes. So you see real good society is perfectly turned topside otherway, and as far as English are concerned, will very soon be what at Close-Cheltenham is called a 'Christian City;' yet I must confess that I think Paris will always remind me of a friend's speech about a converted Mussulman. 'What do you think of him?' I asked the missionary. 'No judge,' replied Capser the Hon. Lucissimus Dontcare; 'but I should say you'd never train him on to run up to any Christian in 'even moderate form. Tell you fairly—should lay odds:' exit missionary. Paris, it seems to me, would take a deal of training, and then would bolt when you came to the morality corner.

By-the-by, I heard a charming tale of a modest man of Monaco. His friends believe he cannot say 'bo,' or, I believe, 'boh' (a contraction of the Hindostanee 'bosh') to the bird which, stuffed with sage and onions, you barbarians roast and eat in England, especially on 29 September, while we, pouring oil down its throat, and stuffing it with truffles, only nail it to the hearth, and bury it in a *pâté*—an honourable grave—though the *resurgam* part of the story means indigestion; but he can say 'bo' to a goose; and so meeting a young lady in the train between Marseilles and Nice, he assisted her in difficulties. At first she was reserved, nay, more—sly, and repudiated our Major—who has long ceased to be a minor; but that in a parenthesis—and, in fact, would not have a word to say to him. He was snubbed, but polite. Did not smoke, suffering the tortures of a future state in consequence, and so reached the end of his journey, which was Nice. He insisted on carrying her little bag to a little carriage. In fact, he paid the little carriage as he called it up, but her 'Mais, Monsieur; I know you not!' sent him back to the public omnibus with a metaphorical—for he is a very clean man—flea in his organ of hearing. Chance, however, stood in his way (later he thought a good deal in his way). They went to the same hôtel, and oh, joy! oh, rapture! sat next to one another. (Here soup and fish are supposed to have been bolted.) 'Waiter,' says the Major, who prides himself on his French, 'in the fact of champagne, what have you?' 'I should recommend 'to Monsieur the Agro-dolce, a rich, full-bodied, sweet, sour wine, which we 'sell a great deal to the Italians, who honour us with their presence. It is a 'true wine of ladies.' 'Give me, then, a bottle.' 'Monsieur desires the wine 'frappé!' 'Eh! What? Frappé!' says the gentleman, on other things intent. 'Yes; frap away! frap away!' and the wine is brought. Mademoiselle again, with a 'Mais, Monsieur!' resolutely declines even a liqueur glass. Towards the *entrées* she relents, and takes a glass—a fair one. With the next plât she is prevailed upon to take another. When the *roti*—that damnable duck—comes, the bottle was as bare as Dame Hubbard's cupboard. What remained, then, for Monsieur to do? Why to ask for 'Yet a half-bottle.' Adolphe, desolated, says he has no half-bottles; and then Major sinks the minor, and orders the syllogism, or original bottle. Mademoiselle—now become Mademoiselle 'Eugenie'—thinks she will take another glass, and is fast, you will observe, becoming Eugenie *pure et simple*, perhaps. With the

cheese and the four 'Mendicants,' Eugenie—pardon, we are not yet there, Mademoiselle Eugenie—takes a parting glass, and then takes herself off. Major miserable. But as the door closes there is a *clin d'œil*, which the Irish interpret wink, and Major Miser became Major Felix! 'I don't know how 'to say it, but you are so kind; and, too, you remind me so much of *some one*. Ah! but no matter. You said would I like to go to the theatre? 'Well, I should; but with, not veiled, and in a private box.' That night they gave the 'Trovatore della Traviata' opera in nineteen acts and some odd scenes, the whole concluding with a reformation scene by one Verdatura, detto 'Il fluente.' Our Major thought that he had paid his fifty francs for very little, as the opera was sung off the reel, and the heroine said 'Oh, rapture!' and the tenore 'Oh, joy!' by about 10.30. 'What is the 'matter, and where are the rest of the acts?' asked our entertainer. 'But 'Monsieur knows it is the Bal Masque!' Monsieur knew nothing of it; but the fair one said, 'Tiens done! a bal masque! I never saw one. That must 'be interesting.' 'In for a good thing,' says Major, and says 'Wee, chérie.' Then he goes out, and asks can we stop in *our* box? Nothing more easy; but Monsieur is aware it is no longer his box. 'Hired for night!' 'Oh, yes; 'but the night ended with the opera.' Very well, pay and look pleased. So he pays and does not. 'A little supper, my friend; is it possible?' asks a tremulous voice. 'But, of course, yes.' They descend. The restaurant is impossible, so they have a little supper. She orders it, kind soul, and some more of the curious dry. Then they see the ball out, and she lets our Major get to the doorsteps. They stay in the same hôtel. Diana was never more chaste than when breakfast was proposed by that paying Major on half-pay. 'No, my friend: now we must part; but, you are my friend, are you not?' 'Yes.' 'I thought so. Your hair looks very nice when it is deranged so.' 'Well, I should like to go to Monaco to-morrow. I feel in a vein—' 'No, 'Madeinoiselle,' then shouted our long-paying Major. 'May I be cashiered if I 'do! I would as soon ask you to go with me to Halifax, which, I hear, is 'hotter than the other place, but there is no roulette.' Now this is a veritable romance of real life. Of real life? Of a real railway train, which occurred since I last had the honour of drawing on the greenbacks of 'Baily.' Our friend would have been happy if he had gone on saying 'Bo' to a goose, as I have proved above he could do, and not soared upwards and got into familiar but extravagant talk with wild ducks such as travel alone from one 'Punter's home' (a species of decoy, you know) to another. Here ends my moral tale. If any one is benefited by it, I am sure I am charmed; and if it 'comes home 'to anybody,' though I really do not know why it should, I hope—why I hope that it will do him a great deal of good. Now that's moral, I'm sure.

We have been doing good business at theatres here this month. First of all comes the Italiens, where La Divina has been singing 'Trovatore' and 'Don Juan,' and where the Tiberinis have made their *début* in Paris. Tiberini is splendid, and his wife fit to sing with him, and they have been 'giving us 'back our youth' by singing 'I Puritani,' music which comes back to mediæval minds in connection with Grisi in her pride of beauty—Lablache, Rubini, and Tamburini—days long before those of the Marionettes and the Grisettes—before duels were fought, and lovers wounded in the sword-arm, and sat feeble, but interesting, in stage-boxes. Then we have had the 'Divine 'Williams's' play of 'Hamlet' married to mortal—very mortal, I think—music. One Ambroise Thomas, well known as an 'Opéra Comique' composer, has perpetrated an opera, in five acts, called 'Hamlet' by the English,

or 'Omelette without eggs' by the French, which is, in fact, an opera in *one* act called 'Ophelia.' Nilsson in it is simply charming: her dress suits her; and when she appears

'In all the wildness of dishevelled charms,'

on a beautiful scene, and swims away on the surface of the lake, Paris goes mad! What music there is in the opera for her to sing Nilsson sings charmingly, but there is no music for her to sing. Both Nilsson and Patti have sang at the private concerts at the Tuileries; that is the place to hear singing; it is, too, just big enough for Gardoni. The Bois, if the weather would but get a little fine, would be a fine field for observation, though, perhaps, its characteristics are not this year so marked as usual; still they would afford good material for a sketch for 'Baily,' if it would leave off snowing and 'hark forward' to spring, but it will not do so: indeed, this week I have ordered a new, strong, warm, and I hope serviceable greatcoat for the summer.

By-the-by, before I close this paper I should say a few words about a *bel costume* given by an Italian lady of the 'very great world' to thirty-nine of her friends. I say thirty-nine, because with our hostess we were forty: four others were asked, but did not come, and forty-four people can just sit down to supper. The costumes were charming. There was a *bonne*, a Little Red Riding Hood, a postilion, who were divine. For the other sex, a Highland chief, with his kilt not precisely where it should have been, and who, indeed, in the interests of decency, very properly declined to sit down all night, and an Italian in a scarlet hunting-coat. 'Can such things be' and not astonish us? To be sure I heard him described as *un pascatore Inghese*, which spoilt my romance, yet the heart warmed to that bit of pink. After several highly-respectable quadrilles and waltzes we began to *dance*. To dance, mind you; none of your lounging through quadrilles, or spinning a wild waltz or polka. No, no! Doing steps—and a good many of them—some odd ones, too, I can tell you. If you could have seen one quadrille, in which an Imp—I Chamb—n was dancing with a Duc—ss, our Huntsman with a female slave, your humble servant in the dress of the period (select your own) with a Greek ditto, you would have, I think, agreed that the art of dancing still exists in France. We supped at 3 P.M., and then began that cotillon! May the Lord be good to me, I hope it's over now! and then breakfast. At 8 o'clock A.M. two cavaliers might have been seen walking with steady, yet weary steps, along the Avenue des Champs Elysées. The sun—it often does about that time—was rising in the heavens. Children—they often do—were playing in the Elysian Fields. 'But see those guys!' say the nurses. 'By my halidame, friend, it is late; let's have a cab!' said Cavalier No. 1. 'Agreed!' said No. 2. But fancy dresses have no pockets, and we had not a sou between us. The I—I C—n got to the T—s at 8.30. I, and the milk, and the 'Moniteur,' got home together.

'OUR VAN.'

THE INVOICE.—March Meditations and Memoranda.

THE Ides of March are over, and the month so dear to Landlords with eligible tenants is now on the eve of being added to the roll of time, leaving in its track recollections of a most exciting character, both in a sporting and political point of view. The former of these we shall as usual trace in their regular order, and the discussion of the latter we shall leave to those heavier-

metalled educators of public opinion, which are like ironclads as compared to our corvette properties, which are ever used for the benefit of our readers. Liverpool, the city of turtle and of Topham, both of which are held in equal estimation, and equally sought after, was the first trysting-place of the Pencillers by the Way, and where a hand-to-hand contest took place between the Fielders, and the Noblemen and Gentlemen of England, as they would be described in a programme at Lord's. Aintree has been described so often in print that it must by this time have become as familiar to our readers as Epsom, only the means of reaching it are a little dissimilar. As a racecourse it is as suitable as it would be for building leases, although we must say we have never heard of it being employed in that capacity, save by the rare birds, which are so dear to our friend Frank Buckland and the fashionable ornithologists of the day. One great advantage of the Liverpool racecourse is, that there is no medium temperature in its atmosphere, and that the visitor to it is either frozen with cold or fried alive with heat. Another is, that it is not to be surpassed in the quality of its 'Rough,' who for ruffianism, we would lay odds, would hold his own on the quays of New Orleans or in a Mexican Seaport. On the present occasion they mustered in such force, that evidently they regarded the saddling bell as the tocsin to call them from the back slums of the great city; and with their green belts around them they looked like a cross between a Knight of St. Patrick and a Hampshire ratcatcher; one of those sorts who always leave enough of the vermin they are called upon to destroy to perpetuate their species. Upon the Handicap for the Grand National, which was admitted to be of the *nulli secundus* order, there had been a great deal of betting, and the public was as divided as the Thames as to the result. Hampshire being a great sheep-feeding county, and Lambs being part and parcel of the 'landed interest' went naturally for Lord Poulett's horse. The Household Troops selected Alcibiade for their champion, partly on his own account, and partly because he would be ridden by one of their own brigade, who would not cry out if he received any hard 'knocks.' The Epsom division, it might have been supposed, had been frequent visitors during the winter to the New Royalty Theatre, for they all voted for Captain Crosstree, who had passed through a searching inspection, made on him by Dr. Rowland, who made a most favourable report on him. The Midland Counties were as full of Chimney Sweeps as the 'The Streets of London' were wont to be on May Day, for 'The Poet Laureate' had been told he would not be expected to come out. Hence came the reasonable supposition that Tennyson had been found inferior to his stable companion, and that Lord Coventry thought Aintree would soot (suit) him best. Lord Stamford, 'after long years,' it was thought, had managed to secure a steeple-chaser in Thalassius, and when he gets a little more practice in his new profession these hopes may be realised. As for Archimedes, from whom so much was looked for, he has turned out such a signal failure, that we do not believe, with all his good looks, he could 'raise' or 'screw' out of his friends a single fiver in his behalf. Mr. Brayley had as many disciples as Mr. Gladstone, and was confident to a degree of becoming a 'Nationalist,' a position to which he has for a long time aspired. But between him and the public there was a wide difference of opinion, for the latter maintained that Pearl Diver could 'reach' the prize, while Mr. Brayley argued Moose would run away with it. In the end it was seen that 'the million' were 'right again,' to use a favourite congratulatory phrase of the prophets. Fan was up and down like a bricklayer on a ladder, and, as might be expected, tired herself before her layers, who, of the two ladies evidently gave the preference to Helen the Fair. Mr. Studds' representatives

withdrew from the fray, and are reserved for 'fresh fields, and pastures new,' on account of a serious difference of opinion between that gentleman and the book-makers, whose estimate of the value of Clansman and Dispatch's chance were far higher than that which he calculated it to be. And without further comment we will simply remark, that it is a great pity gentlemen cannot make up their minds as to the policy they will adopt until the last moment, as the innocent invariably suffer for the guilty. And it was shown on very conclusive evidence, that if he had worked his commission properly, he could have won 'a little million' at a comparative small outlay. At this distance of time, it is not worth while to run the race over again, but it will suffice to say, that after the hopes of Croome were floored by an event as untoward as the battle of Navarino, the leaders had the finish to themselves, the Lamb winning very cleverly in the end, by sheer merit of horse and rider, for the Diver all but reached him. Alcibiade and Captain Crosstree made a very tight fit for the vacant situation, which the supposed invalid Colonel secured by a length and a half, his junior officer pursuing him more tenaciously than the rules of military discipline permitted; but we dare say it has been looked over by this time, and only looked upon in the light of a first fault. The success of the winner met with a demonstration it is difficult to describe, and owner, rider, and trainer of the Lamb were the cynosure of all eyes. Lord Poulett, if he had won Derby, Oaks, and Leger in the same year, could not have been happier. Mr. Ede had long wished to render 'Justice to Ireland,' and never displayed those abilities for which we gave him credit in our sketch of his career a twelvemonth back to greater advantage; and if he visits Ireland, we are satisfied he need not fear either revolver or torpedo. It is not generally known, that the state of that unhappy country had long engaged the attention of this eminent Gentleman Jockey; and in a controversy the other day with a noble sportsman who desired to give efficacy to some practical remedy for the existing state of affairs across the Channel, he maintained stoutly that, if an Irish horse could win the Grand National at Aintree, the links between the two countries would be materially strengthened. And he concluded his observations by offering to personally join in the movement, which Lord Poulett accepted, offering the Lamb as a medium for the experiment. And as it has been successful, and the display of Fenianism has in a great measure ceased in consequence thereof, we shall not be surprised if the responsible advisers of the Crown recommend the granting of a handsome sum of money, by way of acknowledgment of Mr. George Ede's services. In such a course, it is not too much to presume that the Government would have the concurrence of Lord Mayo, who is one of the principal supporters of the Punchestown steeple-chases, besides being a sportsman of the very first water. Ben Land's countenance was radiant with delight, as the crowning effort of his life had been achieved; and a General who had been 'G.C.B.'d' could not have been prouder. For he had talked as loudly as Peter the Hermit about his horse, and put all the county of Hants on him; and he returned home like the successful candidate at an election. Lord Poulett's good fortune, since he gave him the management of his steeple-chasers, has certainly been very great, and may be attributed in a great measure to the admirable doctrine which he observes of non-interference, and placing every means at his Trainer's disposal of doing what he likes with his own. So, what with the Waterloo Cup, won by a Waterloo horse, and the Grand National, the Irish greyhounds and steeple-chase horses have no inducement to join in any revolutionary movement against this country. Chelmsford presented no new feature, except that the staghounds ran across the course

on the first day, astounding the ring-goers; and as many of the sportsmen on their way home stopped to see the racing, their scarlet coats gave the inclosure the resemblance of a rouge et noir table. At Shrewsbury, Mr. Frail was said to have had a thin house, which might have been expected, from the inconvenient date of the fixture; and he should certainly have secured the two days following Liverpool, and then his friends could have rallied round him, on their way from Aintree, and left some of their winnings with him. Warwick, on the other hand, was a success, achieved in a great measure by the handicapping of Mr. Merry, who, from being the best-abused Clerk of the Course in the United Kingdom, has now become one of the most popular. This change in the weather has been brought about by his having got 'the original weight off,' and running with his head loose. Consequently he is now in the front rank of his profession, and his handicaps are as satisfactory as those of his 'square brethren;' and to have held his position under such adverse circumstances for so many years is highly creditable to him. The successful revival of Christmas Carol, like that of an old opera which had been put upon the shelf, did not do much good to his Stable, we fear, because it led to a large outlay on the Attack colt in the City and Suburban, which was lost in the Duke of Newcastle's Speculum, which was brightened up by Mat Dawson for the occasion. The best race of the week, however, was the Grand Annual Steeple Chase, which was a finer production of Mr. Merry's 'Pencilings by the Way' than even Mr. Topham's at Liverpool; for the former had only three heads, at the finish, between the three placed; and if Mr. Clarke had given out that Musketeer had won by an eyebrow he would not have been contradicted. Mr. Crawshaw rode better than perhaps he was ever seen to do; and if he had not taken up his whip, to threaten Shakspeare with, just at the last, the eyebrow might have been reversed. In fact, to use a favourite expression of old John Day's, 'They rode like good boys, all of them.' Now three heads at Newmarket, even, are uncommon; but to see them together after four miles in a steeple-chase is almost without a parallel in our recollection, and as such we give full prominence to it. The regular London Racing Season may be said to have set in with the City and Suburban day, which resembled a minor edition of that of the Derby, for there was the same crowding and pushing, and the same struggling for places in the Grand Stand as ever, while the storming of railway carriages was a service of danger second only to that of Sebastopol; and in several instances we saw Peers of the realm, and Members of the House of Commons, ascertaining by personal experience the real nature of parliamentary carriages, with a view, we suppose, of being able to take part in any debate that may arise upon them. Although we reiterated the complaints of many of the holders of boxes and stalls, at the raising of the tariff for them, we are bound to notice in terms of commendation the improvements that have been made in the official departments of the Stand, and which we are assured have only been delayed by want of space. The weighing and saddling-room for jockeys is larger than any we have seen elsewhere; and the Press have at length been emancipated from the sort of condemned cell in which they were wont to be confined, and have a spacious airy apartment assigned to them, from which they can with ease and comfort fill up their 'Epsom Etchings,' 'Despatches from the Downs,' 'Metropolitan Meditations,' or whatever may be the fanciful heading given to their lucubrations. Other improvements are in course of action; but with the increased fondness for racing exhibited by the public, we feel satisfied that in the course of a few years a new Grand Stand will have to be erected, for the present one, not being composed of india-rubber, cannot be

extended beyond its natural dimensions. And even at the next Derby it would not in the least surprise us to see monster placards, of the E. T. Smith pantomime description, hung outside the walls, with the inscription on them of, 'THE STAND IS FULL. NO FURTHER ADMISSION.' And yet while all this is very likely to be going on, and entries are getting larger every day, we hear a great deal of the decline of the Turf, and are told by mawkish newspaper writers that racing will ultimately assume and share the fate of prize-fighting, and that one Ring is very little better than the other. In this view, it is needless to say, we do not concur; for what the Turf has lost lately in Aristocratic support it has gained from that of the Million, who have entered heart and soul into its pursuit. But the true secret of the unpopularity of the Turf with parents and guardians is, that young men with small incomes fly to it, as a means of providing them with large ones, and bet in thousands instead of fivers. And when, with the pull of the game against them, they are broken, instead of being looked upon as persons endeavouring to obtain money by false pretences, they become objects of pity and 'victims of the Turf.' But if we stay moralising on the steps of the Grand Stand we shall never see the racing, of which we will now give a bird's-eye view.

The Trial Stakes was skipped like the preface to a dictionary, and few cared for the Plates, the favourites for which were picked out the first time like apples from a basket. Then came, what cooks would call, the *pièce de resistance* of the bill of fare, viz., the City and Suburban, which was regarded with the same interest and anxiety as the Baron of horse at the Langham dinner. There was a brisk market for nearly everything that started, and the pencils worked away at the favourites as if the arms that wielded them were propelled by steam. Hampshire voted for Abergeldie, who looked as bright as a star, while Sussex, from being a great theatrical county, we suppose, was devoted to Thalia. The French Empire elected Nemea as their favourite, while Newmarket proclaimed people could see the winner in Mat Dawson's Speculum, which he had fitted up for the use of Clumber and Carlton Terrace. At first, Churchmen were devoted to their Parson, but such were his tricks at last that they gave out he must be a 'Ritualist,' so they shunted him, until his conduct was more 'orthodox,' until which time they considered he would never get 'a good living.' Chelsea could run no faster than a 'Pensioner,' and Lord Howth only brought a 'Breach of Promise.' Milton's backers had only a dream of 'Paradise Lost,' and the investiture of the Knight of the Garter did not take place as was so fully anticipated. Kettleholder burnt the fingers of those who touched him. The Attack colt was soon beaten off, and Stradbroke was big enough to carry the Trinity Brethren to whom he was said to belong. But all these might as well have remained at home, for the chance they had with Speculum, who, like Cæsar, came, saw, and conquered in a way that took Derby betters' breath away. Then came the calculations of the initiated as to how he won, as if it was possible for him to have done more. And their calculations were delivered with a degree of importance worthy of a Secretary for War moving the Army Estimates for the first time in the House of Commons. That he will win the Derby we do not believe, but he will in all probability tell his trainer what will do so; and if the latter, who has won two of the largest handicaps in England for his employer during the short time he has had charge of his horses, can get Pace or Speculum before Julius at seven pounds, then the Blue Riband, which in the figurative language of our Premier is annually vacant towards the latter end of May, will in all probability be bestowed by Mr. Clarke upon the Duke of Newcastle. The Metropolitan, which is to the

City and Suburban what a plum pudding is to 'the Roast Beef of Old England,' likewise brought out a good field, and resulted in the equally easy victory of Blueskin, another Blacklock, and a son of the much-neglected Skirmisher, and who won almost as easy as Speculum, giving another proof that to all rules there are exceptionable instances. The concluding part of the afternoon's entertainment was the lynching of a Welsher, which was performed in a style worthy of the occasion. Caught *flagrante delicto*, he was pounded like dough in a tub, then stripped of every rag of clothing he possessed, and then left to run the gauntlet of the scum of the Metropolis; which on such a bitter afternoon, and with as much clothing on as one of the Grecian statues, must have been anything but a pleasant pedestrian excursion for him. It was said, he ran to ground in the furze bushes on the Course for shelter, in which case we should imagine the remedy was worse than the disease. At all events, it is to be hoped his ardour in the cause of Welshing has received 'a chill,' from which it will not recover for some time to come.

The Berkeley Hunt Steeplechases afforded a pleasant outing to the Citizens of Cockayne; and those who were enabled to tear themselves away from Consols, Caledonians, and Metropolitans, witnessed some capital sport, over a capital course, and had their inward man capitally done justice to by Mr. John Barnes, one of the best and most sporting of England's capitalists.

Orders just received from head-quarters have reduced the space allotted to us to such dimensions, that we are compelled to exercise the skill of pemmican-makers in compressing our materials; and even then we fear many small parcels will have to be postponed until the next delivery. The Duke of Beaufort's sale was a wondrously well-conducted affair, and the Ascot stables never appeared to more advantage. Mr. Edmund Tattersall, as usual, was the operator, and performed his duties with his customary tact, promptitude, and decision, and his by-play was admirable. Half the Jockey Club, inclusive of the three stewards, were present, and the *déjeûner* comforted those who were about to take up their abode in the hotel during the Ascot Meeting. The proceeds of the sale, which reached 15,680*l.*, were higher than any of the handicaps made at the different clubs about it, and greatly pleased John Day, who, although he felt the loss of the stud very much, was still consoled by the handsome testimonials which he and Mrs. Day received both from the Duke and the Duchess of Beaufort, in recognition of the anxious interest he had ever displayed about the stud. And these will no doubt be treasured among the archives of Danebury. As we know Warwick as well as our catechism, we thought we could miss it for once, and so executed a rapid march, in light marching order to the North, where we paid a flying visit both to Fairfield and Rawcliffe. At the former establishment we found the Squire of that place somewhat light in flesh from having been let down during the winter, but when he is put on full measure in the summer, we have no doubt he will come all right again. At present, strolling about his stud is sufficient amusement for him, without encountering the danger of the Ring. And he is a fortunate man who has in his possession four finer colts than those by Blair Athol of Phœbe (the dam of Big Ben), Lady Clifden, Lady Louise, and Ter-rific, which by August, when they will come to the hammer, will doubtless be appreciated as they deserve and go into the four figure list; if there is one. One word also we must say for the filly out of Tunstall Maid by the same horse. Of course every visitor will have a different opinion of each animal; but we are not sure if we did not prefer the St. Albans' colts out of Hecate and Villaret to anything for their racing-like properties. At all events it will be a nice point

between them on the day. As for Blair Athol himself, we will only remark that, without wishing for a moment to instil the pangs of jealousy into the lady who presides over Fairfield, we entertain a strong suspicion Madame Rachel has been there on the quiet, for Blair Athol looks to be 'beautiful for ever.' At Rawcliffe, the Newminster yearlings are all looking very well, and as full of quality as ever, and they quite laugh at the idea of his having come to the end of his tether. The *chef d'œuvre* here is First Lord, by Lord Clifden out of Polyanthus, who, literally speaking, is Lord Clifden over again. The Clarets, as we have seen somewhere else, are worthy of John Street, Adelphi; and there is a remarkably fine yearling by Stockwell out of Catherine Logie, which will be one of the gems of the sale in May. Among other animals we saw there was The Slave, the dam of Lord Clifden, in foal to Loiterer; and as she has lost so many foals, Mr. Hind has engaged a couple of men to attend upon her, one by day, and the other by night. These have been called Sir James Clarke, and Dr. Locock; and although we may smile at the precaution, when we consider the probable value of the expected foal we can hardly call it an excess of caution. At York, there has been but little relaxation in the hospitalities, suspended by Lent, and these have not been a little increased by The Enniskilleus, who, commanded by one who was once 'narrowly knocked out,' but has now become 'a rattling and permanent favourite,' have caused them to be very much liked in this ancient city, as they are warm patrons of the Hunting-field, the Racecourse, and the Ball-room. At Whitewall, Old John Scott is as lively as a Cricket on the Hearth, and 'fights his battles o'er again' with great gusto. At the present moment he is full of his two year-old Royal Oak, and as fond of him as Charles the Second himself on the memorable 29th of May. We had been prepared for him at York, but could scarcely credit our eyes when we saw his great size, fine length, rare quarters, and good back and loins; and we only hope, for the old man's sake, he may be as good as he looks. We may add, that he is by Gamester out of Cipriana, and is so backward he will not be fit until the Derby of 1869.

In the whole course of our Hunting experience, we never remember so moist a month of March. The continuous downpour effectually washed out the stains of cattle and sheep, and the reports which we submit show that it has been a fair scenting month.

H.R.H. the Prince of Wales appears to have inherited from his great-grand sire, King George the Third, his taste for stag-hunting. But the lapse of a century has worked a mighty change in the sport since those days, when the system was most comfortably slow. Yeomen prickers no longer ride the deer, the attendants no longer carry French horns, and the heavy, old-fashioned stag-hounds have been discarded for pure bred fox-hounds. How 'the good old King' would stare, if he could rise from his grave and see the style in which his great-grandson, the Prince, crosses a difficult country! On Thursday, March 5th, the Prince of Wales visited the Vale of Aylesbury for a day with Baron Rothschild's stag-hounds. The deer—one from Lord Petre's herd—having been uncared quietly at Aston Abbots, was not mobbed by the foot-people, nor was the scent foiled by fellows on hacks and ponies riding on the line. The hounds were trotted briskly from Wingrave, where they met, to Aston Abbots, and immediately, upon being laid on, flew away, up wind, like a flock of pigeons. Mr. George Bryan, on his horse Vavasour, by Voltigeur, jumped off with the lead, but at the third fence, a double, the chapter of accidents commenced: the great-grandson of Blacklock blundered, and, before his rider

had time to recover him, two customers were upon his back, the three men and their horses rolling together upon the ground. The hounds crossed the Hardwick Brook, which was forded by a portion of the field, but, as the pack continued to run parallel to the brook, the majority kept the left-hand bank, and made use of the bridge on to Mr. Howland's farm. The Hon. A. Fitzmaurice gallantly charged the brook; but fortune did not favour the brave, as in his fall he lost both his stirrup-leathers and the best part of the run. Scarcely had the huntsman, Fred Cox, got the other side, when his horse, at top-speed, put his foot into a drain, and turned heels over head, shooting Cox to a considerable distance. The pack streamed up the opposite hill, and, although the grass rode as firm as a race-course, hounds were beating horses every inch of the way. 'Why don't you over-ride them 'now?' shouted the cheery Sir Anthony Rothschild, going best pace on his favourite Peacock. Before reaching Whitchurch the deer made an angle, which gave the field a slight pull, but the hounds turned with the scent like a pack of beagles, and carried it over the Aylesbury and Winslow road without hesitation. At the bottom beyond, which Lord Royston was the first over, the Hon. Harry Bourke came to grief. They now crossed a country where the blackthorn knows how to grow, and there were dirty coats and scratched faces in plenty. The field was considerably thinned, but, of those that were still left in the run, the Prince, on his chesnut horse Paddy, was going as well as any one. Up Hoiborn Hill the hounds kept on at undiminished speed. On the face of the hill are two ploughed fields, which brought the flyers to a trot. 'I've only a trot left 'in me,' exclaimed the Prince. At this point some of the stoutest hunters in England were found to have lost a shoe, whilst others fell lame, and with commendable prudence, were not persevered with. The hounds having fairly squandered the field, raced past the village of Oving. Half-way down Oving Hill, the jump being out of the horses, Mr. John Foy got a gate off its hinges, and the Prince was the first to get through the opening, followed by Col. Kingscote, in pursuit of the hounds three fields ahead. A few more fences brought them to North Marston, where the hounds inclining to the left, ran from scent to view, and were stopped at the foot of Hogshaw Hill. This burst of 33 minutes was entirely up wind, and over as fine a line as the Vale of Aylesbury can show. A well-known hard rider did not put in an appearance for some minutes, but he explained that he had stopped to administer comfort to strangers in fathomless ditches and positions of unheard-of difficulty. How delightful to see the true sportsman acting the part of the Good Samaritan, when so many pass by on the other side! The check enabled the Prince, and some others, to get their second horses, which came up at the nick of time by the North Marston lane. As soon as the hounds were laid on again, they went down wind, at a good hunting pace, between Denham and Pitchcott hills: the deer, however, turned up wind again as soon as he reached Blackgrove, and resumed his old point, crossing Quainton Lordship, the Claydon railway, the Waddesdon and Bicester road, near the village of Wescot, and Wootton Park, being ultimately taken near Ludgershall in one hour and fifty minutes from the time that the hounds were first laid on, and having crossed the entire county of Buckingham. Out of a field of more than two hundred horsemen, the Prince and eleven others only were with hounds when the deer was run into, although some others scrambled up before he was finally taken.

From Herts we have very little to report, but we regret much to find that

the bringing up of a market-table joke, in illustration of a peculiar theory of hunting, had led us to draw conclusions which those who are in the habit of hunting in that county assure us are erroneous. In freely withdrawing them, we cannot help expressing our surprise at so much importance being attached to observations, to which all public men are naturally exposed. But we are no less sorry to have given annoyance to a servant who has given so much satisfaction to the various Masters under whom he has served, amongst whom may be numbered Lords Southampton and Dacre, the late Mr. Harvey Combe, and Mr. Barnett. With his present Master, Mr. Gerard Leigh, we are told that Ward is equally popular. Edmund Bentley, the First Whip, we hear, leaves these hounds at the end of the season, for promotion. Having been for some seasons under Ward, he will be found a most useful person both in and out of the kennel. The Puckeridge have been doing lately very well; and Mr. Parry, on the 26th, had the best thing of the season, from Scales Park, from whence they ran to Baches, at a splitting pace, over a country so awfully deep, that not a third of the field could see the kill, which was at the end of the best fifty minutes of the season. The contrast in the weather on this day was very great, for on the previous night a heavy fall of snow had turned into mud that which before had been almost wooden pavement. Such was the pace and so trying the depth of the soil, that one good hunter, steered by a good straightforward yeoman, fell dead in the first 20 minutes. The North Warwickshire have had quite their full share of good sport. On the 27th ult. they met at the Rugby Station, and the field was one of the largest seen with these hounds this season. Fifty-one horses came from Leamington alone, and about forty others from elsewhere. Mr. Milne, therefore, gave the visitors a little extra law, and the hounds were in the meanwhile put up at Mr. John Darby's. At half-past eleven the Master gave the word for Hillmorton, where a fox was soon found, who broke in the direction of Crick, but bore to the left, as if for Lilbourne, and then went up the Yelvertoft road between Clay Coton and Yelvertoft, and was killed in Yelvertoft covert, after a very good hunting run, over some of the best of the Pytchley country, and then the hounds had nearly nine miles to go back to Cawston to draw again. On Monday, March 2nd, they met at Solihull, and had a very fine run, over lots of water for the first half-hour, when only a few were able to live with the hounds; and these were Lord St. Laurence, Major Richards, Mr. Sankey, Mr. King, and Messrs. Charles and Walter Milward. Boxall and his hounds stuck well to their hunted fox through all the big Kenilworth woods, and finally brought him to hand after two hours and forty-five minutes. In Yorkshire, March has been a bad scenting month, and no startling account of sport can be gathered from any of the numerous packs. Lord Middleton has recovered from his fall, which our readers will be glad to hear, for his Lordship sustained an awkward shake. He is a good steady rider, and is not often to be seen rolling about. Ben Morgan is more in the habit of tumbling and hurting himself, which gives his Master the opportunity of handling the hounds, an occupation he dearly loves; and he quite knows how to hunt a fox. 'The Count of Holderness' has also been laid up with a severe bruise, which he got from his horse having fallen upon him. However, the older and heavier he grows, the harder he thrusts along, and a good squeeze makes him quite fierce. The Holderness Hounds have had a good season, and the sporting farmers will back 'their Master' and his hounds against the world. The Old Badsworth and their much respected Master, Lord Hawke, the oldest Master of Hounds in England, have had some good runs. But as they never puff their sport, they toddle home to

dinner, and talk it over quietly after the manner of the ancients, so very little of it appears in print. The York and Ainsty continue to have fair sport, thanks to that thorough good Huntsman, Sir Charles Slingsby. How wonderful it is to see his patience with his hounds and with his field! For nothing can be more irritating than to see a parcel of ignorant, inattentive men pressing on, when the scent fails, and boring the Huntsman and his hounds off the line of the fox. But no sort of unfair riding extracts from Sir Charles a harsh word, and he may be said to be as dumb as a mackerel. Perhaps the best run the Yorkers have to boast of was on the 21st. On that day they found a fox in a field that had been ploughed by a steam plough, or an infernal machine of that sort, near Riccal, and ran the grass by the river side, losing him in an unaccountable manner at Thicket Priory; the time 45 min. and the pace first rate. Old Yorkshire foxhunters will regret to hear of the death of Mr. George Swann, who was well known as a first-rate man to hounds, when the old City in days gone by had a few hard goers, who could 'go a run,'—Johnny Clough, Robert Gilbert, Bill Scott upon Ainderby. Those men rode when hounds ran. The Bramham Moor Hounds have not done much, from the very stormy weather and their plough country at times very dry; a few good hunting runs, and satisfactory kills, a terrible hard day in the woods, which nobody enjoyed, except the Master and his Huntsman, may be said to comprise the doings of the month. Foxes are numerous, and we hear no rumour of winding up the season. Leeds, Harrogate, and Thorp Arch are full of hunting men, of all nations, anxious to get a look at this pack, and Fred Turpin, the Huntsman, who has commenced with such a good share of sport. These crowds are against sport; but it is not strangers who push on and race for their well-known gap, or gate; it is your cunning old dodgers who want to be seen. Young hounds are all coming into their kennels, and Masters are anxious to see whether they can pick out anything for the great Hound Show at Wetherby this year. With the Rufford, the present month's sport will bear comparison with the last. Feb. 29th, they had a good run of an hour from Wellow Park, and killed at Egmonton Wood. March 3rd, from Church Warsop, they ran in covert for some time, and then had a smart gallop to Pleasley Park to ground in the rocks, from which it was impossible to dislodge their fox. On the 7th, the fixture was Kneesal Green, where as usual they met with a good fox, which, after a good hunting run to Ossington, was lost. After which they found again there, and had a good 50 min. to ground at Kneesal in a drain, where they bolted and killed him; and afterwards they got hold of another, which they killed likewise to keep him company. On the 10th, they found at Hucknall, and killed at Langwith Wood. This was a capital thing and much relished. On the 14th they went to Lyndhurst Farm, where they did not find one of the right sort until late in the evening, at Clipstone, where the Duke of Portland preserves foxes most strictly. This fox they raced for 15 min. over the forest, and killed him in the open, after a brilliant gallop. On the 19th, the Rufford had again a good hunting run from Egmonton Wood to ground at Wellow Park, and a longer one in the afternoon from Kneesal Green to Winkburne; but they did not kill. On the 21st, from Edwinstowe, they killed a brace, and had a sharp 15 min. with one of them. On the 26th, from Winkburn, they killed a fox in covert after 1 hour's hard running, and then finding in Averham Park they had 1 hour and 10 min., and killed in the open—as good a day as any this season. In Hampshire there is not much to record this month in the way of sport, for the scent has been most decidedly bad, which is ever the case when the wind is in the west in that county, and they

have had scarcely anything else during the time. On the 31d of March the H.H. had a very brilliant 35 min. from Old Park to Rotherfield Park, where they run into an old dog fox. Hounds were never taken hold of once, and they only skirted one covert. The scent was first rate, and, to quote the opinion of the 'angelic' Master, 'it was the cleanest thing they had had the 'whole season;' and it would almost seem that the fox had sent to Mr. Scott to say he was coming, for as soon as his funeral was over, as if by magic, the best refreshments were ready for both men and horses. The riding of Mrs. Bidwell, who was on this day mounted by the Winchester Master of the Horse, was much admired. The Hambledon have had two wonderful runs: one in the Friday's country, which is lent to Lord Poulett by Lord Leconfield, and as they found at Little Grun, and lost at Haslemere, they must have gone over more than 20 miles of ground. The other good thing was in the Hambledon country, when they met at Wickham Gate, got upon a drag in Close Wood, and got up to their fox in the Holywell coverts, and run him for an hour and lost. They then drew afterwards the Wickham coverts and found a brace of foxes; on one of these they settled, and run him for two hours and a half over a tremendously stiff country. The falls were innumerable, and it is much feared that one good young sportsman broke his horse's leg. They run to ground in Hill Copse, where several traps were discovered round the earth; these were found thrown—query, were they set again at night? They had also another clipper from Warnford osier-bed, running by Henwood and Brookwood to the vicinity of Braundean. There has been no Master yet found for this pack, and a Committee has been formed to take the hounds over from Lord Poulett on the 31st of March; thus confirming the correctness of our information on this point last month. The Committee consists of Sir J. Clarke Jervoise, Bart. (chairman), Walter Jervis Long, Esq. (a former Master of the Hambledon, and one who showed as much sport as ever was shown in the Hambledon country, and gave satisfaction to every one), W. Barkworth, Esq., Col. Bower, and Major Briggs. Their duties are to cease on August 1st, and what will become of the hounds then if no Master is found is impossible to predict. The Hursley have had two or three good runs, but blood was wanting; however, it has raised their drooping spirits. Mr. Nevill has had some good runs with his black St. Huberts. And it would be well if some of the present-day huntsmen could hear his magnificent cheer to his hounds; for it is enough to make a man's heart go into his mouth. Huntsmen cannot give a cheer to their hounds in these days, but content themselves with a blow with a squeaky horn, more like a penny trumpet. We may remark also, that in the run from Owesbury Down nobody enjoyed themselves more than the Viscount Biesme and the Prince Shimmey, as the Prince de Chemée is called in Hants. On the same day as the H.H. great run, Mr. James Dear had two screaming gallops with his harriers from Barton Stacey, when out of his large field nobody went so well as Mrs. Warden on her well-known fast mare Flying Fish. Mr. John St. John has been staying at Winchester and hunting with his little pack, and on the 14th he wound up the currant-jelly season with a fine run of one hour, ending with a kill and a 'cap.' Mr. Standish, who could run a dead heat with Job for patience, will continue to hunt the Hursley. It is certainly not recorded that the patriarch ever tried to hunt a fox with no scent in Ampfield Wood, but, had he done so, the probability is that after three or four rings with lots of hallooing he would have lost his temper and gone home disgusted. Poor Albert Smith used to

say that the two slowest things in this world were 'a wet Sunday at Worthing, 'and being asked to a funeral where you had no legacy:' he certainly might have added as a third, a bad fox, and a bad day, in Ampfield Wood. Mr. W. W. Beach succeeds Sir Bruce Chichester as Master of the Vine, and as he has already had some experience of the management of hounds, and is very popular with both the gentlemen and the farmers, he is sure to do the thing well. The Quorn had one of the best runs they have had for a long time on the 13th, from Gartree Hill to Cold Merton, where the fox went to ground. It was nearly a dead heat for first between Lord Wilton and Mr. Tailby, while Sir Frederick Johnstone and Mr. Tailby may be said to have been placed. As was not unexpected, the Marquis of Hastings has tendered his resignation of the Mastership, and as it has been accepted, the country will be again in the market. Of course rumour is rife with many names for his successor, but Lord Petersham is, at the time of our writing, the best favourite. And as we showed last month he was neither afraid of 'Land or Water,' and was a natural fox-hunter, there is no reason why he should not keep up the *prestige* of the Quorn. Unless the hounds are secured for the country, they will be disposed of by Messrs. Tattersall on the Saturday after the Two Thousand, at Quorn, when the horses will go up at the same time. Mr. Hume's and Major Wilson's resignations have left the Essex and Suffolk, and the Vale of White Horse countries vacant, and as yet no successors have been talked of for them. Tom Clarke has left the Duke of Beaufort's hounds, but not the Badminton country, as he has taken stables in the vicinity of his old Master's, for whose friends he intends to find hunters during the season. In this capacity his experience will serve him, while his long connection with the Hunt is certain to bring him plenty of patronage.

London racing news is not very prevalent, but there are some changes in the sporting press, which we may as well notice. 'Bell's Life in London' has recognised the faithful services of Mr. Dodd, and the Premiership has been conferred on him, while the next post has been awarded to a gentleman who, like the Chancellor of the Exchequer, has not long been before the public, but who is favourably known to them, from the manner in which he has been lately playing 'The Druid's Round of Characters.' The 'Sporting Gazette,' under the same management as before, will for the future make its appearance Twice a Week instead of 'Once a Week' during All the Year Round. The 'Sporting Times,' which we were assured is very much appreciated in the North, from its Pedigree Table, and disquisitions on breeding, remains *en permanence*, and defends its views relative to the Blacklock blood as vigorously as ever.

Our obituary we must confine almost to the size of a tombstone, and merely remark that in Lord Cardigan the Hunting World has lost a warm patron, and a first-rate rider to hounds; and in Mr. Dilly, almost the last of the race of fine old English trainers has disappeared from among us, universally regretted both by high and low.





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